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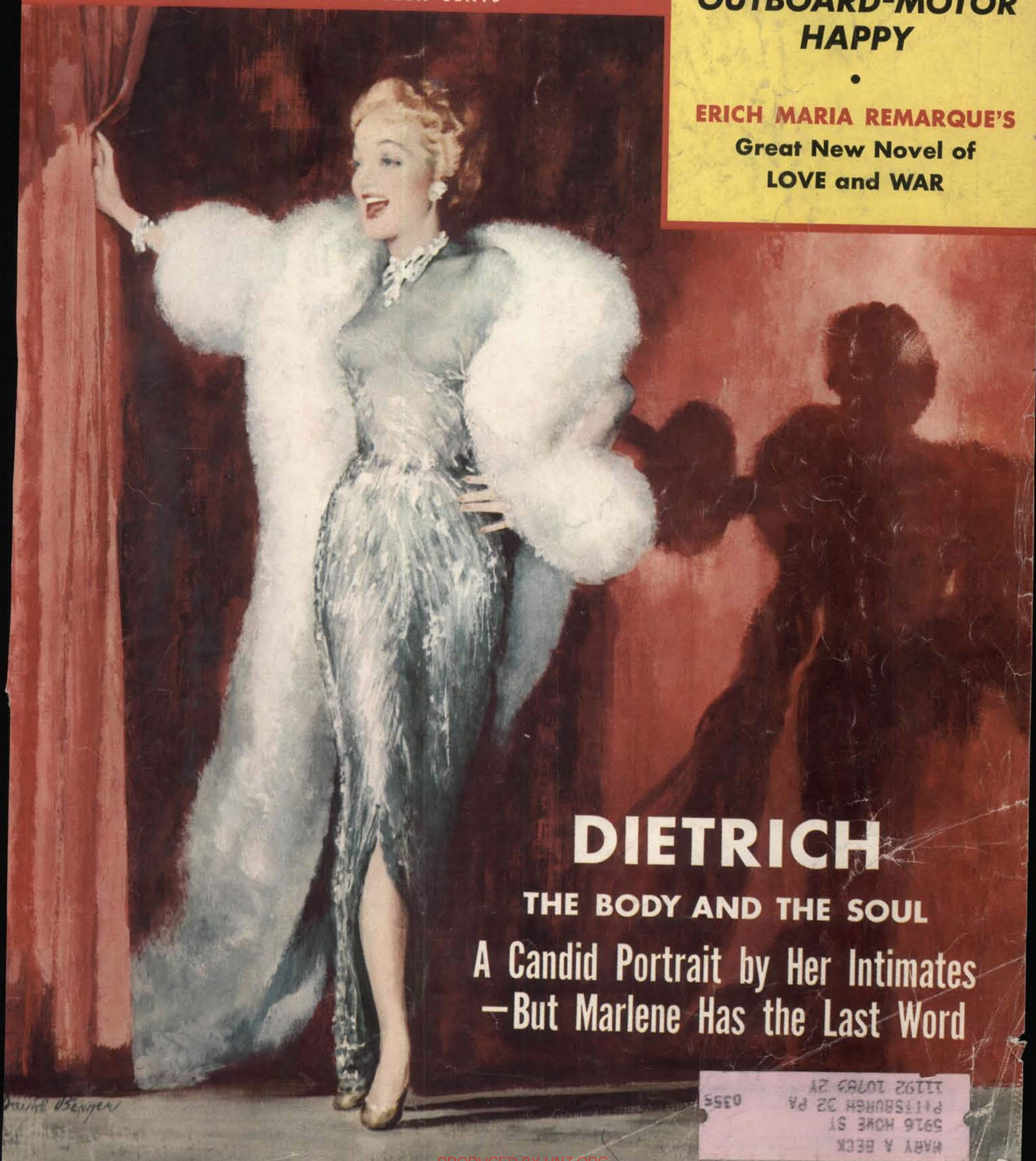

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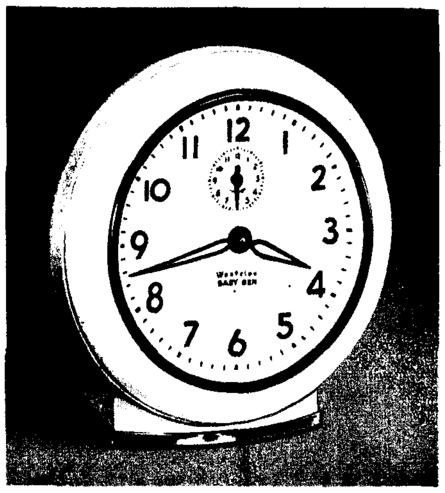

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204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio

EDITORIAL and EXECUTIVE OFFICES
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

COLLIER'S, Vol. 133, No. 10.

PUBLISHED every other week by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Clarence E. Stouch, Chairman of the Board; Paul C. Smith, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Shepard Spink, C. F. Norsworthy, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; E. J. McCaffrey, Treasurer.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, also Canada, 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. All other countries, 1 year $7.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds.

ADDRESS all subscriptions and correspondence to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
Publishers of COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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Why wait to lose weight?

This man, like many others who have "gotten stout," knows that he should start reducing *now*. Yet the thought of going on a diet . . . of giving up his favorite foods . . . overcomes his better judgment. Why not wait, he reasons, and "trim down" later on?

Actually the first signs of "getting stout" are nature's warning to start reducing immediately. For when you bring your weight down and *keep* it down, you are likely to gain some mighty important health benefits. There is the distinct possibility, for example, of lengthening your life.

An extensive study of mortality among men reveals the following facts:

> *The death rate from all causes was found to be about a fifth higher for men who were from 5 to 14 percent overweight than for those of proper weight. Moreover, among men who were 25 percent or more overweight, the death rate was about 75 percent higher.*

Why do overweight and long life seldom go together? Simply because overweight is frequently associated with many diseases or conditions, including high blood pressure, heart and kidney disorders and diabetes.

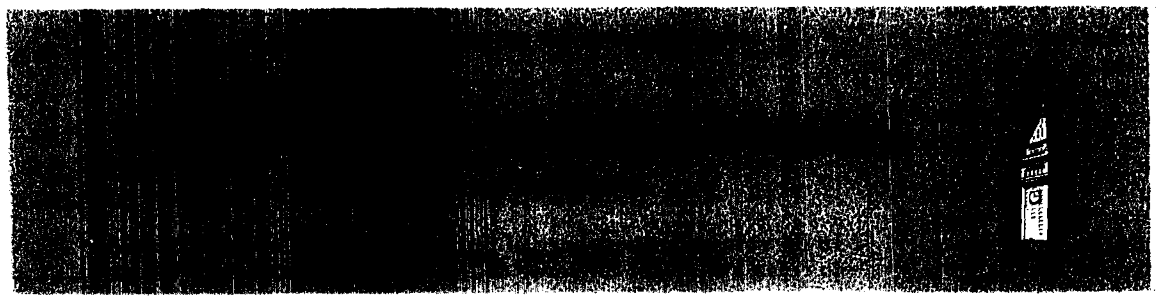
Extra weight is especially bad for the heart. It has been estimated that 10 pounds of extra weight require an additional half a mile of blood vessels to maintain this excess body tissue. The result is the heart and other vital organs have to work harder.

Extra weight usually begins to accumulate when we reach middle age, and in 98 percent of the cases the cause is simply due to overeating. Thus, after age 35, it is especially important to follow proper habits of eating.

Your doctor is the best judge of what your desirable weight should be. He will also caution against quick, drastic reducing methods that may undermine health rather than improve it. With his advice, you can be helped to reduce without making radical changes in your diet . . . without resorting to strenuous exercises and other measures that may be ineffectual in the *permanent* control of overweight.

In addition to the health benefits of proper weight, there are other advantages which you may enjoy by keeping "in trim." The chances are that you will look better, feel better, and get more fun out of life.

So, why wait to lose weight?



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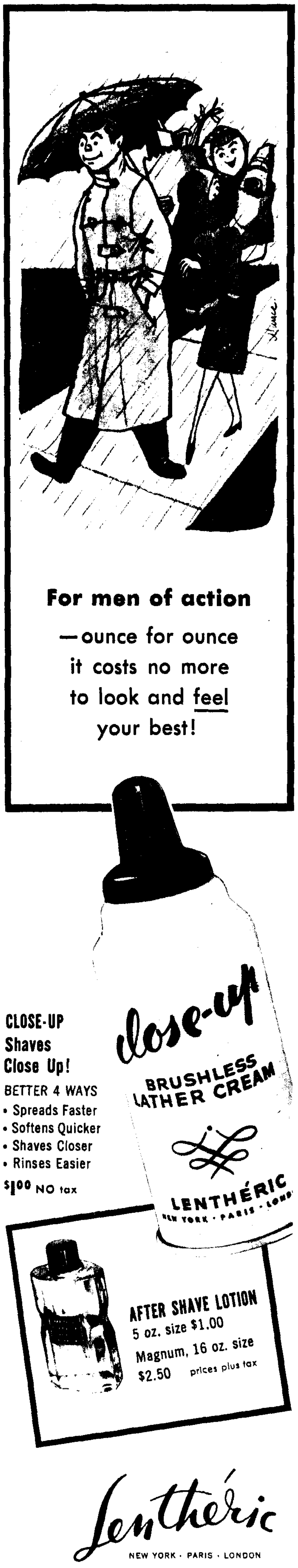


Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

THEY told me at the United Nations that they are right up there with Radio City, the Hayden Planetarium, the Empire State Building and live television shows as a Manhattan tourist attraction. Rather touching, their pride in their standing in the Rubberneck Poll, and it made me, a writer about entertainment, feel more at home. I am personally acquainted with two or three men who have had ambassadorial rank, and of course I have known 6,784 envoys of good will from the world of outer space, by which, of course, I mean movies, radio and TV. But the United Nations was all new to me. I had flown over the headquarters, I had driven by it in taxicabs, and I had passed it in boats, but only my zeal as an entertainment reporter inspired me to make the trip to this institution that I realize I had come to regard as the Forbidden City.

In line of duty I had obtained ducats to the play called The Prescott Proposals, starring Katharine Cornell and based on some entirely fictional goings on at the UN. Now you know me, or you should by this time; I am nothing if not conscientious. I have stayed away from The Caine Mutiny Court Martial because I feel I ought to read the novel before seeing the play, but I never finished the novel. When I was getting ready to see Henry IV, Part One, I went out of my way to find somebody who would tell me the plot. Before going to see The Solid Gold Cadillac I was planning to call my local dealer for a demonstration. That sort of beforehandedness. The night I attended a performance of Picnic I arranged to have some stuffed eggs and peanut-butter sandwiches and watermelon at "21," and if you want to know the truth, I wish I'd stayed at "21" instead of wasting my time at *that* overrated exhibition. So you see I was only following policy when I telephoned my friend Mrs. Mary Pillsbury Lord, or Mrs. Oswald Bates Lord, and prevailed upon her to be my hostess. "Be my hostess," I said, for I am tired of saying, "Be my guest."

It was quite appropriate for me to have Mary Lord as my hostess, since she not only is the U.S. Representative on the Human Rights Commission but she also is a friend of Katharine Cornell's. In fact, I have some vague impression that Miss Kitty was in Miss Mary's wedding. Anyway, they're friends.

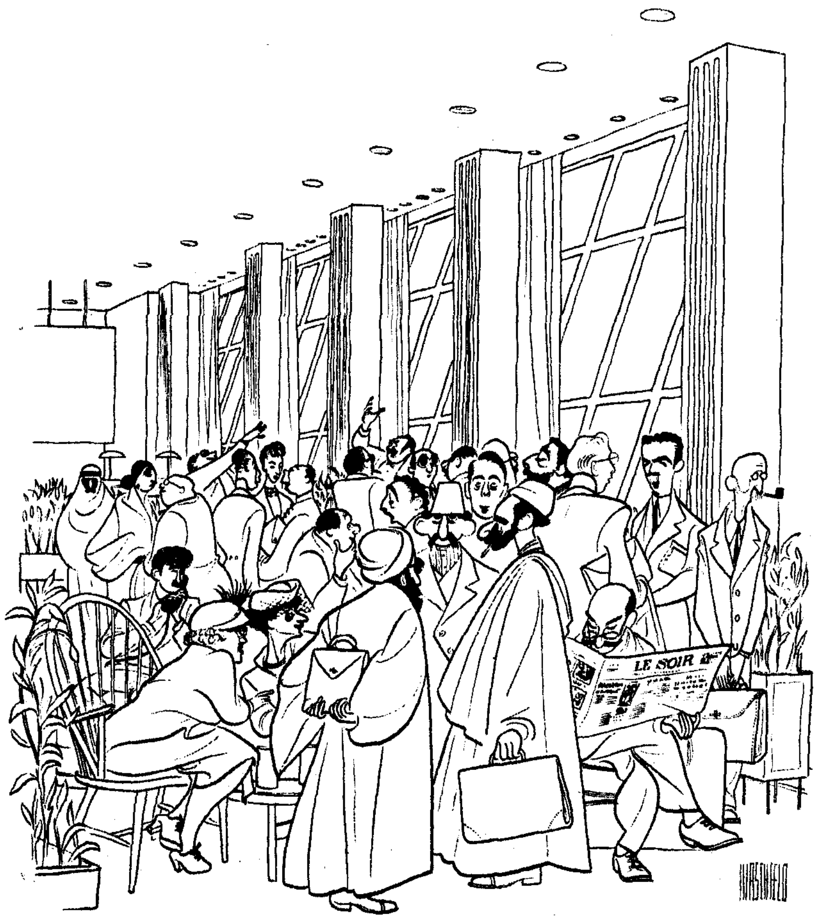
Bright and early, in the words of Mr. Pepys, I did on my blue serge and usher-type necktie in the secret but vain hope that the visiting firemen (and I think you can call them that when you consider what the United Nations is trying to do) would suspect that I was the new delegate from Northern Ireland or Poland or some such blue-eyed country. But I fooled no one.

While waiting in the delegates' lounge I made the fairly interesting discovery that most of the male delegates were wearing the latest thing from Rochester, not Savile Row, and the majority walked in shoes from Brockton or St. Louis, not from Oxford Street, London, which is where the kicks I was wearing originated. (I get my kicks from coffee and Oxford Street.) Mary Lord was late because she was upstairs having a small argument with the delegate from the Soviet Union, who had accused her of saying exactly what she had not said, and, as I found out later, she confounded him with a playback of her original remarks.

Near me sat four gentlemen reading copies of the Hindustan Times, and they were chatting with a young woman in a brightly colored sari, if that's what it's called. So I made a shrewd guess that that group represented an Asiatic power. There was a Rex Harrison-type wandering about, distributing charm, but speaking French, which so many of the men and women were speaking, so I was not able satisfactorily to guess his nationality. It turned out he was French. In the relaxed atmosphere of the lounge I began to relax myself, and then I began to get the sense of friendliness that stayed with me *all the time I was* there—and for a considerable time after I left. This, to be sure, was not damaged by my first introduction. When Mary Lord introduced me to a Chinese gentleman, he said: "Of Collier's?" Now there is a diplomat.

We had lunch in the restaurant that overlooks the East River; it was a cool, clear day, and practically everyone I met was cordial and hospitable. That's the word, too; hospitable. It hadn't taken me long to realize that legally speaking I had left home, and when I saw a party of three ladies from the United

AL HIRSCHFELD



In the relaxed atmosphere of the UN delegates' lounge I started to relax and to get the sense of friendliness that stayed with me

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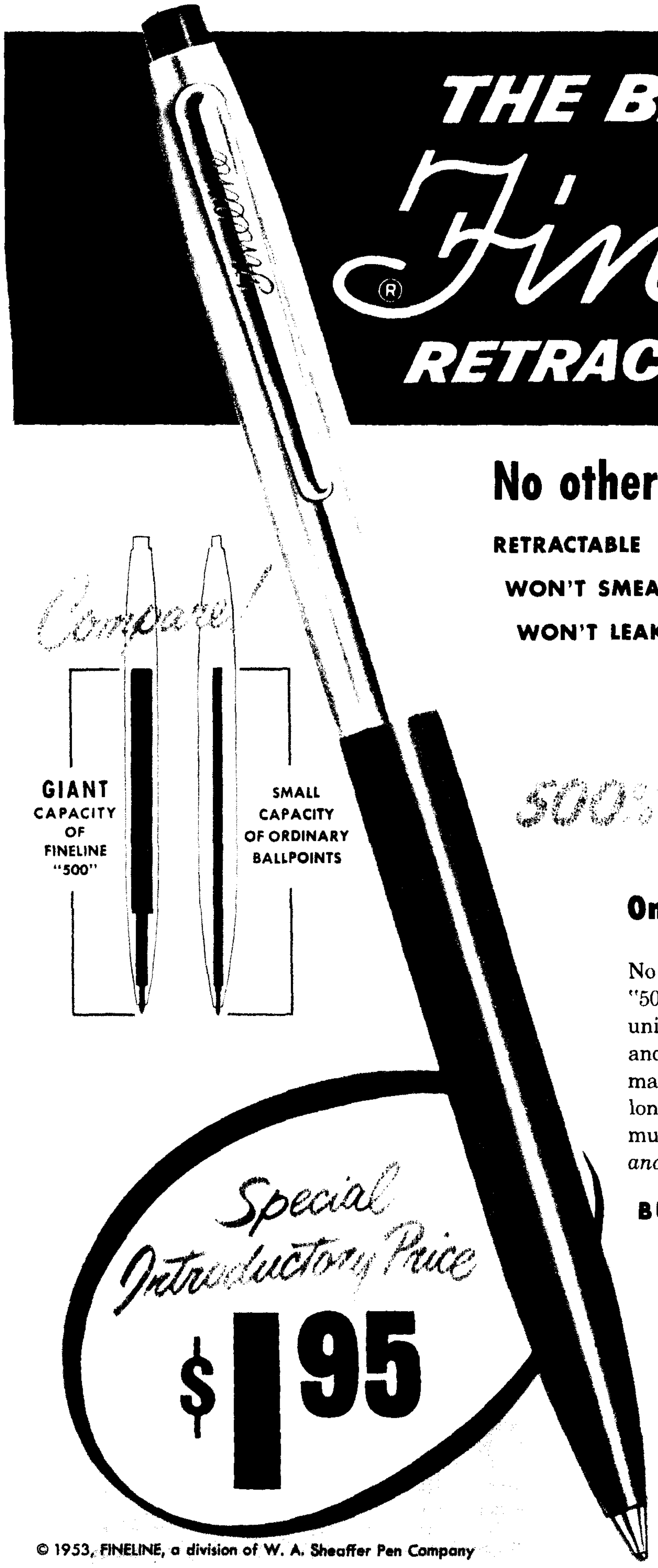
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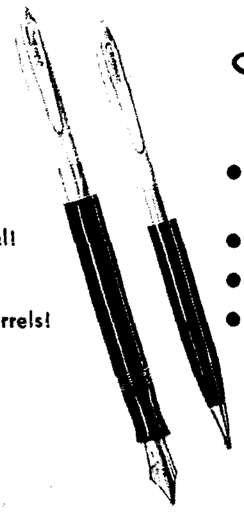

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States of America I waved to them as I would have if we were all lunching at the Paris Ritz. They happened to be neighbors of mine in Princeton, New Jersey.

After lunch I was given a one-man guided tour. A pedometer would have revealed, probably, that on the tour I logged at least half the distance to Poughkeepsie, but it wasn't too tiring. I kept running into groups of 20—young men and women, priests and nuns, members of the armed forces, school children from Alabama—who were being escorted and instructed by attractive young ladies in airline-hostess-type suits. It would be nice to set one on my knee and tell her all about the Treaty of Portsmouth, and on my next visit to the United Nations I shall see if the proper arrangements can be made.

We dropped in on a Trusteeship Council meeting and put the earphones to our ears—where else?—and listened to the translation of the Russian delegate's questioning of some statistics having to do with the tuberculosis rate in Tanganyika. It must have occurred to more knowledgeable people than I that what the Russians are doing everywhere—in the UN, at Berlin, at Caracas and at Geneva, and, for that matter, in The Prescott Proposals—is stalling for time. What they are using the time for, Heaven knows.

My report on The Prescott Proposals is brief because it no longer is with us and is not likely to go on the road next season. It was not a box-office success nor much of a critical one, and I am sorry that Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay had a near miss, not only because Crouse is an old buddy of mine, but because there should be a good play in the United Nations.

The Prescott Proposals wasn't bad. It had suspense, some fine acting, especially by Felix Aylmer as the English delegate and Ben Astar as the U.S.S.R. man; and Donald Oenslager, a Harrisburg (Pa.) boy, reproduced the UN *décor* even to the odd square doorknobs. But you never got the feeling that you were supposed to get, that world peace was at stake. You were embarrassed because Mrs. Prescott's former lover (a Czech diplomat) had the ill grace to drop dead in her apartment, and that happened in the lives of two women I know, so I was sympathetic but not afraid.

However, I would be afraid if I couldn't hope that the United Nations is, as we say in show business, in for a longer run.

* * *

IF YOU ARE not doing anything next October 24th, you might plan to invite a few friends in for beer and peanuts and television. October 24th is a Sunday and the occasion is going to be the most ambitious and most expensive television show in history.

The big electric companies and the small ones too—more than a hundred altogether—are going to sponsor a million-dollar television show to celebrate Thomas A. Edison's invention of the incandescent lamp, just 75 years ago. They have engaged David O. Selznick to supervise the production. Selznick is the man who produced Hollywood's version of Gone with the Wind, not all of which I saw, but which I believe showed Atlanta all lit up by Yankees, of whom my grandfather was one, who did not use electricity.

I always like to mention that Gone with the Wind was written by Margaret Mitchell. In Hollywood an impression prevailed that Selznick had written it.

The October show will be two hours long and carried by three major TV networks. I haven't the faintest idea who the stars will be or what the theme is, except that I am reasonably sure it will not glorify the Welsbach burner.

* * *

IN THIS BUSINESS you get accustomed to press agents' handouts, and you learn to be wary of the press agents' "fine, Italian hand." But I never before have experienced a fine Italian handout.

This one came to me the other day: in describing a certain Latin actress, the press agent's typewriter slipped and he called her "sultri." I wish I could remember her name, the sultri one.

* * *

I WANT TO pass this on and maybe get rid of it. You remember Rag Mop, the song? Well, just start singing it, but for Rag Mop substitute Dragnet. Drive you crazy, man.

* * *

NOW WILL YOU tell me what made me think of Vincent Lopez the first—and only—time I watched Liberace? I can explain it a little bit, but not fully. It happens that I am an admirer of the piano playing of Joe Sullivan, and if you like Joe Sullivan you are a good bet not to be a Lopez fan; but if you are a Lopez fan, you probably are, or will be, a Liberace fan. I have studied the art of Vincent Lopez in such differing surroundings as Shea's Theater, Buffalo, the St. Regis Roof, and Lakeside Park, near Mahanoy City, Pennsylvania. In other words, for more than 30 years. Lopez is a remarkable man—all dignity, never unbending. Liberace—*he* unbends. He is so affable that I almost called up Oscar Levant to ask him to read me a few Dorothy Parker poems.

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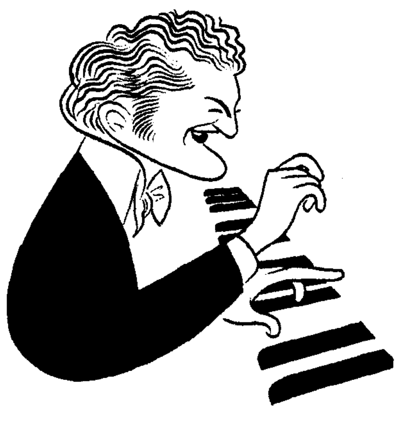
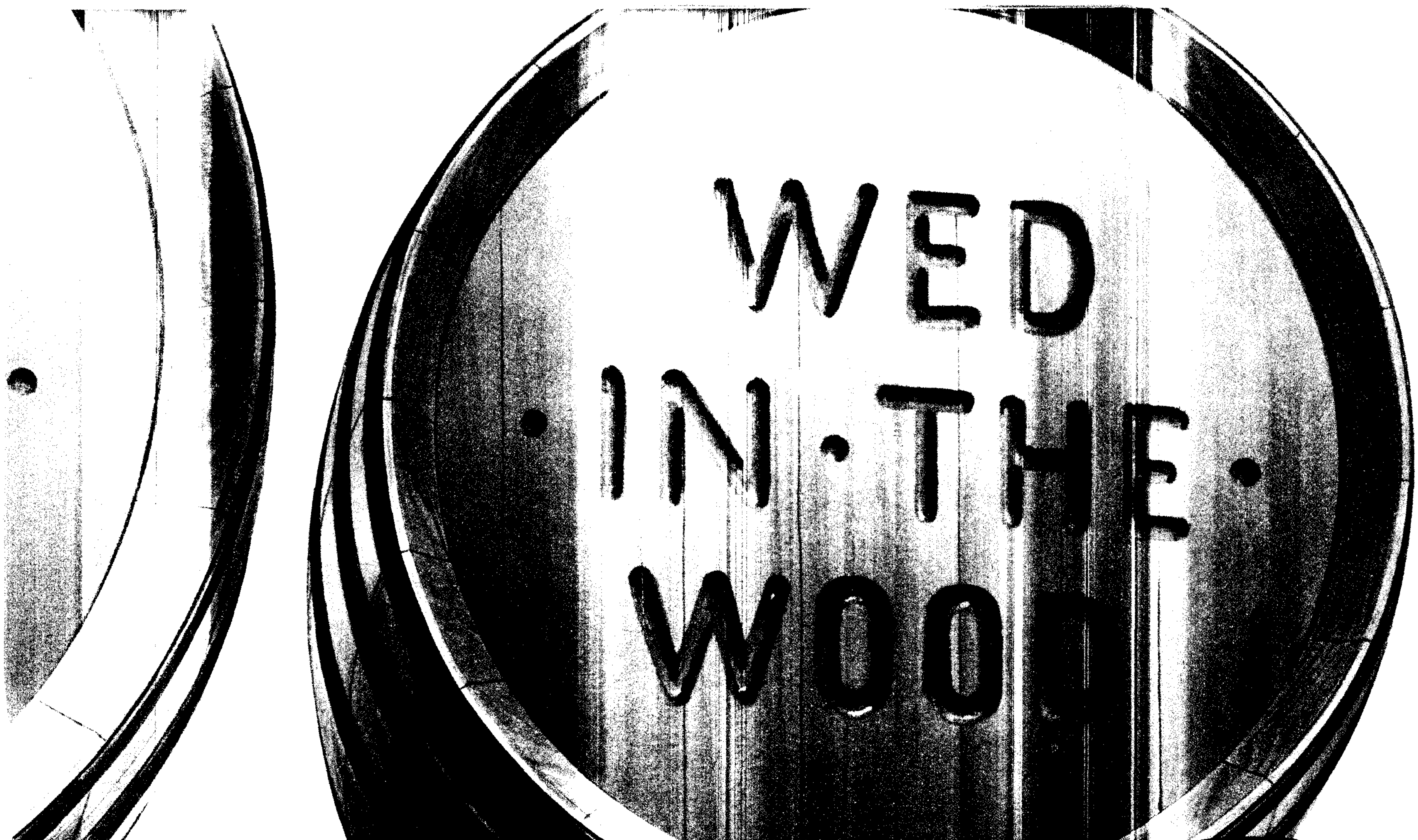


If you like Vincent Lopez, then you're probably a Liberace fan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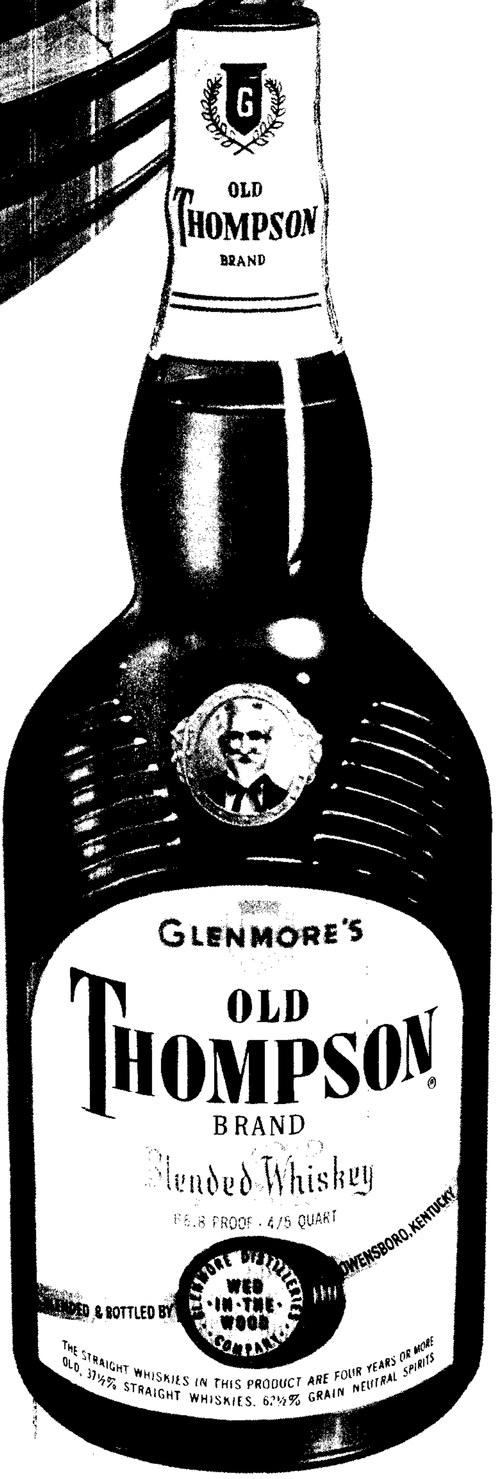
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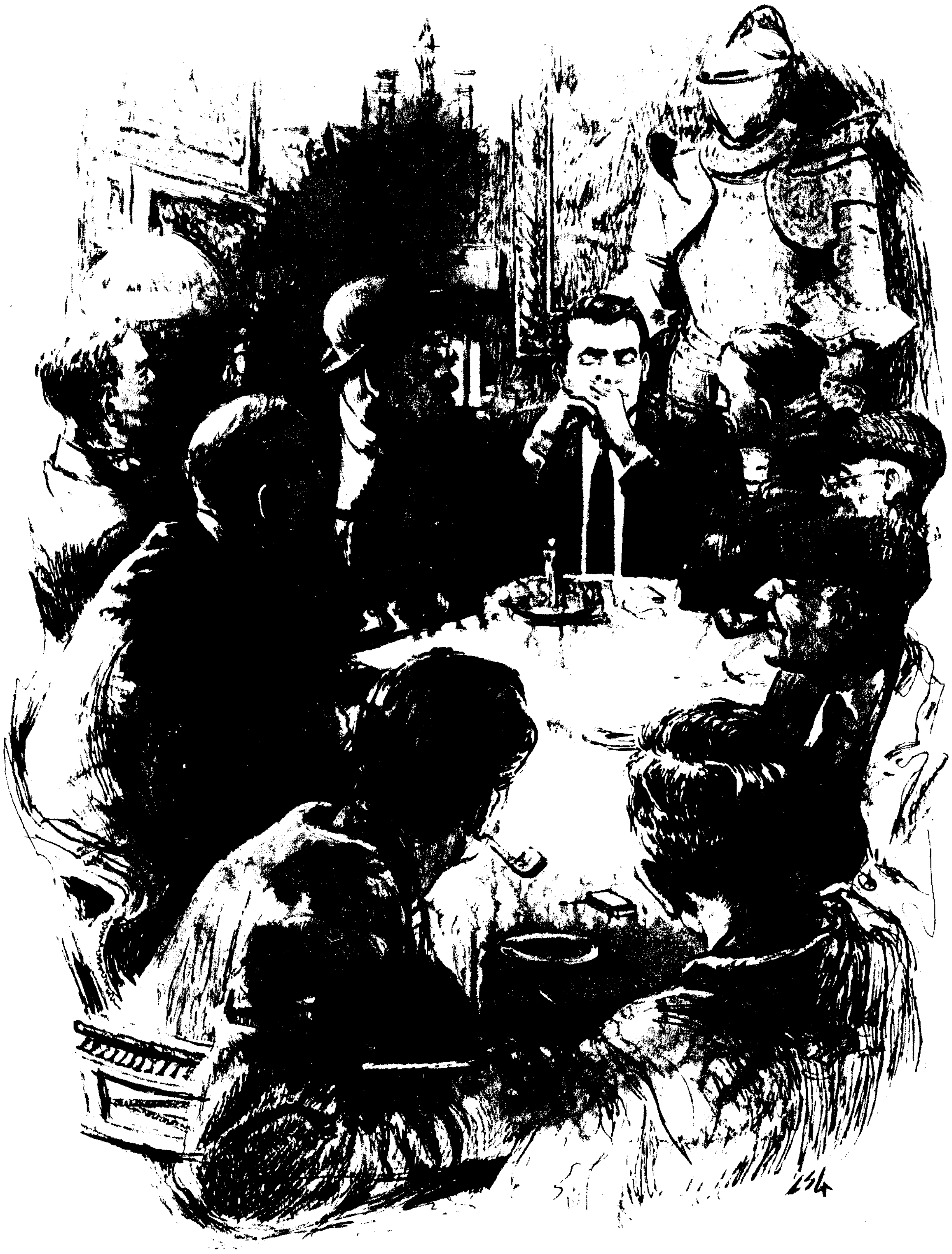

Everyone looked at Jack and he heard himself saying calmly, "One thousand twenty"

LUCK OF THE Innocent

By GODFREY BARRASS

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

JACK FORDHAM had a lot of self-assurance—perhaps too much, and he was good-looking enough to prompt the blonde cashier to smile at him as he paid for his lunch from his last few shillings. He nodded at the girl and wandered out into the main street of the small English north-country town. He was still out of work, but he was not particularly worried.

No one who knew Jack would have denied that he was quick on the uptake—certainly not his co-workers in the many offices where he had been employed. He always had a glib answer, often too glib. Although this contributed to his self-assurance, it frequently got him into trouble, because it was something he had never been able to control—even with his bosses, actual or potential. In fact, that was why he was still looking for a job after coming to Mickelsborough for an interview today.

Having nothing to do for several hours until a train would take him back to London, he wandered into an auction room where a sale, which had been interrupted for lunch, was about to continue. A delicately ornamented table attracted him and he paused to admire it.

A stout man in a bowler hat, who stood with a group of seven other men near the entrance, saw Jack stop beside the table and said, "Who is that?"

The others turned to look. "Anyone can come to an auction, Charlie," one of them said. "You worry too much."

"I'm not so sure," Charles Morris said. "Seems altogether too interested in that table for my liking."

Jack had always liked beautiful furniture and was quick to recognize superior workmanship, which in this case the grime of years could not obscure. He pulled out a drawer and glanced inside, as a professional buyer would. Charles Morris swore softly. It was bad enough to have to share that table with seven other local men. Now, if this outsider should prove to be a London dealer and start bidding against him . . . He bit savagely on his cigar. That table's genuine, he thought, but does that chap know it?

The table was listed simply as: *Lot 111—small French inlaid table with brass mounts.* But the eight dealers, and particularly Charles Morris, felt sure it was the work of the great seventeenth-century craftsman Reisner; and if they could prove that it was, its market value would be somewhere around two thousand guineas.

"I tell you, Charlie, you worry too much," one of the other local dealers said. "How d'you know he's in the trade anyway?"

Charles Morris talked with the seven men for a moment and then strolled over to Jack with an elaborate air of unconcern.

"Excuse me," he said. "You in the trade?"

Jack looked up. "The trade? Oh, the trade! Of course. Wouldn't be in anything else. You too?"

Morris nodded. "Charles Morris," he said. "Morris and Finchley. You from these parts?"

"From London," Jack said. "I'm just here for the day on business." He nodded at the table. "Delightful. I wouldn't mind having that, although I don't know what I'd do with it."

Morris, who knew exactly what *he* would do with it, gazed shrewdly at the young man. He decided the boy's bluff was very clever; he wouldn't say whether he was bidding or not. But if he wasn't going to bid, then why was he here?

"Listen," Morris said with an air of conspiracy, "there's eight of us, we're all bidding together on one-one-one."

Jack nodded. He had no idea what this Charles Morris was talking about but obviously he was supposed to be impressed. "Eight," Jack repeated. "Quite a crowd!"

"There's room for one more," Morris said. "Want to join us?"

"Join you?"

Morris shrugged. "Why shouldn't the trade get what it can? If it goes too high for your liking you can always get out with your expenses and maybe a bit over. How about it?"

Jack did not hesitate. Whatever the man was talking about, there seemed to be money in it, and at the moment the thought of money fascinated

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See how new Chevrolet trucks save time and extra trips . . .

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A Chevrolet truck with new truck Hydra-Matic transmission* is a combination that adds up to increased efficiency and economy on your job. It means you make fewer and faster trips.

You can move more cargo in fewer trips because of the new, roomier Advance-Design bodies. You not only save time, but you save on operating costs as well. The new pickup bodies are deeper; the new stake and platform bodies are wider and longer. In addition, they're set lower to the ground to make loading and unloading faster and easier.

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These are only a few of the many features and advantages you'll like in the new Chevrolet trucks. Why not visit your Chevrolet dealer soon and get *all* the facts about America's lowest-priced truck line! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

They're *completely* new . . .
with all these big new benefits—

New Engine Power: Brawnier "Thriftmaster 235" engine. Rugged "Loadmaster 235." All-new "Jobmaster 261" engine.*

New Comfortmaster Cab: Offers new comfort, safety and convenience. New one-piece curved windshield for extra visibility.

New Ride Control Seat*: Seat cushion and back move as a unit to "float" you over bumps. Eliminates back-rubbing.

New, Bigger Load Space: New pickup bodies have deeper sides. New stake bodies are wider, longer and roomier.

New Chassis Ruggedness: Heavier axle shafts in 2-ton models . . . newly designed clutches, and more rigid frames in *all* models.

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**Optional at extra cost. Ride Control Seat is available in standard cabs only, "Jobmaster 261" engine on 2-ton models.*

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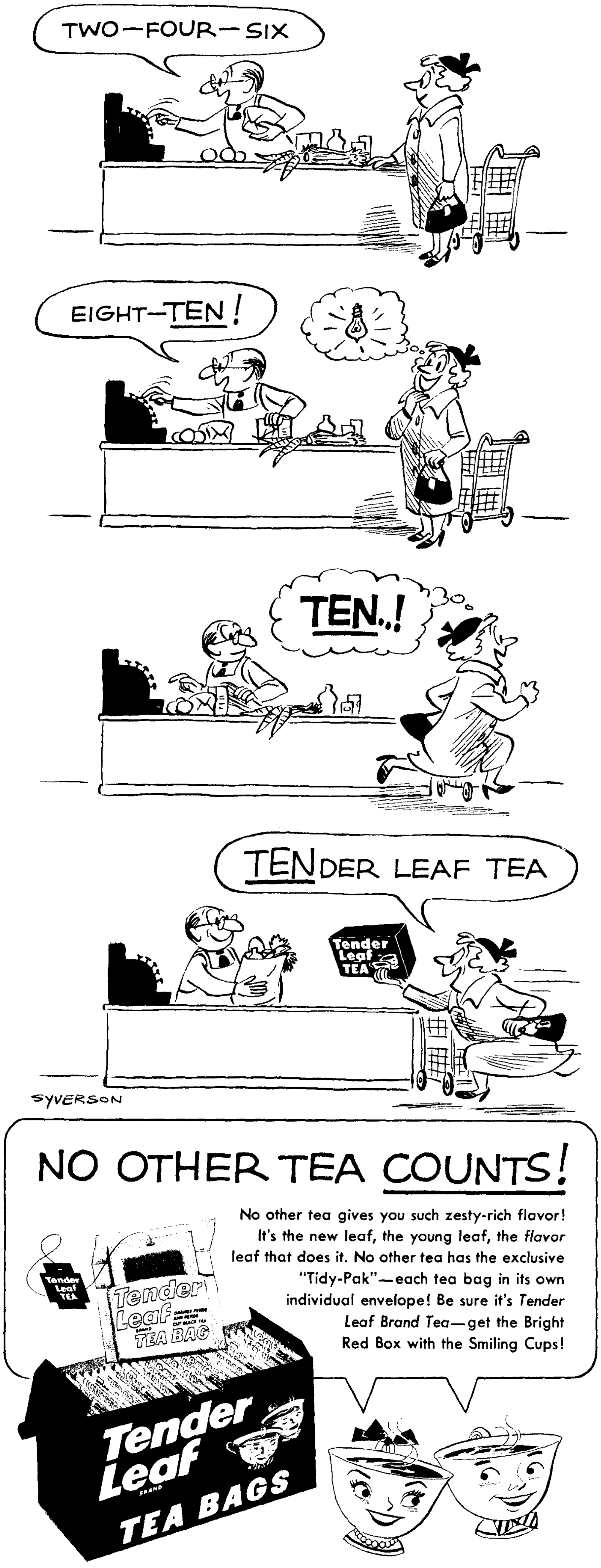


NO OTHER TEA COUNTS!

No other tea gives you such zesty-rich flavor! It's the new leaf, the young leaf, the *flavor* leaf that does it. No other tea has the exclusive "Tidy-Pak"—each tea bag in its own individual envelope! Be sure it's *Tender Leaf Brand Tea*—get the Bright Red Box with the Smiling Cups!

Jack, although he had not the remotest idea how it was to be acquired.

"Well, when you put it that way," he said, "I guess you're right. I'll join you. When and where?"

Morris smiled. This was easier than he had expected. "We'll go over to my place after the sale," he said, and departed leaving Jack wondering what he had let himself in for.

He saw the auctioneer mount the rostrum, but paid little attention to him. Uppermost in his mind was the man in the bowler hat. Who the devil were Morris and Finchley? He was still speculating when a number of men led by Charles Morris approached him, obviously ready to leave. . . .

Morris introduced Jack to the others as they walked down to a side street and into an antique shop. Beside the door was a sign: *Morris and Finchley*. Morris indicated a chair at a large round table and Jack sat down. The others joined him. An elderly balding man, a Mr. Brownrigg, appeared to be chairman.

The chairman said, "Well, there's only one item to settle and we all know what that is. The kitty's holding it at thirty." He turned to Mr. Morris. "Anything for you, Charlie?"

"Twenty-five pounds," Morris said calmly.

"I'll give thirty," said the chairman, and then began slowly to shift his gaze from one to another counterclockwise around the table.

"Seventy-five pounds, one hundred, one twenty-five."

The chairman's voice droned on, mentioning figures, though no one had said a word after Charlie Morris' bid. "One fifty, one seventy-five, two hundred."

Jack met the chairman's gaze and said nothing, since nobody else had said anything. But what *were* they doing? A gambling game of some kind, of course. But what?

JACK found himself perspiring and knew it was not because of the heat of the room. Twenty-five pounds! He didn't have even twenty-five shillings. And the chairman had passed him at two hundred. And the price, or whatever it was, had doubled now and was back to him.

"Four twenty-five," the chairman said, looking straight at him.

Jack remained expressionless and the chairman made still another round of the table.

At six seventy-five he was looking at Morris, who said calmly, "Only ten for me this time."

At eight hundred seventy-five Jack still said nothing. He felt the tension was about to break. The chairman's tone had an emotional ring now. Instead of looking quickly from one man to the next he waited for a nod or a word, and at nine ninety-five Morris was hesitating. He seemed to have become even redder in the face; he said, "Five."

"One thousand," said the chairman.

The man on the other side of Mr. Morris declared loudly and definitely, "I'm out."

Other withdrawals followed and as the chairman turned to Jack, on whom eight pairs of eyes were now focused, he realized suddenly that only three players were left in this odd game: himself, the chairman and Mr. Morris.

Obviously he should withdraw too; he meant to do so, yet in a voice he hardly recognized, he heard himself saying quite calmly, "Make it one thousand twenty."

"All right," the chairman said, "I'll go along with that." He turned to Mr. Morris who appeared to be struggling to make a decision.

Suddenly, recklessly, Morris said, "I'll up that."

"And I," said Jack, "am out!"

IT WAS an anticlimax. Chairs were pushed back noisily, and someone laughed, but it was not Mr. Morris.

"It's all yours, Charlie," the chairman said to Mr. Morris. "At one thousand fifty. Let's see, how much is that divided eight ways, minus what we paid for the table?"

He made some calculations on a sheet of paper and passed it to Mr. Morris, who glanced at it and then turned to Jack. "That's one hundred twenty-seven pounds for you," he said hoarsely. "I'll get you the cash."

He left the room and then returned and handed a wad of notes to Jack, which he stuffed into his empty wallet. He would have liked to shake Mr. Morris' hand, but the man was clearly in no handshaking mood. . . .

"It'll take years for Charlie to live this down," Brownrigg, the chairman, said as they left. "You sure made him pay for that table."

"What table?" Jack said.

Brownrigg stared at him. "You mean you don't know?"

"Listen," Jack said, "I came here to get a job but I didn't land it. I went into that auction just to pass the time until the train to London was due. I had less than a pound in my pocket—now I have one hundred twenty-seven and I don't know why."

Brownrigg began to laugh. When he stopped, he said, "That was a dealer's knockout."

Jack looked blank and Brownrigg explained that if the dealers had bid against one another at the auction, the price would have gone just as high and the only one to profit would have been the one who got the table.

"You mean one of you bought the table cheap, and then the dealers had another auction and split the difference?" Jack asked.

Brownrigg nodded.

"But why was I included?"

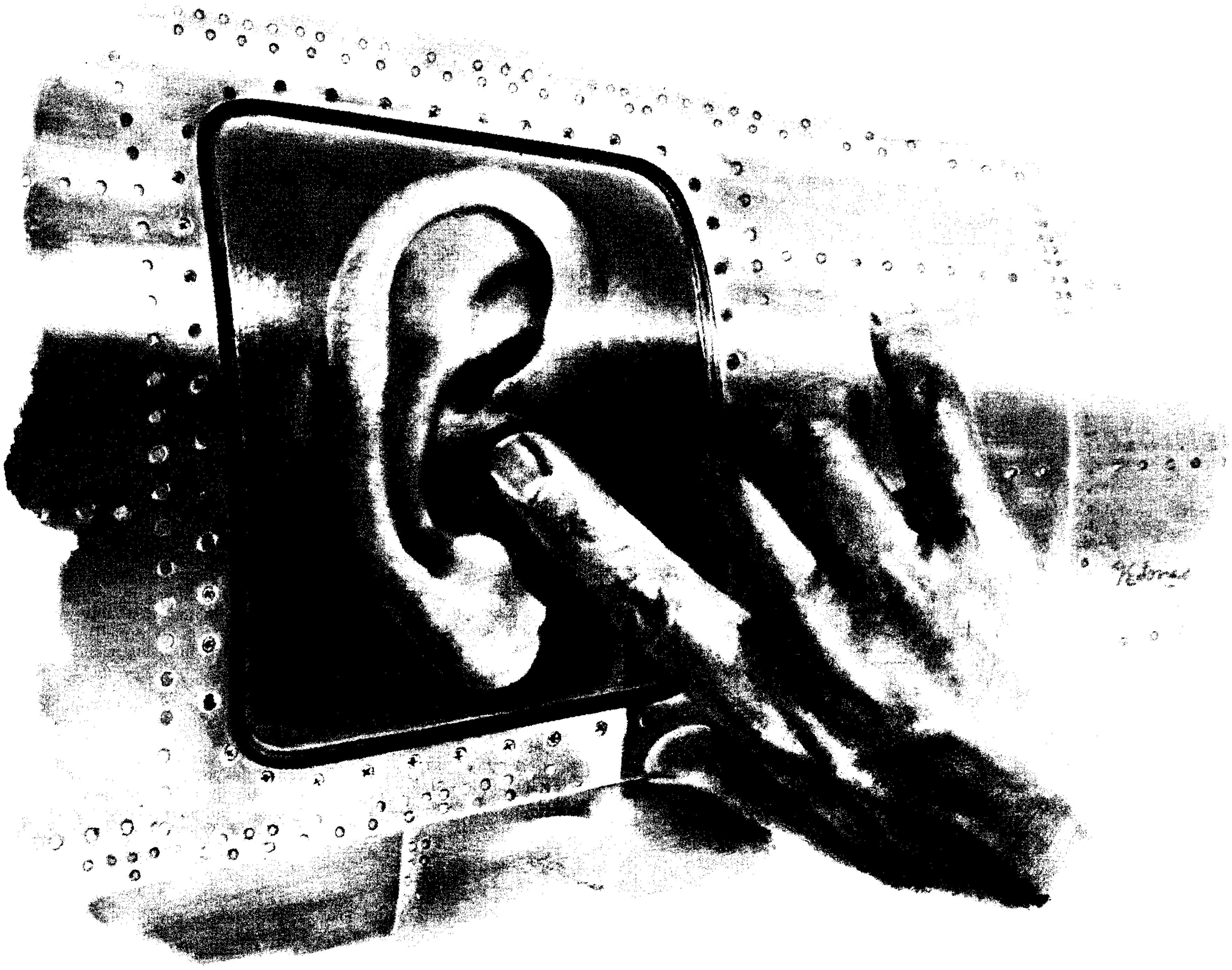
"Charlie thought you were a London dealer who recognized what the table was worth. He thought you would spoil our little game, and so he invited you to join us. That table's worth at least two thousand. Charlie meant to get the table himself or else to soak you enough on knock money for all of us to get a good profit. If it hadn't been for you the knock money wouldn't have gone that high. The best part is that Charlie got the table anyhow, but you made him pay to get it!"

"But what about the table's original owner—"

"Dead and forgotten—that table was part of an estate that was being sold for taxes," Brownrigg said. He laughed again. "You know anything about antiques?"

"No, Mr. Brownrigg, but I'm interested," Jack said.

"Come on over to my office," Brownrigg said, taking his arm. "I can always find a place for a chap with nerve enough to face up to old Charlie." —GODFREY BARRASS



The window with the finger in its ear

Some sound has always leaked through airplane windows. *Windowless* cabins could be very quiet, but then you'd lose the view.

Douglas has solved this problem with the *anacoustic* windows of its DC-6 and new DC-7. Muliple panes floated in soft rubber hush the sound of he four great engines to a quiet hum.

One reason Douglas can give you such advances s the *correct* design of its planes. This design means greater speed, range, comfort . . . more capacity for the extras you demand . . . air conditioning, radiant heating, soundproof walls and windows.

The Douglas design means more seat space, leg room—more luxury. It means flight efficiency to the airlines, low air fares to you.

These are a few of the reasons why Douglas, since 1935, has been the major factor in the worldwide growth of air travel.

"DC" **means Douglas,** the most-used, most-proved airliners ever built. Fly the DC-6, DC-6B or the new DC-7 on these leading airlines:

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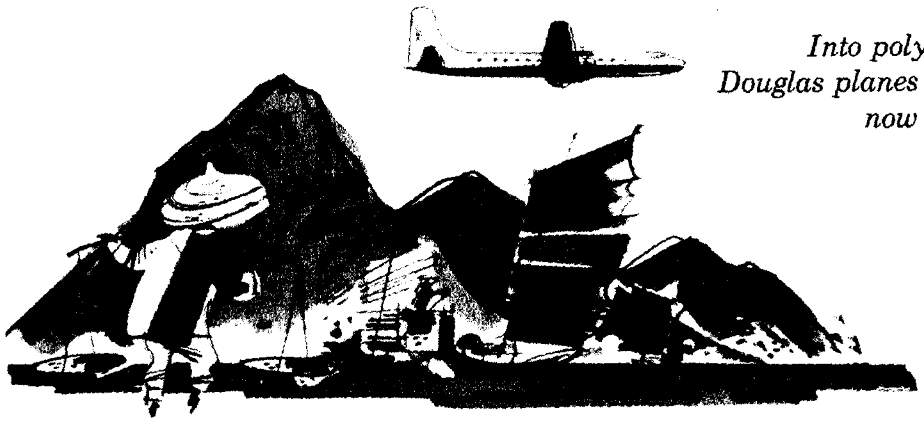
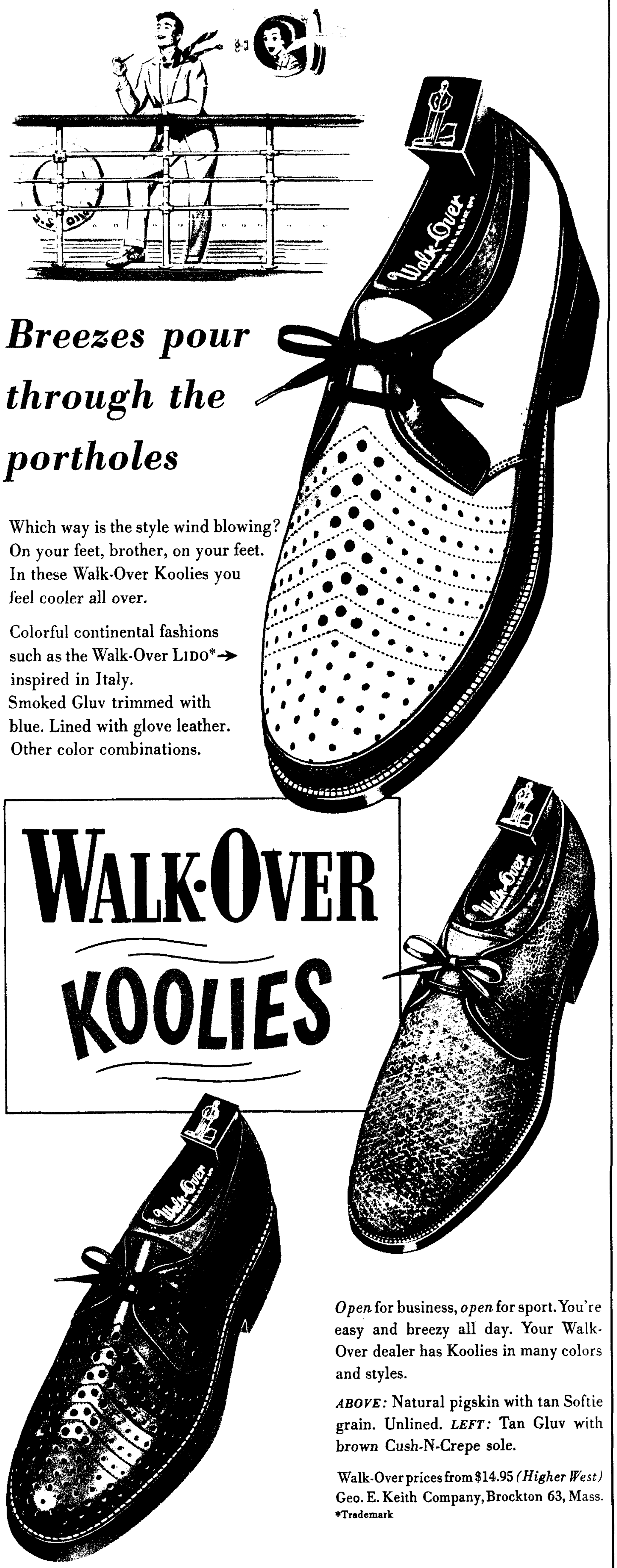


Into polyglot Hong Kong comes a Douglas DC-6.
Douglas planes were first to fly around the globe,
now serve every nation in the Free World

DOUGLAS

Twice as many people fly Douglas
as all other airplanes combined



Breezes pour through the portholes

Which way is the style wind blowing? On your feet, brother, on your feet. In these Walk-Over Koolies you feel cooler all over.

Colorful continental fashions such as the Walk-Over LIDO*→ inspired in Italy. Smoked Gluv trimmed with blue. Lined with glove leather. Other color combinations.

WALK·OVER KOOLIES

Open for business, *open* for sport. You're easy and breezy all day. Your Walk-Over dealer has Koolies in many colors and styles.

ABOVE: Natural pigskin with tan Softie grain. Unlined. ***LEFT:*** Tan Gluv with brown Cush-N-Crepe sole.

Walk-Over prices from $14.95 *(Higher West)*
Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.
*Trademark

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

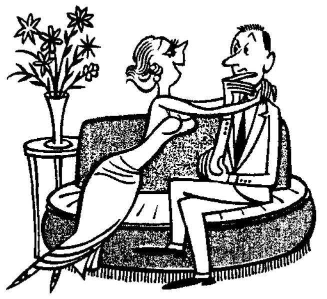
If it weren't for the ever alert Mr. Hamilton Swetnam we wouldn't know even at this late date that there's a sign in a tailor's window near Fitchburg, Massachusetts, reading: Our Zippers Are Sneeze Proof.

★ ★ ★

About to go to her first big cocktail party and having read somewhere that mashed potatoes were a reliable preventive against intoxication, this young lady in Dover, Delaware, was heard to observe that they were rather messy things to carry around.

★ ★ ★

This being the season when, according to Alfred Lord Tennyson, the young man's fancy lightly takes a romantic turn, we invite our young male readers to ponder a few words from Dr. Sherwood Cummings, who teaches English at the University of South Dakota. Says he: "Seven different meanings can be put into the following sentence by successively inserting the modifier 'only' before each of the words in the sentence." The sentence: "She told me that she loved me."



★ ★ ★

Mr. Raymond Rainwater and Miss Verna Dry were granted a marriage license in Muskogee, Oklahoma, and our informant, Mrs. John L. Bell, thought it a dandy time to write "Let the wedding bells wring out."

★ ★ ★

Probably nothing, alas, will come of a suggestion by Mr. Bill Tetaz. But from his home in Butte, Montana, he has urged the Army to paint a huge sign on those pilotless bombers we've sent to Germany, just in case. The sign: Look, Georgi, No Hands.

★ ★ ★

Inasmuch as a number of people have been wondering recently what Mr. Delt Edwards, of San Antonio, Texas, has been brooding on, we'll tell you. It's simply this: too many politicians announce that they're going to name names and then compromise by just calling them.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Al Hickerson is toying with the idea of leaving Merriam, Kansas, this summer and doing a little touring. He's thinking of making Paris, Moscow, Cairo, Delhi, Havana, Cadiz, Bagdad, Java, Siberia and Pekin before returning. Also a few less familiar spots, such as Ogg, Orr and Cucamonga. Because he sometimes gets seasick on shipboard, he has decided not to go overseas but to drive his car and stick to the route of the Santa Fe Railroad, where all of these communities are more conveniently available.

★ ★ ★

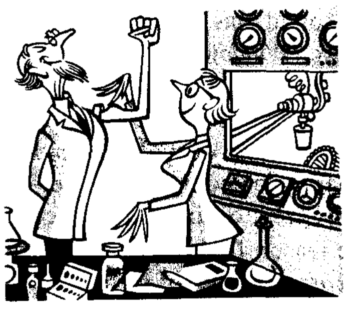
Near Lincoln, Nebraska, a car hit a prowling cow. The animal was knocked into another car, the owner of which demanded that the insurance company foot the repair bill on the basis of a clause about flying missiles. In its letter agreeing to do so, the company included the observation: "We realize that this is a pretty broad interpretation of the term 'flying missile.' "

★ ★ ★

If you are approaching Dunn, North Carolina, and a traffic cop gives you a ticket, don't flinch. Once a week some tourist chosen at random thus becomes the guest of the town of Dunn —deliciously fed, luxuriously housed, gassed, oiled, lubricated and otherwise welcomed. Our informant says there's a widespread rumor that this is Dunn in the interests of publicity.

★ ★ ★

The atom-fissioning business is the only industry in Richland, Washington. The town's population is 24,000. The health of Richland is excellent, the average annual death rate has been only 2.2 per thousand as compared with the national average quotient of 4.4 for the same age distribution. All this on the word of the Journal of the American Medical Association. However, there was no death rate at all in Richland in 1943. This may be due to the fact that there wasn't any Richland either. It was the next year that the United States government moved in on a large collection of Washington State's barren acreage with reactors, cyclotrons and troops of physicists, and created healthy, longevous, atom-smashing Richland. Thus we gather, contrary to any other notion you may have had up until the present time, that there's nothing like busting an atom to keep one fit. ▲▲▲



IRWIN CAPLAN

She leads a double life

Crazy about her husband? Sure thing! But there's another important man in her life.

It began because her husband worked long, hectic hours all week. Naturally he looked forward to weekends for rest and fun with his family. And *not* spending a Saturday morning getting the car lubricated. So, he kept putting it off.

Smart girl—his wife! She knew that car neglect meant costly repairs, and she had other uses for the money. Then, she got an idea!

"I'll see that the car is looked after! *I* can do it on a weekday when Jim's at work!"

So, now every 30 days she drives the car to the man she and her husband have selected to take care of the family car. While she's shopping or at the beauty shop, the car is lubricated and inspected. It's ready when she is. No rush, no waiting—it's a weekday!

Young lady, how about you taking over caring for *your* family car? Your husband will appreciate it. So will the "other man"—your Alemite-equipped dealer. And you'll receive every courtesy and attention from them both!

MEMO TO A BUSY MAN

Join the Alemite Car Care Program . . .

It's a life saver for you and your car—and no chore for your wife. Here's how it works:

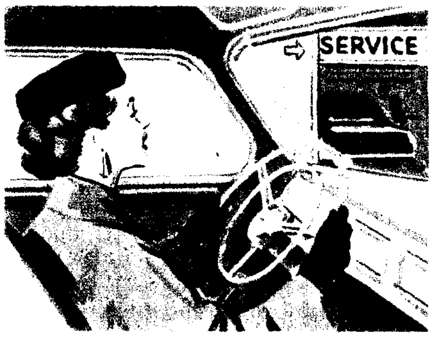
1. To get the *best* in lubrication, patronize the service dealer who uses Alemite equipment, the finest money can buy.

2. Pick a weekday every month, for your wife to take the car in for Alemite lubrication.

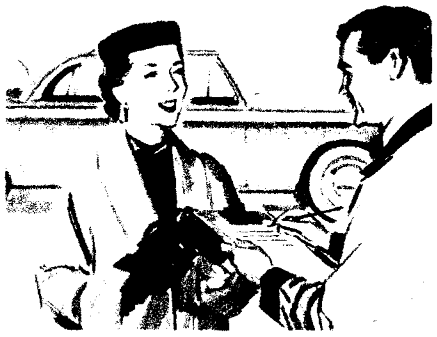
3. As it's lubricated your car is thoroughly inspected—*free*—for possible sources of trouble.

4. Upon delivery your wife receives the Alemite Report Card—an itemized report on work performed, plus *free* extra services; a *free* analysis of your car's condition; suggestions where prompt attention may *save* you many dollars!

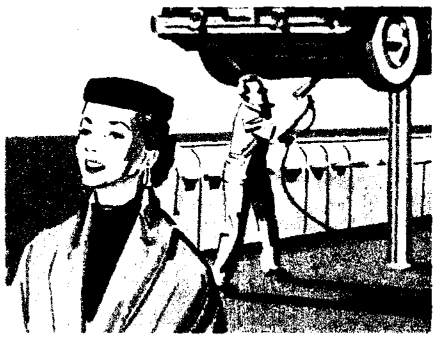
Look, Ladies! You're Money Ahead if you do this:



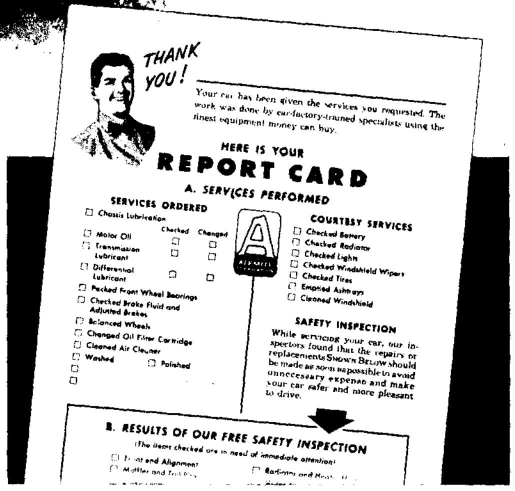
Drive in regularly every 30 days to keep your weekday date with your Alemite-equipped dealer. He has spent up to $10,000 for Alemite equipment to correctly lubricate your car.



He'll lubricate and check your car while you're shopping. His Alemite equipment is designed to scientifically lubricate the Alemite system that comes on your car.



As he lubricates every friction point on your car he can spot trouble that, if neglected, can affect your pocketbook and your safety. This valuable extra care is free.



THANK YOU!

Your car has been given the services you requested. The work was done by car-factory-trained specialists using the finest equipment money can buy.

HERE IS YOUR

REPORT CARD

A. SERVICES PERFORMED

SERVICES ORDERED

	Checked	Changed
☐ Chassis Lubrication		
☐ Motor Oil	☐	☐
☐ Transmission Lubricant	☐	☐
☐ Differential Lubricant	☐	☐

☐ Packed Front Wheel Bearings
☐ Checked Brake Fluid and Adjusted Brakes
☐ Balanced Wheels
☐ Changed Oil Filter Cartridge
☐ Cleaned Air Cleaner
☐ Washed ☐ Polished
☐
☐

COURTESY SERVICES

☐ Checked Battery
☐ Checked Radiator
☐ Checked Lights
☐ Checked Windshield Wipers
☐ Checked Tires
☐ Emptied Ashtrays
☐ Cleaned Windshield

SAFETY INSPECTION

While servicing your car, our inspectors found that the repairs or replacements SHOWN BELOW should be made as soon as possible to avoid unnecessary expense and make your car safer and more pleasant to drive.

B. RESULTS OF OUR FREE SAFETY INSPECTION

(The items checked are in need of immediate attention)

☐ Front end Alignment
☐ Muffler and Tail Pipe ☐ Radiator and Hose

The job done, you get your Alemite Report Card. Show it to your husband. It itemizes work performed and costs . . . lists free checkup services rendered . . . forewarns your husband of repairs needed so he can give them immediate attention and avoid unnecessary expense and inconvenience.

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ALEMITE LUBRICATION

36 YEARS OF LUBRICATION PROGRESS

One of the world's great whiskies
1954
IMPORTED
86.8 PROOF
4/5 QUART
DOMINION TEN
Canadian Whisky
A Blend of Distinguished Light Whiskies
This is a blend of fine, carefully selected whiskies distilled and aged under the supervision of the Canadian Government
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We take great care with our whisky

PERHAPS it's because we're "small town" folk up here in Beaupré, Canada, that we have all the time in the world to apply our skills to the making of DOMINION TEN Canadian Whisky. And people in the United States who have been drinking Canadian whisky for years say it's remarkable how we can make DOMINION TEN *so* light, so mild, yet with such flavor-satisfaction. Next time you buy whisky, you really ought to try DOMINION TEN. It's good.
Blended and Bottled by Montmorency Distillery Ltd., Beaupré P. Q., Canada

DOMINION
Canadian TEN Whisky

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DISTILLED AND AGED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Letters...

Saint's Alive

EDITOR: "She's really a man's dream." So states Fred Coe of Eva Marie Saint in Saint on the Waterfront (Mar. 19th). The girl in the colored photograph is as refreshing as a breeze at dawn. Ah, Saint's alive! And all of us men are glad that she is.

THANE GUHL, New Cumberland, Pa.

Upbeat Approach

EDITOR: With the apparent common tendency of columnists to choose the weaknesses of the individual to elaborate on in publications, it was a sincere pleasure to find the reverse true in the article by Robert Lewis Taylor entitled Around the Clock with Eisenhower (Mar. 5th).

It strikes me that our lives would be much more pleasant if we had the reading of the good sides of the human character in contrast with that which is so common today.

M. W. SMITH, Wichita, Kans.

What to Teach, and How?

EDITOR: As a teacher, I would like to congratulate Mr. Whitman and your magazine for the splendid research work concerning school systems (The Struggle for Our Children's Minds, Feb. 5th—Mar. 19th).

HELEN M. ANGELL, Cochituate, Mass.

. . . I have made a searching inquiry of two of the educational situations that Mr. Whitman describes. In describing the condition that exists in the Kelly Miller Junior High School in Washington, D.C., your reporter quotes Mrs. Muriel Alexander, the principal, as follows: "We have one hundred children in this school who can't read and write. Imagine—in junior high school!" Mrs. Alexander, in her interview with Mr. Whitman, actually stated that approximately 100 children out of an enrollment of 1,465 were not now up to the standard reading competency of the grade in which they are.

Mrs. Alexander never mentioned or alluded to writing competency whatsoever in the entire interview, and your reporter added this element to "her" quotation.

Another quotation is from The Bulletin of the National Association of Secondary-School Principals. Here Mr. Whitman quotes out of context a statement that was made to a small group of approximately 30 educators in an informal discussion on education. Mr. Whitman could have found in this same publication a statement made on a more serious occasion by the same author: "Adults need to be trained in use of all basic skills we know as the three R's" and "because ability to read, write, spell and figure are deemed essential in full economic and social welfare, let the junior high school continue to stress these areas, looking upon the job as of major importance."

PAUL E. ELICKER, Washington, D.C.

Mr. Elicker is executive secretary of the National Association of Secondary-School Principals.

. . . As a parent, I have watched with grave concern the changes in our public schools for the last 12 years. If conditions are not changed before another 12 years, our children will no longer be able to think and plan as individuals, but only as a mass group under a leader.

M. KATHLEEN NIXON, R.N.,
Harwich, Mass.

. . . I have never known of a high school which offered "noneducational" courses (by your definition) which did not also offer the basic fundamental courses required for entrance to higher institutions of learning.

With all the clamor about "frills" I have yet to see the pupil who was denied a proper preparation for further education. If he wants it and will work for it, he can have it.

RICHARD R. YOUNG,
Pound Ridge, N.Y.

. . . Heartiest congratulations to Collier's and Howard Whitman for that series of articles on our public schools. In my opinion this is the best job of investigating and evaluating public education that has appeared in a big magazine.

America needs this kind of enlightenment and I wish all Americans could read the entire series.

EDWARD J. ANDERSON, Golden, Colo.

. . . Mr. Whitman's second article seems to attempt to prove the following: (1) that the only good schools are traditional ones; (2) that education, in order to be good, must be uninteresting and difficult; (3) that if colleges feel a high school is good or poor, that is the last word.

The author might do well to ponder over the theory that education is for all of the American people and not just for the gifted.

PAUL D. BREON, High School
Principal, Millersburg, Pa.

. . . I never thought I would find myself in the position of trying to defend the academic reputation of East Den-

New Colgate Dental Cream with GARDOL*

Works instantly to stop
Bad Breath!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more—helps keep you socially acceptable. Tests prove Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth.

CLEANS YOUR BREATH...

Works constantly to stop
Tooth Decay!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream guards against tooth decay for 12 hours or more. Night and morning brushings guard your teeth all day—all night. In this way, Colgate's Gardol works around the clock to stop the action of decay-causing enzymes. In full-year clinical tests, X rays showed far fewer cavities for the hundreds of people in the group using Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol. In fact, no new cavities whatever for 4 out of 5.

while it GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

GARDOL...
Colgate's miracle ingredient–
makes it doubly effective!

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
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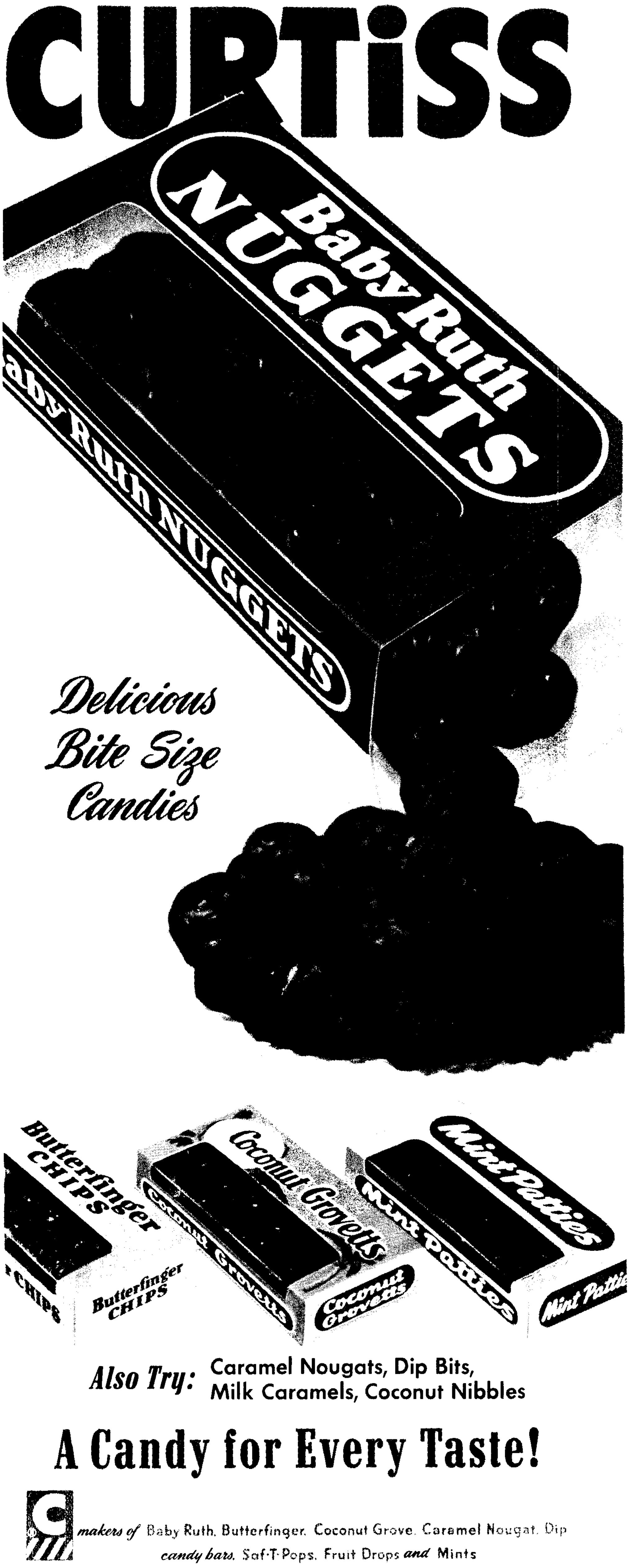
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE

HOW GARDOL WORKS: Every time you brush your teeth with New Colgate Dental Cream, Gardol binds itself to your teeth . . . remains active for 12 hours or more. That's why Gardol, Colgate's miracle anti-enzyme ingredient, gives you the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste—leaves your mouth cleaner and fresher for 12 hours—or more! Gardol's protection won't rinse off—won't wear off—all day or all night. Thus, just morning and night brushings with New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol give continuous protection around the clock.

*COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE

ONLY COLGATE'S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!



CURTiSS

Delicious Bite Size Candies

Also Try: Caramel Nougats, Dip Bits, Milk Caramels, Coconut Nibbles

A Candy for Every Taste!

makers of Baby Ruth, Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip candy bars, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints

ver High School. During my three years there (I graduated last year) I often felt the inadequacies of the curriculum and teaching methods, particularly in the watered-down general education program. However, I think it is grossly unfair to classify East as a school where a solid academic education is "played down" in favor of such useless courses as Boys' Foods. Boys' Foods, by the way, is the only such course offered and is taken mainly because it is the thing to do—a fad, like wearing white bucks.

Granted there are many ways in which East High could be improved, but to imply that we underemphasize the straight academic education by stressing social adjustment courses and "learning experience" courses is sheer nonsense when one looks at the facts of our academic record.

SARAH D. PIETSCH, Cambridge, Mass.

. . . As a wonderfully wise "old-fashioned" teacher friend of mine puts it—"We have band, chorus, plays, movies—and if there is a little time left over, we teach arithmetic."

JEAN REED, Springwater, N.Y.

. . . The comparison of schools in Howard Whitman's last article either indicates a malicious attempt to ignore the functions and purposes of different types of high schools, or it shows complete disregard for the philosophy that the schools are for all the children of all the people.

C. E. TAYLOR, Sioux City, Iowa

. . . Speaking of what Mr. Whitman calls "breeze" courses, he "ain't seen nothing." Here in Albuquerque, the public schools conduct dog-obedience courses. We understand that, to date, all of the dogs have passed but several owners have been flunked.

BERT SCALES, Albuquerque, N.M.

Connoisseur's Complaint

EDITOR: I was very interested in the excellent article by Dorothy Lewis, A Meal You'd Never Forget (Feb. 19th). However, the pictures reveal some mistakes in the handling of wine.

For example, I am sure M. Jean Després would not normally pour from a bottle of wine with the label on the under side. Good practice requires that *l'étiquette* be on the top of the bottle, not only to reveal the origin and the quality of the wine, etc., but because wine is always stored with the label uppermost, and this means that the sediment collects in the narrow ridge along the length of the bottle. Moreover, M. Després is filling his glass much too full to bring out the full bouquet of the wine.

The agony which M. Allix is enduring is of his own devising, that is if he is using a corkscrew similar to the illustration in the upper right-hand corner. He seems to be clutching, with the aid of his knees, a bottle of red wine, Bordeaux perhaps. His tormented procedure is well calculated to shake up the sediment and it might be a couple of days before the wine should be drunk.

EARL F. COOK, Marblehead, Mass.

Trouper

EDITOR: We were happy to read your article about animals on television called Mammals Are Clogging Your Channels (Apr. 2d). However, one of the mammals who has probably been clogging the channels longer than any other in TV is an eight-year-old cocker spaniel named Paisley who has made over 150 appearances on the Du Mont Television network as one of the stars of the Marge and Jeff show, a domestic-comedy program seen every night Monday through Friday.

MARGE GREENE, New York, N.Y.

Civil Servants

EDITOR: There are a few tired clichés which are constantly bandied about regarding the civil service and government employees in general. It is unfortunate that Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey has seen fit to perpetuate them.

"Civil service as practiced protects the incompetent worker too much," Mr. Humphrey complains in your April 2d issue (It Looked Easier on the Outside).

By basing appointment on merit, through competitive examination, the civil service is designed to weed out the incompetent job applicant. It does protect employees from being summarily fired without cause. Where cause for discipline exists, the only restriction on the powers of the supervisor or the department head is the requirement that an employee must be told the reason for the action and given an opportunity to reply to the charges.

President Eisenhower, in a letter to me on the occasion of the anniversary of the Civil Service Act, stated: "In its 71-year history, this system has reflected the fact that it provides the best means of staffing our government with capable employees. It is this administration's earnest desire to provide such leadership as will make possible an increased public appreciation of the splendid contributions of our federal government's career employees."

It is unfortunate that the Secretary of the Treasury does not seem to share this attitude.

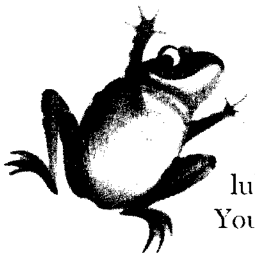
JAMES A. CAMPBELL, Washington, D.C.

The writer is national president of the American Federation of Government Employees (AFL).

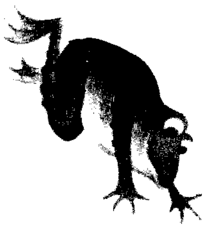
GET THE JUMP ON SPRING!

Hop over for a TEXACO SPRING CHECK-UP!

HOP OVER —ride safer and smoother this Spring. Your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had,* will check your battery, spark plugs, tires, radiator, fan belt—and other potential trouble spots!



HOP UP —on the lift and your car's chassis will be lubricated *by chart* with superior MARFAK. You'll enjoy that *cushiony* feeling for 1,000 miles or more—plus *quieter* driving, *easier* handling! Transmission and differential get preferred treatment, too!



HOP IN —and your Texaco Dealer will treat your crankcase to *the best motor oil your money can buy*—Advanced Custom-Made HAVOLINE. It *wear-proofs your engine* for the life of your car.

HOP DOWN —and you'll roll out with a tankful of Texaco Sky Chief, the *premium* gasoline *for those who want the best*... or famous Fire Chief, for lively power at *regular* gasoline prices. *Both* 100% *Climate-Controlled!*

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Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America

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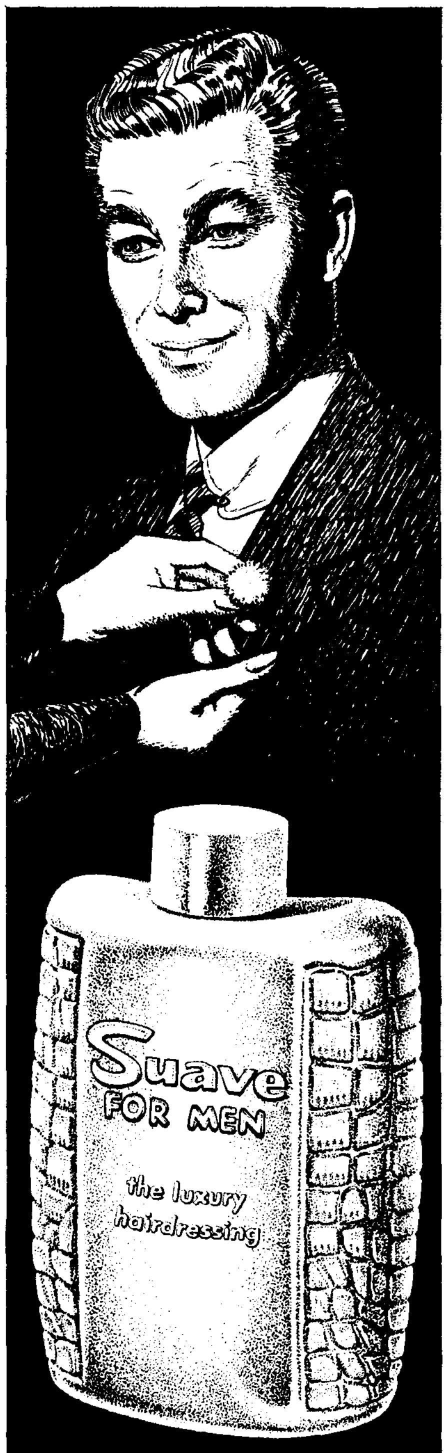


men who care "Suave" their hair

You've never used a hairdressing like SUAVE . . . because there is no other like it! Costs a little more, but worth many times the small difference. In alligator-grained plastic squeeze flask. One trial will convince you! The only hairdressing with secret-formula Curtisol insures day-long grooming without greasiness. Won't stain hatband. To look suave, use SUAVE daily.

Regular size $1 Travel size 60¢ (plus tax)

Suave* FOR MEN

The Luxury Hairdressing

*TRADEMARK

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

STRAIGHT UP

Cameramen Iger and Vandivert (aft and for'd), re-create a maritime mood with writer Lansing in strictly sinkable indoor outboard outfit

THE cartoon showing a basement-built boat too large for removal is pretty stale stuff. The gag these days is trying to find a roomy and secluded spot for laying out, putting together and photographing the contents of a 14-foot boat kit.

Associate editor Alfred Lansing resolved this dilemma for page 68 after investigating:

(1) A public-school gymnasium. (Board of education said no.)

(2) An airport hangar. (The weather might close down and necessitate garaging the planes, thus crowding the premises.)

(3) A New York hotel gym. (Couldn't have got the finished boat out. Old gag.)

(4) A Manhattan loft, advertised as being available for $100 per day. ("I wouldn't even unlock the door for a one-day rental," growled the advertiser over the phone.)

(5) An auto salesroom. (That did the trick.)

Concerning the extraordinary action shot on page 66, Lansing had this to report: "To show what an outboard can do, we imported Mr. Joe Anderson from Sarasota to Miami and persuaded him to cavort around off the beach in a 14-foot runabout while photographer Bill Vandivert alternately looked at a drawing and operated his camera. The drawing, an artist's conception of the Leaping Lena composition we wanted, was made at a high-and-dry drawing board by our art department's Lou Sardella. (Last month's recipient of the National Academy of Design's Gold Medal 'for the best figure composition painted by an American artist.') We had to lure Anderson several miles offshore before he hit a breath-taking, reef-shattered breaker just right. I think the photograph proves the go-anywhere qualities of an outboard, but Joe Anderson says he knew it all along and why couldn't we have been satisfied with a snapshot of a swimsuit-clad cutie skimming a buzz boat over Lake Wanawee?"

★ ★ ★

IT PLEASES us to give best-seller readers a head start on Erich Maria Remarque's A Time to Love and a Time to Die, which commences on page 30 and is the Book of the Month Club selection for June. Those who will never forget Remarque's All Quiet on the Western Front and Arch of Triumph need not be urged to read his new novel, translated from the original German by Harcourt, Brace & Company's Denver Lindley, onetime Collier's fiction editor, gentleman and—naturally—scholar. (We're free for lunch anytime, Denver.)

"Remarque is a meticulous writer who revises constantly in laborious longhand," Lindley told us. "After I had translated what we thought was the final draft of A Time for Love, Remarque submitted a completely rewritten typescript of the story." He sighed. "So I had to translate it all over again."

On second thought, Denver, we'll take *you* out to lunch.

★ ★ ★

TO THE various traits of Grandmother Marlene Dietrich, who answers to many descriptions on page 25, may be added a comment by one writer who was considerably involved in the reportorial proceedings. His contribution to Dietrichana has to do with her legendary energy and staying power.

By the time he got to Las Vegas to see Miss Dietrich, our man had heard enough about these qualities to know that any interview with her was not likely to break up before midnight.

"One night," he relates, "I went around to see her after her show, and after we had talked for a while she invited me to come over to the Sands, where she was meeting a few friends. Numbly, I agreed. We met the friends and then went on a small but very well-planned prowl around the town before returning to the Sands, where we had food and good talk. It was about four thirty A.M. when one man in the group began to look sleepy. 'Look at him,' whispered Miss D., nudging me. 'He must be sick.' Well, the invalid departed about five o'clock, I lasted until six, and Miss Dietrich and one other person stayed up until seven thirty. She was up again around ten o'clock. That was later known as The Evening Nothing Much Happened."

EVE ARNOLD

Grandma's gams

★ ★ ★

WHILE he was working on his latest scientific treatise (Probing the Secret of Life) writer Bill Davidson said it suddenly occurred to him that a reporter may go through as many changes as an actor. He has, he recalls, donned tropical garb in jungles near the equator and Eskimo furs on ice islands not far from the North Pole. He has worn Army, Navy and Marine Corps uniforms to cover military campaigns from the coast of Greenland to the Ardennes Forest and batted around in miners' helmets, track suits, kimonos, prospectors' duds, foul-weather gear, flying suits and a gamut of disguises ranging from a Skid Row getup to a Madison Avenue gray flannel suit.

He concludes, however, that no costume was more unexpected than the one he wore when he asked to see specimens of living tissue about which he writes on page 78. Before he was allowed into the "culture rooms" he was supplied with surgical gown, cap and mask, which made him look quite Dr. Kildare-ish. Next week . . . East Lynne.

★ ★ ★

WE'VE just read Bruce Bliven, Jr's., historical account of that wondrous machine, the typewriter, and can therefore recommend page 102 with considerable enthusiasm. Meanwhile, at various points along the editorial assembly line a few choice items from this piece wound up in the basket, whence we retrieved them, as follows:

(a) When you put a new ribbon in your machine, lock the shift key and jam the letters *g*, *b* and *h* together so the "vibrator" will be raised to permit easy threading.

(b) The ribbon will last longer if the spools are tightened after use. This will distribute the ink over the used dry spots.

(c) Some errors need not be erased. For instance, the letter *c* can be changed to *o* or *e* by striking over it; and, with very little erasure, an *e* can be changed to *s*, and an *i* to a *t*.

But while the best writers occasionally tap wrong sequences of keyboard characters, they at least provide work for proofreaders, of whom we have three just down the hall from here. The lives of these syntax supervisors are brightened by such sentences as "He came into the room with his wife in two," their job being to play anagrams with the word two until it makes sense.

In our shop perhaps the classic example of hitting the wrong keys occurred once when a mooning typist, making copies of a fiction story, changed "on a ledge" to "in a lodge." A carbon was dispatched to an illustrator, who eventually appeared with a preliminary color sketch showing the outdoorsy hero and heroine enjoying lunch in an Adirondack Mountain lodge when, of course, they should have been eating it on a ledge.

&that(s tHe way iT goEs/ See½@

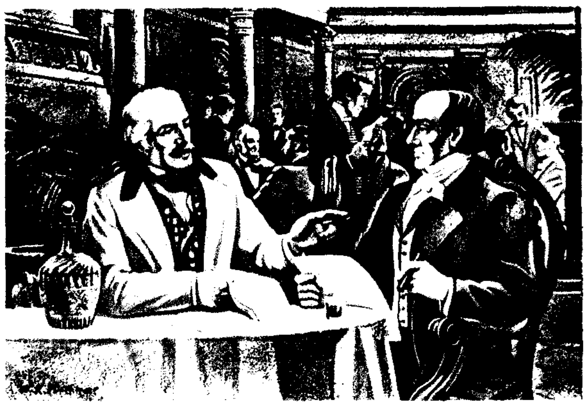
—GURNEY WILLIAMS

OLD CROW GAZETTE

Published in the interest of bourbon buyers everywhere

Containing important developments in the history of Old Crow

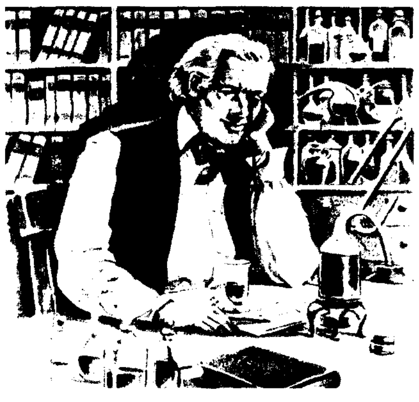
HISTORIC SUCCESS FOR CELEBRATED OLD CROW!



DANIEL WEBSTER AND GEN. SAM HOUSTON MEET OVER A BOTTLE OF OLD CROW

When Texas' greatest hero, Gen. Sam Houston, and silver-tongued orator Daniel Webster met, it was always a special occasion. Often, these meetings were held in the pleasant company of Old Crow—the bourbon Webster called "the finest in the world."

Old Crow has traditionally been the favorite of America's great men. To learn the reason for this you need only try world-famous Old Crow tonight—and discover its distinctive pleasures yourself.



JAMES CROW

His Old Crow bourbon put Kentucky whiskey on the map

During the 1820's, James Crow's scientific methods revolutionized whiskey-making in Kentucky, making him the father of modern distilling. Today, a great modern distillery stands on the original site of his log cabin, continuing to produce the most celebrated bourbon that has ever been distilled.

Milder, lower-priced 86 Proof bottling, companion to world-famous 100 Proof Bottled in Bond, wins great following throughout the land!

History was made the day that Old Crow took a most important step in introducing a lighter, 86 Proof bottling as a companion to its traditional Bottled in Bond. Now, just a few months later, history is being made again and you, the whiskey-buying public, are making it.

New thousands of you are asking for Old Crow every day. New thousands of you everywhere are finding in the outstanding quality and unique taste of Old Crow the reasons for its leadership.

Leadership is a tradition with Old Crow; success a habit acquired back in the days of the pioneers. They were the first to beat a path to James Crow's door. For it was in his tiny distillery where Crow experimented tirelessly, that his goal of producing the perfect run of whiskey was finally achieved.

In 1954, as in the past century, the path to the ultimate in bourbon enjoyment is the path that leads you to your favorite liquor retailer. Whether you prefer the traditional 100 Proof Bottled in Bond, or the lighter, milder, 86 Proof bottling, you will enjoy the finest Kentucky bourbon ever put into glass.

HENRY CLAY

He ordered James Crow's whiskey for his home in Washington

Senators Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were in accord on the superiority of Old Crow. A barrel of James Crow's remarkable bourbon invariably accompanied Clay on his return from Kentucky to the capital.

Planters returned to Deep South with barrels of James Crow's whiskey

Southern planters vacationing "up North" in Kentucky agreed that Crow's whiskey was overwhelmingly superior to any they had tasted before. Today, throughout the land, Old Crow remains unmatched—the standard of bourbon perfection.

NOW—TWO GREAT BOTTLINGS!

86 PROOF

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Celebrated Old Crow—lighter, milder and lower in price than the 100 Proof Bottled in Bond

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BOTTLED IN BOND

100 PROOF

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

OLD CROW
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

The most famous of bonded bourbons available as usual

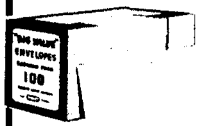
OLD CROW

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

SUPER SAVINGS 'round *the* store

Belmont BIG VALUE ENVELOPES



Reg. 37¢
Now Only 27¢

Giant pack of 100 in handy carton. White Wove.

VACUUM BOTTLE

Reg. $2.25 NOW ONLY $1.99

Full quart Cape Cod bottle keeps contents piping hot or icy cold for hours. Red enameled steel case with red plastic cap that serves as a cup. Get several at this low price – for school, work, trips, picnics, camping.

PRO-CAP ADHESIVE TAPE

Rexall
PRO-CAP
ADHESIVE PLASTER

½" x 5 yds.
Reg. 23¢
NOW ONLY 17¢

Less irritating than ordinary tape. Sticks better, stays in place longer.

Stork Nurser, 35¢.....**3** for **$1.00**
Quik-Swabs, cotton-tipped. 100, **29¢**
Airmail Envelopes, 6¾ size, regularly 10¢, a buy at only..........**7¢**
Large Airmail Envelopes, pack of 9, regularly 10¢, now only........**7¢**
Airmail Tablet, reg. 15¢, now..**13¢**
Lord Baltimore Portfolio, white linen-finish paper and envelopes, **69¢**

REXALL DELUXE TOOTHBRUSHES

Only 59¢

Six popular styles with long-lasting Hyzon bristles; two with natural bristles. Medium and hard textures. All medically approved. Select the style that's best for you!

BATHROOM SCALES

Rex-Way $6.95

Fully guaranteed, accurate, easy to read (flat magnifying dial). Easy adjustment knob assures continued accuracy. Your choice of colors.

SAVE IN MAY AND EVERY DAY AT

Mother's Day
Gift Ideas

From $1.00

Stationery Beautifully boxed writing papers, many smart styles, plain and decorated.

Imperial Vellum Stationery. 100 sheets, 50 envelopes, ivory enameled paper. A buy!..**98¢**
Engraved Letters, 24 sheets & envs....**$1.00**
Pen and Pencil Set, $2.50 value, only..**$1.19**
Symphony Oakgrain Stationery, 24 sheets, 24 envelopes, extra-heavy white paper...**$1.39**

Kitchen-Fresh Cottage Chocolates

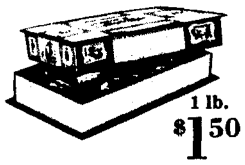
1 lb. $1.10
2 lbs. $2.20

Superb, original recipes. Creams, nougats, fruit centers.

American Custom Chocolates

1 lb. Box $2.00
2 lbs. $4.00

Delectable assortment of our finest candies.

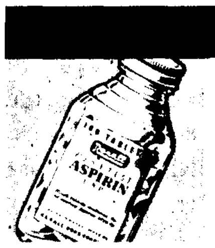


American Heritage Chocolates

1 lb. $1.50

Rich selection of creams, chewies, nuts; milk and dark chocolate coated.

☑ CHECK YOUR MEDICINE CHEST NEEDS

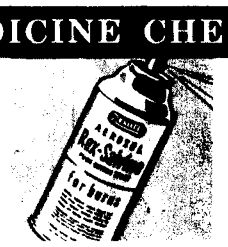


Rexall Aspirin. Laboratory tests prove no faster-acting aspirin made. 5 grains of pure aspirin in every tablet. Bottle of 100....**54¢**

CELUREX
LAXATIVE

Rexall Celurex Laxative Tablets. Safe, natural, lubricating bulk plus gentle laxative action. 65's...**89¢** 130's, only **$1.69**

Aerosol Fungi-Rex. Spray-on relief for Athlete's Foot. Greaseless, stainless; positive coverage of infected area, 4 oz. **$1.59**



Aerosol Rex-Salvine for burns. Antiseptic spray forms protective film to prevent infection and promote healing. 5 oz. **$1.39**

Mi 31
Solution
ANTISEPTIC

Rexall Mi-31. Time-tested, amber-color mouthwash, gargle, breath-deodorant and multi-purpose antiseptic. Full pint, only **79¢**

Rexall
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Rexall Klenzo Antiseptic. Ruby-red, cinnamon flavored, refreshing mouthwash, gargle and breath-sweetener. Pint...**79¢**

CARA NOME BEAUTY VALUES

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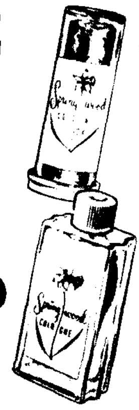

Springwood Cologne Stick 2½ oz.

when you buy the 4 oz. bottle of

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Total Value $4.50
BOTH FOR ONLY $2.50

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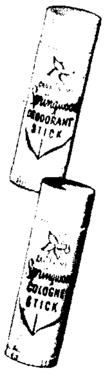

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Cologne Stick

Both in smart plastic case. Your Choice of Cara Nome, White Mink or Springwood fragrances.

Total Value $2.25
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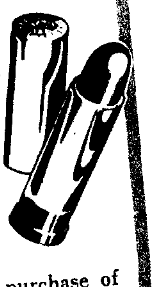
CARA NOME LIPSTICK



WORTH $1.10

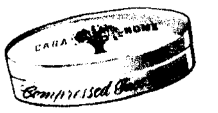
Only 39¢

with every $1.00 purchase of any Cara Nome, White Mink or Springwood product.

½ PRICE SPECIALS

CARA NOME compressed face powder

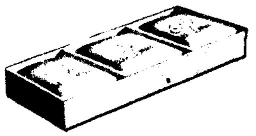
Reg. $1.10
NOW ONLY 55¢



CARA NOME complexion soap

Reg. $1.50
NOW ONLY 75¢

Special Package of 3 cakes



CARA NOME CREAMS

for the one woman in ten with sensitive skin

EACH, ONLY $1.25

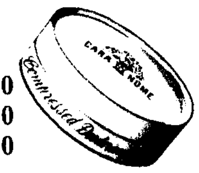
Hypo-allergenic – pure, mild, safe for most sensitive skins.

Cara Nome Cold Cream, 3 oz.
Cara Nome Special Dry Skin Cleansing Cream, 3¼ oz.
Cara Nome Cleansing Cream, 3 oz.

NEW COMPRESSED DEODORANT BATH POWDER

Your Choice of 3 fragrances:

Cara Nome	**$2.00**
Springwood	**$2.50**
White Mink	**$3.00**



Spill-proof, easy to use, deodorant, effective. Big puff.

CARA NOME BEAUTY BUYS

Cara Nome Make-Up Stick. Non-drying, non-greasy, complete make-up for every type skin. 5 lovely shades, ea. **$1.50**

Cara Nome "Natural Curl" Permanent, with "Neutralock" Neutralizer to assure natural-looking curls from very first day. Choice of 3 kits for 3 different types hair. **$1.50**

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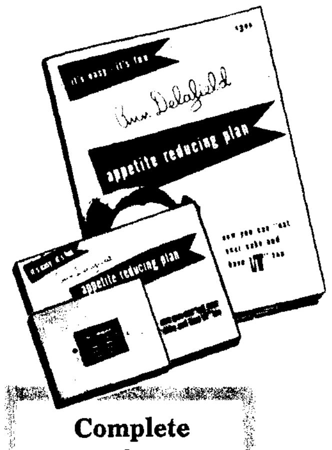

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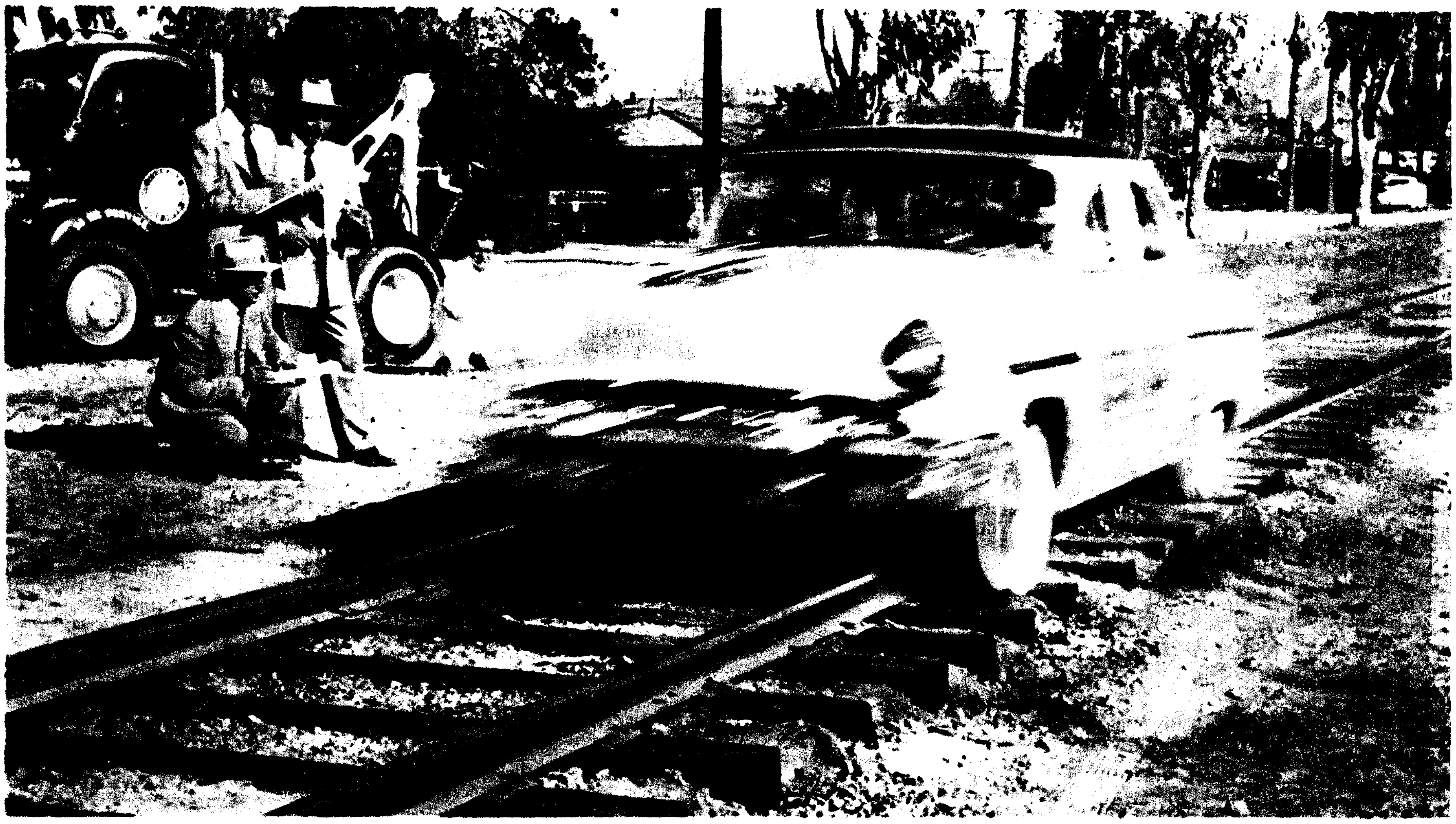

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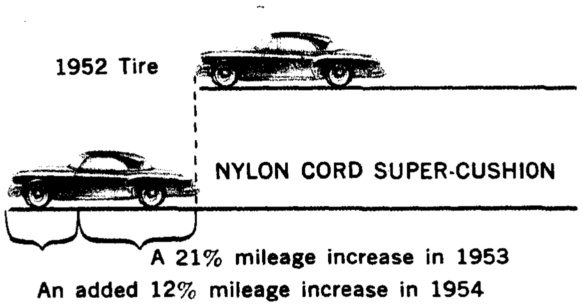
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NYLON CORD SUPER-CUSHION
A 21% mileage increase in 1953
An added 12% mileage increase in 1954

Now! Up to ⅓ more mileage! In 1953, Goodyear's new tread rubber added a 21% mileage increase. Now, a new, flatter tread gives you up to 12% *more.* Total—almost ⅓ more mileage than ever before.

Quieter ride! 15% greater traction! Squealing on turns has been practically eliminated by a new anti-vibration tread. 1806 inches of nonskid edges, 880 deep-cut safety-slots give 15% safer traction.

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Collier's, May 14, 1954

Dietrich

the BODY and the SOUL

The world's most glamorous woman—as her intimates see her, and as she sees herself

ANYONE who sets out to do an article on Marlene Dietrich is confronted by three facts: (1) there has already been a great deal written about her, all of it tending to make her a legend ("the fabulous grandmother," "the eternal glamor queen," and so on); (2) few people agree about her; and (3) her friends and nonfriends have banded together generally in a conspiracy to say nothing but good about her—at least when quoted directly.

Miss Dietrich ridicules the legend, but it grows in spite of her, because of the difficulty of pinning her down and classifying her.

While it is certain, for example, that she was born Maria Magdalene Dietrich in Berlin, Germany, on December 27th, the year is open to debate (and has been widely debated). She has appeared in more than 25 movies, and few of them have been very good—yet she ranks with the outstanding film personalities of the century. Her primary asset on the screen, the smoky-eyed allure that drives men wild, has also affected a number of men (many of them very well known) off the screen—yet there is abundant testimony that her main ambition is to be simply a housewife and a mother.

Miss Dietrich has always evidenced a sincere dislike for publicity, yet last winter she played for three weeks at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas in a $6,000 dress made of a material which has been described as rhinestones-and-nothing, thus getting her picture on page one of an astonishing number of newspapers.

What follows is an effort to present the first full portrait of Dietrich. A number of Collier's reporters spent several months interviewing close friends, chance acquaintances and Miss Dietrich herself—more than 100 people in all—at the main sources of the legend: Europe, California and New York. Most of this article has been turned over to those who were interviewed, some of whom preferred to remain anonymous.

* * * * *

Hollywood Director Henry Koster: Whatever you say about Miss Dietrich, there's always a story to disprove it.

A Friend: Tell me, does anyone really know how old she

EVE ARNOLD

A moving-picture actress: "I don't know how to explain it, but if a man preferr

is? I've heard estimates ranging from forty-seven to fifty-seven; I admit I'm curious.

Marlene Dietrich: I've decided the best idea, when people ask my age, is to say I'm seventy-one and let it go at that. Someone told me that the Encyclopedia of Names has my right age. I don't know; I haven't seen it.

New Century Cyclopedia of Names: Dietrich, Marlene. b. at Berlin, Dec. 27, 1904—American actress.

A Professional Associate: I think most of her close friends will tell you she'll be fifty this year. I've known her about as long as any; I first met Marlene in 1927 in Berlin, when she was unknown (she still has a sister living there). Marlene was something of an ugly duckling in those days. . . .

Reporters Seymour Freidin and William Richardson (*in Berlin*): The German police have no record of a sister, but they report Miss Dietrich's mother died in Germany in 1948.

A Close Friend: I understand Marlene's sister was held in a Nazi concentration camp in World War II.

Professional Associate (*continuing*): . . . and only her success made her beautiful. When Nicholas Farkas, then Germany's foremost cameraman, heard she was to appear in a picture he was filming he threatened to quit. She looked as bad in that picture as he had predicted. But director Josef von Sternberg saw rushes of the film, and picked her to star in The Blue Angel, the picture that made her. It took him 20 minutes to figure out how she should be lighted—from the right, high above, the way she has insisted on having her lighting ever since—and from that moment Marlene became a beautiful woman . . . first on the screen, then in life. She was beautiful because she *wanted* to be beautiful.

A Hollywood Director: She had a falling out with Von Sternberg later. He had created a robot—and then, along the classic lines, the robot destroyed its creator.

A Critical Acquaintance: Before he met her, Von Sternberg had a reputation for shooting his pictures under the budget. After he met her, he began shooting her scenes 20 to 60 times. His pictures began costing a fortune.

Josef von Sternberg (*now in the United States*): Anything I have to say about Miss Dietrich I've said in my films.

A Girl in Berlin: I knew her 27 years ago and even then she walked and talked like Cleopatra—except that Dietrich was more dangerous. She could make any woman look like a dumpy *Hausfrau*.

Movie Director William Dieterle: She had just turned eighteen when I first met her in Germany. She has never changed. With anyone else, you run into a mutual acquaintance and say, "How is so-and-so?" Not with Marlene; you *know* how Marlene is, no matter how long it's been since you last saw her. Others have their dreams behind them or before them; Marlene carried her dream with her and used it for a halo. In Hollywood, they made a big thing about her legs. If someone had suggested playing up the legs to another actress who took herself seriously, she'd have slapped his face, knowing it would have ruined her. Marlene just said: "If it's legs they want, it's legs they'll get." Her secret? She is always herself. She'll never change.

The Critical Acquaintance: The secret of Dietrich is that she believes she is the most beautiful and glamorous woman in the world—and she has sold the public her own picture of herself.

Songstress Rosemary Clooney: One night Marlene suggested going to a night club to hear Johnnie Ray—just she, Billy Wilder's wife and I. I thought it might not be nice, three women in a night club without escorts, but she said, "Three women as lovely as we? If we are alone, it is naturally because we want to be alone."

Leo Lerman (*contributing editor of Mademoiselle, and a close Dietrich friend*): She knows she's beautiful, and is aware it's a good thing, but she does nothing to take care of her beauty.

Marlene Dietrich: Beauty comes from within. It sounds horrible, but it's true.

Clara Bianchi (*ladies' room attendant at New York's Colony Restaurant*): In twenty years I've never seen her replenish her make-up—even her lipstick.

A Director: There's a lot about her I'd criticize—but if it's superglamor you need in a picture, Marlene is simply impossible to replace. Nobody, nobody ever came up to it.

Still Photographer Ray Jones (*chief of the Universal-International portrait gallery*): What Monroe is to sex, Dietrich is to glamor. With that woman, just one light, and a photographer has a priceless piece of sculpture—the high forehead, the arch between the eyes, those soft lips slightly parted . . . What a sight.

Director Alfred Hitchcock: Miss Dietrich has that spark that transmits itself visually. It's rare.

Actor Maurice Chevalier (*in Paris*): I knew her best in the early thirties—and in those days she could make any man fall in love with her just by looking at him.

Actress Eva Gabor: I am her number one worshiper. She is the real glamor. Marlene stretches her leg and a whole roomful of people jump.

Mrs. Walter Reisch (*wife of the film writer*): If she were at a masked costume ball and nobody knew who she was, all eyes would still be on her.

Movie Columnist Herbert Stein: When she comes into a night club it just lights up the joint.

Broadway Columnist Earl Wilson: I once interviewed her in a famous restaurant, and I noticed the headwaiter watching us. Afterward he asked me, "Are her legs really beautiful? I never thought to look at them." Quite a tribute to her personality.

French Poet-Dramatist Jean Cocteau: . . . the most exciting and terrifying woman I have ever known.

Paul Rose (*a New York furniture restorer*): I have done a lot of work for her. Her voice alone is enough to drive you crazy. Once she called to give me her phone number so I could call back about something, and that voice, just speaking a telephone number, was . . . well, it was . . . it was like another woman talking of love. You know? And still, though she's the absolute female, she has a completely masculine mind.

Sir Alexander Fleming (*the discoverer of penicillin, who met Dietrich only once, but corresponds with her and has her picture hanging in his outer office in London*): I don't know what people mean by glamor. But Miss Dietrich is incredibly intelligent and brilliantly witty.

Playwright-Composer-Actor Noel Coward: She may be the greatest woman of our age . . . but so *damned* intelligent for a woman.

A Hollywood Director: Dietrich has had many men friends, but I think it's significant that her greatest interest was an intellectual, Erich Maria Remarque, the German novelist. He'd recommend books for her to read—she reads widely, and not just trash—and she was supposed to be the heroine in his novel, Arch of Triumph.

Reporter Joseph Laitin (*in Hollywood*): I interviewed Miss Dietrich and asked who her greatest and closest friend had been. That all depends, she said, on what I meant by "greatest" and "closest"; did I mean the person she saw most now, or a long time ago; did I mean the person she loved the most, the person she'd most like to be with, the one who loved her most . . . ? "I just can't answer the question," she said, and changed the subject. But just before I left her, the conversation turned back to her friends and I carefully raised the question again. She sat silently for a moment, staring straight ahead, then said in a very small voice: "Mr. Remarque . . . but I don't see him very often now."

Erich Maria Remarque (*author of All Quiet on the Western Front, and the new novel A Time to Love and a Time to Die, which starts on page 30 of this issue*): She is a very great and generous artist and a very great personality. That is all I can say.

A Hollywood Friend: Dietrich and Remarque saw a great deal of each other for seven or eight years. I was present, I believe, when it ended. She had given him an aquarium full of tropical fish—including three she especially admired, which she called the French Fleet, because they had the French tricolor on their tails. Remarque treasured the gift; he would clean the aquarium every day. Then, after some time, it began to show signs of neglect. One night, at a dinner party at his place, she looked at the aquarium and saw some fish floating on the surface, dead—including the French Fleet. The dinner went very badly; she kept referring to the fish, and everybody at the table could feel the tension. We all left immediately after dinner. I don't think she and Remarque saw much of each other after that.

A Movie Director: I believe her relationship with her husband, Rudy Sieber, may have been a little strained for the only time in her life when she was going around with Remarque. Nothing ever came of it, of course. She and Sieber are still married, after 30 years.

A Friend: She married Sieber when she was still unknown; in fact, there's a story that he got her her first movie job in Germany, when he was an assistant director. They still spend a lot of time together, and apparently are very fond of each other. He's running a chicken farm in California now.

Rudolph Sieber (*from his California chicken farm*): I'm sorry, but I make it a rule never to make public statements about my wife.

Actress Mercedes McCambridge: You should really hear her tell the story of her funeral.

Writer-Publicist Irving Hoffman: I wrote a column on the funeral story in the Hollywood Reporter a few years ago. Miss Dietrich tells the story at parties, reciting it in script form. According to the script, only men who have known her well will be permitted to attend the Dietrich rites—and her husband, equipped with a list, will be posted at the door to keep out gate crashers . . . the many men who have falsely insisted they have been her friend.

Laitin: Her friends told me that the funeral story gets longer and longer as time goes on—and more hilarious, as she caricatures the men who will be admitted. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., she indicates, will show up in a full-dress Navy uniform, bearing a wreath from the Queen of England; French actor Jean Gabin (who is said to have ranked next to Remarque in her esteem) will be leaning against the church door, a cigarette dangling from his lips, disdaining to join the other mourners; Remarque, with characteristic vagueness, will be at the wrong church, mourning at the wrong funeral. Other men get similar treatment in the story—British actor Michael Wilding, Gary Cooper, James Stewart, John Wayne and many more.

A Director: For everybody else, falling in love is a tiring experience, but not for her. It keeps her alive. Marlene has the romantic immaturity of a girl of sixteen.

A Studio Executive: No one I know has had more men friends—and by that I mean men she has seen steadily for months or years. If she is with a man, she acts as if there's never been another before him and never will be another again. She's his cook, agent, secretary, astrologer, partner. She never compares him to another man, never thinks of another. When she senses that the friendship has reached an end, she withdraws gracefully before the man knows what it's all about.

A Hollywood Actress: Once Marlene said to me, "When you change men, if the last one liked classical music, make sure the next one likes jazz . . ." You know, in spite of the way men feel about her, she has the admiration and friendship of many, many women. I don't know how to ex-

er to me I'd understand"

Dietrich's off-stage attire during Las Vegas appearance last December (above) was almost as spectacular as famed night-club gown she wore. She has been fashion pace setter for years

plain it, but if a man preferred Marlene to me, I'd understand.

Eva Gabor: She's the only woman whom a man could prefer to me without making me angry.

A Movie Director: Marlene will still be looking beautiful—and falling in love—when she's eighty.

Director William Dieterle: When I first met her, she had a kind of provincial air about her—but with such nonchalance, such tongue-in-cheek. You felt that where she came from, you had to go through the kitchen to reach the living room. And yet you knew she was the *grande dame.* She is the same today: the *grande dame,* and yet the *Hausfrau.*

Song Writer Harold Arlen: Everyone talks about Marlene as a *Hausfrau*—and I can see why. There's a wonderful peasant quality about her, an earthiness . . .

Marlene Dietrich: If the people who call me a *Hausfrau* mean that I like to work around the house, they're right.

Carroll Righter (*Miss Dietrich's astrologer*): I can't talk about her; it wouldn't be ethical. But I'll say one thing: she'd rather cook than do anything else.

Michael Wilding: . . . a superb cook.

Maurice Chevalier: . . . magnificent.

Actress Tallulah Bankhead: One night in Las Vegas I got hungry and she walked into the kitchen of the Sands Hotel, dressed in white evening gown and furs, and cooked scrambled eggs for four.

Director Billy Wilder: People joke about scrambled eggs being easy to make, but actually it's the most difficult dish there is. Marlene is the best egg scrambler the world has ever known.

Mme. Tatiana du Plessix (*custom hat designer, Saks Fifth Avenue*): I have dined at Miss Dietrich's home and I'd say her greatest dish is *pot-au-feu,* a beef soup.

John Markle (*twelve-year-old son of Mercedes McCambridge and television producer John Markle*): She just makes a mess out of the kitchen—but she sure can cook!

Marlene Dietrich: Of course I like to cook. Before I was well known, the studio publicity people put out a lot of untrue releases; they didn't think it was glamorous for a movie star to cook, or smoke, or have children. That was nonsense, and when I became important enough, I put a stop to it.

Rosemary Clooney (*who has made two records with Miss Dietrich*): She once cooked a meal for Joe (Miss Clooney's husband, actor José Ferrer) and me. She's one of the most generous people I know. You can say "Don't bother" to her a million times, but if she thinks you need something, nothing will stop her. Any time you have an ailment, she's right there with a remedy she claims is better than the one you're using. Quite often it is, too.

Tallulah Bankhead: If I were sick and couldn't get Florence Nightingale, I'd get Marlene.

Director Billy Wilder: Telling her your troubles is as good as having a psychiatrist.

Radio Director Murray Burnett: In many ways she's an old-fashioned lady. She accepts some modern things but rejects others. Aureomycin she'll take; psychoanalysis she won't. She's very loyal—which is also old-fashioned.

Marlene Dietrich: If the basic values are old-fashioned, then I'm old-fashioned. Good taste, these basic things, they never change.

Leo Lerman: She'll do anything for her friends. Don't go shopping with her. If she sees something she thinks you'd like, she'll buy it for you.

Movie Columnist Herbert Stein: When it comes to helping people, this gal is always there. Before Gloria Swanson made her comeback, while she was still looking for work, a night-club photographer asked Dietrich if she'd mind having Swanson come to her table to pose for a picture together. Dietrich got to her feet and said, "For Swanson, I'll go to *her* table."

A Hollywood Writer: When the singer Richard Tauber was dying, broke, in London, she gave him money for medical treatments—though he wasn't really one of her close friends.

Marlene Dietrich: Someone once wrote that I was kind because I give people presents. That's superficial. Because I like to give presents doesn't tell what kind of woman I am. If I cook for someone who's ill, and scrub his floor, why should anyone be surprised? Millions of women do that daily.

Ann Keellan (*attendant in the ladies' room at Manhattan's El Morocco night club*): She's a good tipper; usually leaves me a dollar.

Producer Irving Asher: I had lunch with her a couple of days ago and she picked up her own check and left her own tip. It was a 60-cent check—and a two-dollar tip. Funny it never occurred to me to pick up her check. She pays her own. And on the way out she remembered she'd forgotten something—and ran back for it herself. She even lights her own cigarettes—with an old beat-up cigarette lighter that a GI made for her out of a wrecked plane's tank or something, when she was touring the fronts in World War II.

Marlene Dietrich: I don't prefer lighting cigarettes myself; it's faster that way. Same thing with opening doors: I do it myself because it's faster.

Tallulah Bankhead: During the war, many people entertained the troops briefly and then came home to make movies. Dietrich went with the troops and stayed with them. She said she loved it because "no woman can please one man; this way you can please many men."

Asher (*a former colonel*): After the war, the Pentagon gave her the Medal of Freedom; many men had written in asking why she hadn't received an award. She also got the French Legion of Honor medal.

General of the Army Omar N. Bradley: Many of us came to admire her spirit and to appreciate her contribution because she was so much interested in entertaining our soldiers over a long period of time and because she quite often visited very close to the front lines.

Harold Arlen: I first met her at the Hollywood canteen in the early forties. She's a great personality. That is what the theater used to be full of—great personalities, not great actresses . . .

Dieterle: She's the last of the great performers. There'll never be another personality like her.

Arlen: . . . I think she'd have been a far better actress if she hadn't been typed. A great actress? No, I don't think so.

A Director: She's adequate as an actress, but not really good. Tell me, does she know that?

Marlene Dietrich (*quoted by a friend*): I'm no actress . . .

Another Director: Of course, she's no actress;

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK BIRNS

Actor Maurice Chevalie

DAN WEINER

Marlene Dietrich and her daughter, Maria Riva, a well-known television and stage actress in her own right, and mother of two boys. Miss Dietrich often baby-sits with her grandsons

everybody in the industry knows that. Yet off the screen, she's always acting. If she's alone in a room and a cat walks in, she starts acting. She almost doesn't know herself any more.

ACTOR BURGESS MEREDITH: She's a woman of many masks. She can take any part she wants and believe it implicitly—and she seems to enjoy all parts and all masks.

MARLENE DIETRICH: I don't see why anyone would say I ever act off stage. To do that, I would have to pretend to be something I'm not—something false, something someone else expected me to be.

MURRAY BURNETT (*formerly director of her current CBS radio show, Time for Love*): One source of the Dietrich legend is that she appears different to different people. She knows what's right for her, though; she constantly rewrites radio scripts to suit her particular requirements.

RADIO EXECUTIVE: The radio show is her package. She got the idea for it—based on the role she played in The Blue Angel—and she hires the actors and writers with her own money. She has turned down a fortune in TV. She feels—so far, at least—that it's not right for her.

MARLENE DIETRICH: If I do television it will have to be something special. People expect something special of me.

RADIO EXECUTIVE: She's a real student of the dollar in business, though—even if she hasn't succumbed to television.

LEO LERMAN: She wrote an article for a woman's magazine not long ago and got $20,000 for it. The magazine wanted a writer to work with her, but she insisted on doing it herself, and actually did it, every word of it.

MARLENE DIETRICH: Writing is so easy, easier than acting or singing. I really do not want to write—or to make movies, or to sing; I have no ambition. I work because I need the money. I wish I didn't have to work. I lead a full life; not working would give me more time for it.

RADIO EXECUTIVE: She's pleasant and easy to work with. She gets along with everybody—with the possible exception of the publicity people.

PUBLICIST RUSSELL BIRDWELL: She hired me once—but for a sort of general public-relations function . . . not to get her picture on page one. I don't believe she ever consciously did anything to get her name in the papers.

MARLENE DIETRICH: I have never paid anyone to get publicity for me. I have never begged for attention; I am not the kind of person who will say, "Look at me; this is what I really feel inside." If I had to write the story of my life, in the third person, I would say, "Marlene Dietrich has never emptied herself." I have never been on my knees to the press, and they respect me for it; my relations with the press have always been good.

A MOVIE DIRECTOR: Sure, it's easy to get along with Marlene. All you have to do is acknowledge her superior position.

THE CRITICAL ACQUAINTANCE: She's as much in love with herself as it's possible for a human being to be. A magnificent symphony wouldn't mean a thing to Dietrich unless it were dedicated to her.

A CLOSE FRIEND (*chuckling*): The symphony crack isn't bad. Marlene *has* a certain egotism. Of course, she wouldn't accept the dedication unless is was a *good* symphony.

ANOTHER CLOSE FRIEND: What other woman could refer to the Arc de Triomphe as "my arch" and get away with it—in a room full of Frenchmen?

DIRECTOR MITCHELL LEISEN: She loves realism. Before playing a gypsy in Golden Earrings she saw gypsies eating fish heads, eyes and all, so she did the same. She put so much dirt on her face that I had to tell her to stop.

STILL PHOTOGRAPHER RAY JONES: I was taking some publicity stills for the film Destry Rides Again and she suggested some of her and Jimmy Stewart in a hay wagon. She said she wanted them realistic—so she began nibbling at his ear. They were realistic . . .

ACTOR JAMES STEWART: Yeah, I remember. She was pretty realistic, all right.

DIRECTOR ALFRED HITCHCOCK: She's a professional. A professional cameraman, a professional dress designer . . .

ACTOR EDWARD G. ROBINSON: Playing opposite Marlene, I developed a new respect for her. She seemed to know as much about the technical side of the work as the director, the cameraman and the prop man.

MERCEDES MCCAMBRIDGE: Marlene is really an authority on everything.

REPORTER MARTHA WEINMAN: People in every field cite her as an expert.

MARY NETTER (*New York antique dealer*): That woman knows more about antiques than just about any other customer I have.

MME. DU PLESSIX (*hat designer*): She can tell me where a certain seam is misplaced, why a certain facing is good.

EDITH HEAD (*chief dress designer at Paramount Pictures*): You don't design clothes for Dietrich. You design them *with* her.

MOVIE WRITER WALTER REISCH: She's an accomplished violinist, with a sensational ear for music.

MARLENE DIETRICH: Perhaps people say I know something about everybody's job because I never say anything or do anything unless I know. So many people talk and make pretenses about things they know nothing about.

PAUL ROSE (*furniture restorer*): Once we argued about the color of something she wanted. I lost the argument, and I was sure the color would look very bad. I was wrong. Incidentally, her apartment is all soft beiges and pinks and gold—a perfect background for her. There are no pictures of her in the place.

A HOLLYWOOD FRIEND: You ought to see her bedroom in the New York apartment. Indirect lighting comes out from under the bed.

A NEW YORK FRIEND: The lights are operated by buttons built into the bed—and they don't just go on and off; they go from dim to bright. The chandelier over the bed is the same; it lights up in stages, and it can be operated from the bed.

LEO LERMAN: The apartment is a small living-room-bedroom-kitchen affair, with the living room made to look larger by a mirror on one wall.

MARLENE DIETRICH: When I decided I wanted mirrors in my apartment, to make it look bigger, some of my friends said: "Mirrors? Isn't that a little Hollywood?" What's wrong with Hollywood?

LEO LERMAN: There are some paintings on the apartment walls by great French artists, and a few photographs—including one of her good friend Ernest Hemingway, and one of Maria Riva and Miss Riva's older child, John Michael, five. The other Dietrich grandchild is John Peter Riva, aged three. The youngsters call their grandmother Missy. Marlene acts as a sort of combination maid, sitter and cook for Maria, helping out whenever Maria or her husband Bill, a television director, needs her.

SONGWRITER MAX COLPET: One day in 1949 she asked me to meet her in Central Park. When I arrived, she was sitting on a bench rocking her grandchild's baby carriage—and talking to Greta Garbo. They had just happened to run into each other.

DIRECTOR BILLY WILDER: Her great dream was to do a picture with Garbo, but she never did.

ANOTHER DIRECTOR: Marlene has this great love for her daughter Maria—too much love, almost.

MERCEDES MCCAMBRIDGE: All her friends get wires from Marlene whenever Maria is on television, giving the time, the day and the network.

A FRIEND: . . . and if she tells you to watch, you'd better watch.

MANAGER OF A NEW YORK RESTAURANT: Miss Dietrich and her daughter come in here often, sometimes together, sometimes not. Miss Riva quiets down a lot when her mother is around.

MME. DU PLESSIX: Miss Dietrich picks a great many of her daughter's clothes.

EVA GABOR: I ran into her one day on Fifth Avenue. She had a newspaper clipping in one hand, an ad for flat-heeled shoes. She was hurrying to the store to get them for Maria.

ietrich is something that has never existed before and may never exist again . . .”

Paul Rose: One day Miss Dietrich showed me her wardrobe. There weren't many clothes, but there were hundreds of shoes, all beautiful. She apparently collects them.

Mme. du Plessix: Miss Dietrich sticks largely to black, simple suits and dresses, but sometimes wears beige—as close as possible to the color of her hair—and sometimes light blue. Although she buys perhaps a dozen hats a season, and never wears them a second season, she wears many of her dresses several years.

Eva Gabor: Marlene once told me, “When you buy good basic gowns, you can wear them and wear them. You don't need many.”

Marlene Dietrich: Sometimes I won't see reporters because I have nothing to say, and then all they can write about is what I wear. What I wear is not important. I hate that kind of story.

Jean Louis (*chief dress designer for Columbia Studios*): All my life I wondered what it would be like to design a dress for her—and then one day I got a phone call from her. She wanted a dress for her Las Vegas show—“furs, spangles and diamonds,” she told me. Fifteen seamstresses worked three months on the dresses—there were actually three gowns—tearing them apart and putting them together as she suggested alterations. Each dress had 200 rhinestones—at a dollar a rhinestone.

Producer Irving Asher: She discussed the Las Vegas gown with me beforehand. “There isn't anything new I can do with an evening gown,” she told me, “except cut the neck a little lower than everyone else, and I don't want to do that. No, I'll give them a costume—the kind all women like to dream of themselves in and men like to dream of their women wearing.”

Harold Arlen: She told me, during her Las Vegas engagement, “It's ridiculous. I get out there, and all those women keep sighing, ‘She's beautiful. She's beautiful.’ Well, after all, it's just lo-*gic*.” (That's a favorite expression of Marlene's: it's lo-*gic*.) “What do they expect?” she said. “I should come out here for $30,000 a week and just say ‘allo,’ and not be beautiful?”

Leo Lerman: Her younger grandson saw a picture of her in the glittering Las Vegas dress and said, “You look just like a Christmas tree.”

Marlene Dietrich: The news pictures of my Las Vegas dress were misleading. It was not transparent; those flash-bulb shots, they shoot right through the dress. They could shoot through a black sweater.

The Critical Acquaintance: She sure couldn't have worn that gown in the early days of her career. She looked like a horse in those days. My lord, the double portions of goulash that woman put away.

A German Film Producer: She made a potato-dumpling figure popular. A good trick.

An American Film Executive: She still eats like a truck driver, but it never seems to affect her figure.

Leo Lerman: Sometimes, when she's busy, she'll go a whole day without eating a bite.

Columnist Earl Wilson: Her favorite late-at-night snack is champagne and kosher frankfurters.

Bruno Caravaggi (*co-owner of the swank New York restaurant Quo Vadis*): She eats slowly, and she is always the central figure at her table. Yet she always speaks in a very soft voice.

Men Around Marlene

Author Erich Maria Remarque

Publisher Iva Patcevitch

Actor Jean Gabin

Late actor John Gilbert

Actor Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Husband Rudolph Sieber

Murray Burnett: She never shouts. She has a temper, but she keeps it under control. When she's angry, the tip of her nose turns white.

Harold Arlen: Her anger is frosty.

Irving Asher: She never says anything that can't be said in front of children—partly, I think, because she's deeply religious . . . although I've never known her to go to church.

Phone Operator in a Hollywood Studio: About other actresses, you'd hear complaints: bad manners, foul language, temper. About Miss Dietrich you heard only nice things. Once I peeked into her dressing room. On her table was a big crucifix, a foot and a half high, and a statue of the Virgin Mary.

A Director: I don't know about her religion, but I do know she believes in astrology.

A Studio Executive: She always calls her astrologer long-distance before taking a trip, to see if the date is a good one for her to travel on. Her friends in Hollywood often call him to see when she'll be in town; he's usually the first to know.

Marlene Dietrich: Astrology? Of course. After all, everyone knows that the moon pulls the sea away from the land, and farmers don't plant when the moon is wrong—why should we humans escape; why shouldn't we be affected too? If you have something big to do and the stars are with you, then I think you should follow them. But I don't believe in this business of not leaving the house when the stars are wrong; I guess I'm too practical.

A Friend: How do you assess a woman like Dietrich? She believes in astrology, yet she impresses scientists with her keen mind. She's the world's most glamorous woman, yet she's most at home in the kitchen. She's the essence of soft femininity, yet with a will like iron. I have known her 20 years, and I confess she stumps me.

A Director: There's a lot of Jekyll and Hyde in Dietrich.

TV Producer Fletcher Markle: You might call your article The Housebroken Goddess.

Actor-Producer Mel Ferrer: The word for Marlene is Erda—the earth goddess.

A Hollywood Director: She once told me she wanted to be always “a little bit unhappy”—a line from one of her songs.

A Number of People: She's one of the loneliest figures in the entertainment world—but don't tell her I said so.

A Movie Executive: Dietrich is a tragic figure.

Phone Operator in a Hollywood Studio: Did you ever know someone you could look in their eyes and see their soul? That's Miss Dietrich.

A Close Friend: I think she's happy.

A Screen Writer: Nothing breaks her heart.

William Dieterle: She is one of the most self-controlled, self-disciplined people I know.

Marlene Dietrich: I don't believe in being controlled by anything or anyone but myself.

Movie Actor: She's a legend because she dares lead a natural life. Most of us haven't the courage to do likewise, but we get a vicarious thrill out of watching someone else do it—and in such good taste!

Ray Jones: Marlene is reckless, but she makes you feel there's a difference between recklessness and carelessness.

Maurice Chevalier: Dietrich is something that has never existed before and may never exist again. That's a woman . . . a real, ripe woman.

A Hollywood Observer: Essentially, Dietrich is a rather old-fashioned girl. Everything about her seems somewhat quaint and Germanic—including her Wagnerian self-love. There is always a sort of fascination about people who manage to exist beyond the period in which they were appropriate symbols . . . a little like the Walt Disney animals who run off a cliff and walk on air for a few moments before they discover it.

A Movie Director: I am not one of her admirers. She hasn't much ability as an actress, her singing leaves much to be desired, her beauty has been largely a state of mind, and it's leaving her now. She has hurt many people—usually, to be sure, while trying to help someone else. But one fact remains: you cannot eliminate Marlene Dietrich from the history of the motion picture. *(Pausing, with an air of bewilderment.)* In fact, you cannot even eliminate Marlene Dietrich from a history of our time.

Marlene Dietrich: Everything there is to say about me has been said. I'm not much: nothing spectacular. A director once said to me when I was making a picture: “Come now; give me Marlene.” “What is Marlene?” I asked him. I do not know . . . ▲▲▲

A Time to Love *and* a Time to DIE

By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

Beginning a distinguished and powerful new novel of love and war, by the world-famous author of All Quiet on the Western Front and Arch of Triumph

A NEW FOUR-PART SERIAL

DEATH smelled different in Russia than in Africa. In Africa too, under heavy English fire, the corpses between the lines had often lain unburied for a long time, but the sun had worked fast. At night the smell had come over with the wind, sweet, stifling and heavy—gas had filled the dead and they had risen like ghosts in the light of the alien stars as though they were fighting one last battle, silent, hopeless, and each for himself alone—but by the next day they were already beginning to shrink, to nestle against the earth with infinite weariness as if trying to crawl into it. Very often the ones that were found somewhere weeks later were hardly more than skeletons. It was a dry death, in sand, sun and wind. But in Russia it was a greasy, stinking death.

It had been raining for days. The snow was melting. A month earlier it had been two yards deeper. The ruined village which at first had seemed to consist only of charred roofs had silently, night by night, risen higher out of the sinking snow. With the melting came the dead.

They were old dead. The village had been fought over in November, in December, in January and now in April. It had been taken and lost and taken again. The snowstorms had come and covered the corpses, so deep that the medical corpsmen often could not find them—until finally almost every day threw a new layer of white over the devastation, like a nurse stretching a sheet over a bloody, filthy bed.

First came the January dead. They lay at the highest level and came out at the beginning of April, shortly after the snow began to slip. Their bodies were frozen stiff; their faces were gray wax.

They were buried like boards. On a little hill behind the village the snow had been shoveled away and graves were hacked out of the frozen earth. It was heavy work. And so only the Germans were buried. The Russians were thrown into an open paddock. No one expected that the village would be held for any length of time. The regiment was in retreat. The advancing Russians could presently bury their own dead.

Then came the December dead. It was easier with these corpses to cut away the identification marks from the uniforms; the water from the melting snow had already softened the cloth. Water stood in their open mouths as though they had drowned. With all of them, when they lay in the sun, the eyes thawed first. They lost their glassy brilliance and the pupils turned to jelly. The ice in them melted and ran slowly out of the eyes, as though they were weeping.

Suddenly there was freezing weather again for several days. The snow ceased to sink. But then the sluggish wind began to blow again.

At first only a gray fleck appeared in the withering white. An hour later it was a clenched hand, stretching upward.

The hand grew and grew. It was not as though the snow were melting but as though the hand were slowly stretching up out of the earth, like a pale threat or a signal of distress.

Rahe, the company commander, halted abruptly. "What's that over there?"

"Some Panje or other, Herr Lieutenant."

Rahe looked more intently. He could recognize a piece of the faded cloth of the sleeve. "That's no Russian," he said. "That's a German soldier. Have them get him out at once."

Sergeant Muecke wriggled his toes in his boots. He had no use for the company commander. To be sure, he stood in front of him with irreproachable rigidity, but to express his contempt he kept privately wriggling his toes in his boots. Stupid ass, he thought.

"Yes, sir, Herr Lieutenant," he said. "But for the last four days we've found nothing but Russians."

Rahe walked across to his quarters. Conceited numskull, Muecke thought. He has an oven, a warm house, and the Iron Cross with ribbon. I haven't even the Iron Cross first class and I've done just as much to earn it as he with his whole hardware store. "Sauer!" he shouted. "Immermann! Bring shovels! Who else is there? Graeber! Hirschland! Berning! Steinbrenner, take charge of the detail! That hand over there! Dig it out and bury it if it's a German! I bet it isn't."

Steinbrenner sauntered over. "How much do you bet?" He had a high, boyish voice which he vainly strove to keep low.

Muecke was disconcerted for a moment. "One mark," he said then.

"Three. I don't bet less than three."

"All right, three. But pay up."

Steinbrenner laughed. He was nineteen years old, blond, with the face of the Gothic angel. "Of course I'll pay up. What did you expect, Muecke?"

MUECKE didn't have much use for Steinbrenner; but he was afraid of him and therefore cautious. Steinbrenner came from the S.S. He owned the golden insigne of the Hitler Youth. Now he belonged to the company, but everyone knew that he was an informer and a spy for the Gestapo.

"All right, all right." Muecke offered him a cigarette.

"The Fuehrer doesn't smoke, Steinbrenner," Immermann said casually. Immermann was said to have served some time in one of the disciplinary companies for being politically unreliable. If so he was lucky to have got out alive.

Steinbrenner lighted the cigarette and lifted his long eyelashes in a sidewise glance. "You seem to be feeling pretty good. Forgotten all sorts of things, haven't you?"

Immermann laughed. "I don't forget anything. But remember what it was I said: the Fuehrer doesn't smoke. Everyone knows that."

"Stop jawing!" Muecke said. "Get on with the digging. Hirschland, you too!" Hirschland came up. He was small and frail.

Steinbrenner grinned. "The right work for you, Isaac. Take that shovel over there. Dig out the cadaver. It's good for your Jewish blood. Strengthens the bones and the spirit."

"I'm three-quarters Aryan," Hirschland said.

Steinbrenner blew the smoke from

(Continued on page 44)

The siren grew louder. "We must go to the air-raid shelter," Elisabeth said. "We've time enough," he told her

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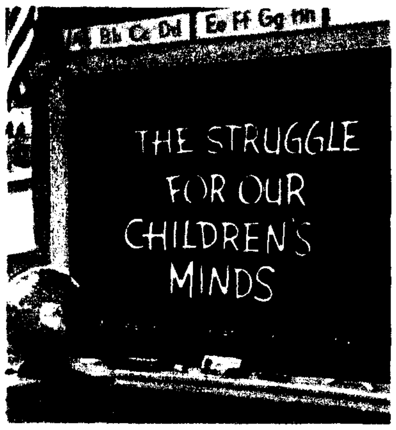
ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

Progressive Education—

Which Way I

A reporter investigates its beginnings, its philosophy, i



This is the third article in a continuing series on The Struggle for Our Children's Minds. The series concentrates mainly on only one facet of the complicated school situation—what and how our children are being taught. The author, Howard Whitman, gathers his material in talks with pupils, teachers, educators and parents throughout the U.S. His next article will appear in a future issue of this magazine

NOTHING has made a deeper imprint upon American public schools than a movement, a creed, a philosophy—almost a religion—all wrapped up in one and labeled Progressive Education. People who think modern schooling is a success—and in some respects it unquestionably is—are likely to hand the credit to Progressive Education. Others who think our schools have serious weaknesses are likely to hold Progressive Education to blame.

The opposing sides are arrayed in force—and our children are in the middle. Children today find themselves, for better or for worse, in schools which differ in what and how they teach from those their parents attended largely by the degree to which Progressive ideas have been added. Very few schools have taken on Progressive Education whole hog. But almost none has escaped its influence.

Many observers feel that Progressive Education is at the core of the crisis which education is facing. They cite the controversial changes which Progressivism has wrought in the teaching of our children, in the running of our schools, in the goals and purposes of education. Some wonder whether Progressive Education aims to prepare our youth for collectivism rather than a free-enterprise society.

In the blur of three decades since the Progressive philosophy first overflowed from theorists' tomes into children's classrooms, much has been confused and camouflaged. Many people who are deeply concerned over Progressive Education today—either for it or against it—do not truly know the direction from which it came nor the direction in which it aims to go.

Progressive Education was born and raised at Columbia University's Teachers College, one of the nation's first graduate colleges for teachers. During the 1920s and '30s the school attracted to its summer courses superintendents, principals and teachers from all over the country. They returned home imbued with the new gospel and gradually began to introduce some of its main features into their own school systems.

A whimsical chant was heard on the Columbia campus in those days. It went, "There is no god but Dewey, and Kilpatrick is his prophet." Pragmatist John Dewey, the philosophic father of Progressive Education, died in 1952 at the age of ninety-two. William Heard Kilpatrick, eighty-two, his methodological disciple, is still living in semi-retirement on New York City's Morningside Drive, near Teachers College. I went to see him.

"Where can I see in action the kind of Progressive Education you have lectured and written about?" I asked. Kilpatrick suggested I go to Los Angeles and see the University Elementary School, run by an outstanding Progressivist, Corinne A. Seeds. This I did.

The school is part of the University of California at Los Angeles and is a laboratory for teacher-trainees from the UCLA School of Education. It is a free school open to the public, with admission by application. It has a long waiting list.

Miss Seeds, a kindly, elderly woman, impressed me at once as a sincere and dedicated person. The fact that she had spent a lifetime in education and radiated a strong love for children made me all the more anxious to tour the school with her and discuss its methods.

First off, I asked Miss Seeds, "How do you teach here?"

She explained, "The children will study milk, for example. As they go along they will want to know what kind of milk people drink around the world. That will take them into geography. Or perhaps one class will want to learn about matches. Some child will ask who invented them, and that will take them into history."

Kilpatrick's Method—but Simplified

Miss Seeds admittedly was oversimplifying Kilpatrick's "project method," though the essence was there: a class picks out and pursues some project—milk, matches, India, traffic, baby care, coal, printing—and studies it through. Progressivists believe the children will learn their English as they read and write about these subjects, their arithmetic as they do necessary calculations (such as totaling up traffic accidents) and history and geography as their curiosity leads them into background research.

"Reading, we feel, is needed only to answer the child's questions. We teach it in connection with the things he needs to know about his project," Miss Seeds said.

"We teach manuscript writing [printing] because it is more artistic. We feel you only need one form of writing. We do give six weeks of cursive [script] in the sixth grade, however, because some high-school teachers won't accept printing. As for arithmetic, we don't go into that until the child feels the need for it. But we do begin formal arithmetic in the fifth grade. By then the children can't wait to get into the room, they look forward to it so."

On the subject of grades, Miss Seeds explained, "We have no report cards at all. There is a conference between parent and teacher at the end of each semester. The trouble with grades, we feel, is that if a child is frustrated by bad marks he may spend all of his time thinking about other things instead of learning."

In an outdoor area adjoining the school building, students were busy with projects. The area was dotted by a make-believe African Baganda village, a Mexican market place, a ravine and stream for gold panning, and a mound of mud which children were carrying to a conical hole in the ground to make an ancient-type oven. As we approached, Miss Seeds remarked, "The difference between our school and the Los Angeles city schools is that they're hemispheric. We are world-geared. Our children learn about the world by living as the people of the world do. We're Pueblo Indians, we're Bagandas, we even become the Security Council of the United Nations and debate the world's biggest problems."

The children in the outdoor area seemed happy and interested. They gave close attention to their projects and were neither throwing articles at one another nor all yelling at once as children do in some of today's schools. Decorum throughout the school was of high caliber.

Some second-graders came running by us, their hands dripping mud. A young man supervisor joined us to tell how well they were doing with their oven. "We even make bricks here," he said. "We put mud and straw in a hole and the children mix it with their feet."

"Here in the Baganda village," said Miss Seeds as we approached a cluster of African-style palm huts, "the fourth-grade children have the experience of living in a communal group, just as the Bagandas do in Uganda."

The supervisor explained: "It involved considerable arithmetic to build these huts. There was the diameter of the circle, the placement of the poles and the lengths of the palms all to be figured out."

A moment later he said with enthusiasm, "Here in the village, they are no longer boys and girls—but Bagandas! They prepare and eat the foods that Bagandas eat." Miss Seeds interjected that one class had presented her with spinach wrapped in banana leaves.

The children, at least theoretically, choose their own activities. "But," Miss Seeds explained, "if somebody wants to do something foolish we just do it superficially. When the circus came to town we only let them play circus for three days."

"Here come the Mexicans!" exclaimed the supervisor. A fourth-grade class in shawls and sombreros came out of the school building to the make-believe Mexican market. The children began to act out market-place roles. One boy, in the role of a donkey, was on his hands and knees pulling a cart.

Momentarily the activity stopped. I asked why. "They have stopped for evaluation," Miss Seeds explained. "The teacher will correct them. They weren't walking as Mexican people do."

Standing about us at three or four vantage points were student teachers from UCLA, taking notes on how to teach school.

I watched other classes and concluded that, Progressive as Miss Seeds is, she hasn't gone the whole way. Though her school devotes the morning (three hours and a quarter) to social studies via the project method, she uses from an hour and forty minutes to two hours in the afternoon for

By HOWARD WHITMAN

Forward?

ns. Here's what he found

"specific learning experiences," which include, in upper grades, reading, spelling and arithmetic.

Pure Progressivists would not make this concession to the three R's. Kilpatrick once remarked, "I find a lot of people who don't use arithmetic; and I don't think that life would be any richer for them if they used it . . . they just don't need it." His ideal school, he told me, "wouldn't have any required courses. Students would just take the activity program [the projects], plus what they like. If they like math they can take it, or they can take what they need for a vocation."

Children Should Choose Own Projects

He insists, too, on the free choice of projects. "Children are not to be told what to study. They are to study what interests them," he said. "I don't want to think of school as 'courses' or even as grades. Children in the twelfth grade should choose their interests the same as in the seventh grade. There should not be any plan of what to study this month and next month."

As examples of projects which students might pursue in high school he suggested India, Progressive Education, Psychoanalysis, France—Why It Isn't Doing Better, and When Man Learned to Think (which would take them to the study of ancient Greece). "If children went all through school this way, wouldn't there be vast gaps in their education?" I asked.

"The teacher should be wise enough to see that the children get everything—sometime or other," Kilpatrick replied. "The teacher must balance it up to see that no areas are neglected." If the children have done a project on sperm whales in an earlier grade, they shouldn't do it again; if they have completely missed out on the Middle Ages, the teacher might help them select a project on weapons (so they could get to study the Middle Ages through crossbows).

"But suppose the children who come into a teacher's class have not all had the same projects in earlier grades?" I asked.

"That's a problem," said Kilpatrick.

The aged mentor of Progressivism did not pretend that he knew all the answers or that all the answers ever would be found. He is still working on new writings, carrying to further development the theories in which he deeply believes. When I left Kilpatrick's apartment, the quiet, tasteful abode of a scholar, I knew that regardless of posterity's final verdict on Progressive Education no one could gainsay this man's contribution to education. Kilpatrick did much to force America to sweep the cobwebs and the hickory sticks and the dry-as-dust rote learning out of some schools as he found them one and two generations ago.

Today few public schools throughout the country describe themselves as Progressive. Principals are more likely to say, "We're progressive with a small 'p.'" While Progressive Education has virtually captured many teachers colleges and schools of education, its advance in the public schools has been more gradual.

A community may suddenly find that its schools

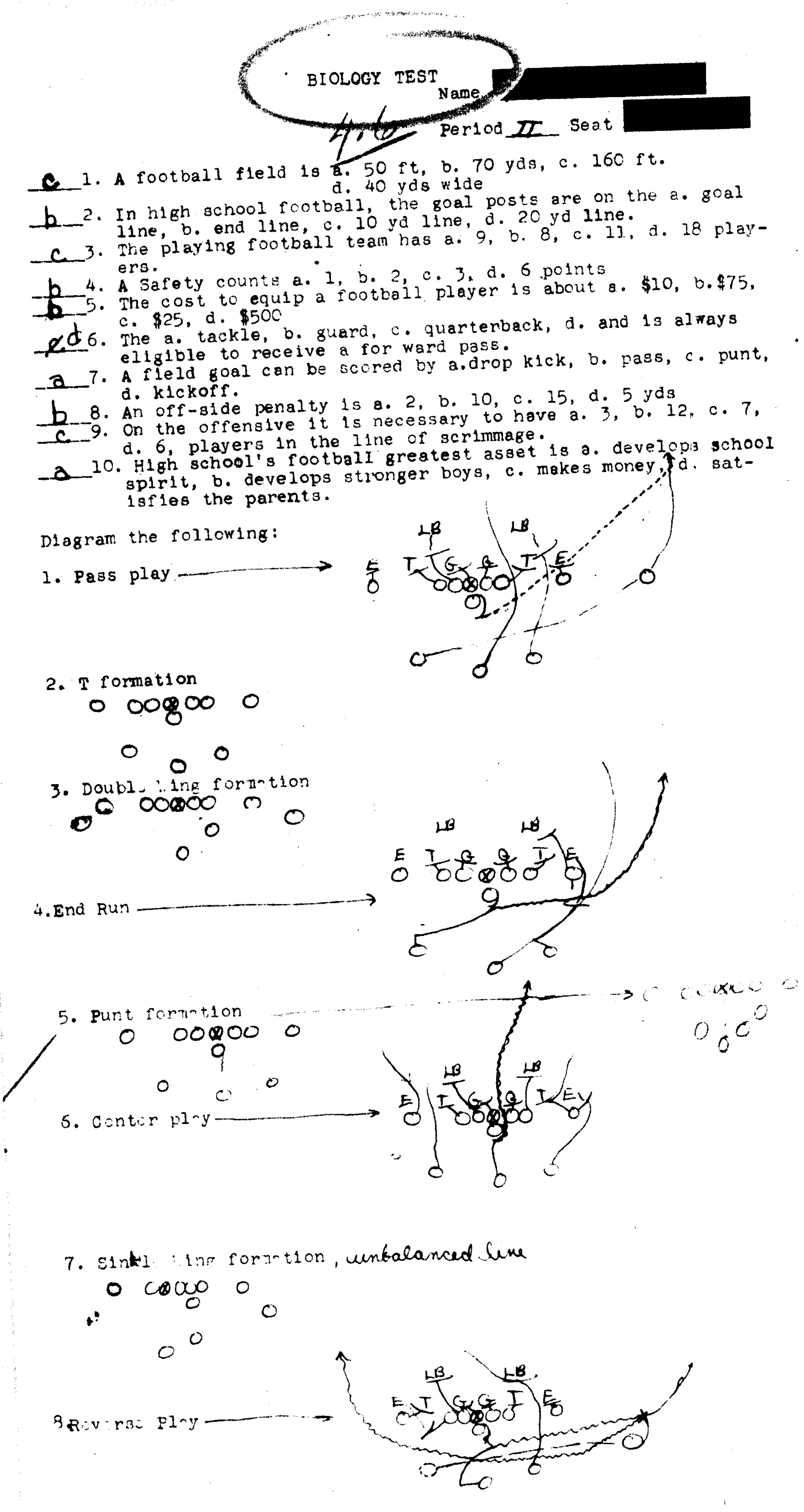
INTERNATIONAL

Progressive Education at work: Third-grade pupils at UCLA's University Elementary School built this Navajo earth-covered hut as a class project during their study of Indian life

FRANK HISE

Prof. Edna Landros, University of Oregon, says many modern schools fail to prepare students for college. "Too much of what the schools are giving is systematized play," she complains

“We found that children in one of our Social Living classes were taking up canast



BIOLOGY TEST

Name [redacted]

4.0 Period II Seat [redacted]

c 1. A football field is a. 50 ft, b. 70 yds, c. 160 ft. d. 40 yds wide

b 2. In high school football, the goal posts are on the a. goal line, b. end line, c. 10 yd line, d. 20 yd line.

c 3. The playing football team has a. 9, b. 8, c. 11, d. 18 players.

b 4. A Safety counts a. 1, b. 2, c. 3, d. 6 points

b 5. The cost to equip a football player is about a. $10, b.$75, c. $25, d. $500

~~c~~d 6. The a. tackle, b. guard, c. quarterback, d. and is always eligible to receive a for ward pass.

a 7. A field goal can be scored by a.drop kick, b. pass, c. punt, d. kickoff.

b 8. An off-side penalty is a. 2, b. 10, c. 15, d. 5 yds

c 9. On the offensive it is necessary to have a. 3, b. 12, c. 7, d. 6, players in the line of scrimmage.

a 10. High school's football greatest asset is a. develops school spirit, b. develops stronger boys, c. makes money, d. satisfies the parents.

Diagram the following:

1. Pass play
2. T formation
3. Double wing formation
4. End Run
5. Punt formation
6. Center play
7. Single wing formation, unbalanced line
8. Reverse Play

This is the first page of “biology test” that was given high-school pupils at Eugene, Ore. It doesn't have a single question about biology

are dropping report cards. Or the grading system may be changed to “eliminate competition.” Or failure may be virtually abandoned, so that students move up from grade to grade regardless of accomplishment (a procedure called “social promotion”). Or standard courses of study may give way to the project method (variously called “the core curriculum,” “common learnings” or “social living”). Social studies and “life adjustment” courses may be given greater and greater emphasis, while English, mathematics, science, history and languages get less and less. Graduation requirements may be watered down or virtually eliminated. Not all parents object, of course. Some champion Progressive Education; others go along with their school system with no thought of questioning it.

Giving the Progressives Due Credit

No reasonable observer denies that in many respects our schools today are better than the schools a generation ago. The Progressives certainly deserve credit for helping to end the martinet-type discipline and learning by rote—bad pedagogy in any generation—that prevailed in some backward schools of the 1920s and '30s.

Then, too, books and teaching materials in all schools today are more skillfully printed, easier to read, more lavishly illustrated. Equipment such as audio-visual aids, lighting, ventilation, medical testing devices is far better. But these improvements have come with the technological progress of the times and are equally present in the publishing business, in manufacturing, in the medical profession, in construction trades and in scores of other fields.

It is the philosophy and methodology of Progressivism which has caused the storm. In community after community—perhaps in your own—some parents hold that Progressivism, with a large or small “p,” is a poor and ineffective way of teaching.

In Eugene, Oregon, a community typical of many I visited, such parents told me of their objections—not to the entire school system, certainly, but to the inroads Progressivism had made upon it.

“We found that children in one of our Social Living classes were taking up canasta. Is that a legitimate function of education?” asked one.

“A teacher had his class listening to the World Series. He called it a ‘learning experience.’ I can't see it,” said another.

One Eugene parent handed me a mimeographed biology test that had been given at Eugene High. I read some of the questions: “In high-school football, the goal posts are on the (a) goal line, (b) end line, (c) 10-yard line, (d) 20-yard line.” “Diagram the following: (1.) Pass play. (2.) T-formation. (3.) Double-wing-formation.” “True or false: the extra point after a touchdown can only be made by a place kick.”

The paper was indeed headed “Biology Test.” But there wasn't a single question about biology.

At the University of Oregon, which has its share of problems with ill-prepared freshmen, Professor Edna Landros declared, “Too much of what the schools are giving is systematized play rather than education. Education should be a reasonable survey of what the human race has learned up to now. Its aim should be to produce the educated person, not simply the happy, active child. That's recreation, not education.”

Mothers and fathers I met in Arlington, Virginia, referred facetiously to courses in “concentrated beanbag” and “advanced sand pile.” A teacher in Minneapolis thought we were swinging toward a “13-year kindergarten.” A father in New York said, “Let the school teach my children fundamentals. I'll teach them the Charleston.” A Chicago parent remarked, “Educators talk about the

mplained a Eugene, Oregon, parent. "Is that a legitimate function of education?"

'activity program.' How about some mental activity!"

The project method has been described by teachers who oppose it as a "rabbit kind of education" with children jumping about, taking a nibble at this and a nibble at that, never getting a balanced diet of anything. Said an irate mother in Denver, "We want educated children, not social rabbits!"

In Los Angeles, Mrs. Gerard Droste, of the Citizens' Schools Committee, told how she and other parents were awakened to Progressivism in their schools. "We had been dissatisfied, puzzled for a long time," she said. "Then the parents of some children at Los Feliz Elementary School decided to see what was going on.

"They found that the children had spent months building a market. Then they had spent weeks studying fish. For arithmetic they would figure how many apples it took to make applesauce for Mother. Then they would buy the apples and make applesauce. For geography they made airplanes and flew them around a map on the floor. They took enormous amounts of time to learn the simplest things."

One boy who had received similar groundwork at Ivanhoe Elementary School later was admitted to the exacting California Institute of Technology. "We asked his mother how he was able to meet the stiff requirements," Mrs. Droste related. "She said she had taught him at home."

The Citizens' Schools Committee was formed, said Mrs. Droste, to bring education back into the schools. "It's not only the failure to teach fundamental subjects. You may be able to make those up. But you can't make up the attitudes—not wanting to work, feeling that school is just another form of amusement."

In San Diego, Charles R. Tupper, a former high-school teacher now on the County Board of Education, told me how the San Diego schools had tried out the project method. "Being a tuna-fish center, we had a tuna-fish project," he said. "The children already knew a good deal about tuna fish just from living here. Still some of them had the tuna-fish project three years in a row."

San Diego got a new superintendent of schools on February 1st, Dr. Ralph C. Dailard, who assured the city that children would learn their fundamentals. He told parents that "tool subjects and skills" would be stressed and that the schools would not shrink from drill and practice.

Parents Sense Hostility to Capitalism

Beneath the surface of the debate on Progressive Education are deeper considerations than whether it is good or bad pedagogy. Many parents sense in Progressive Education a different system of values than in traditional education, a different set of goals and purposes.

They ask a pointed question: Is Progressive Education, in the depth of its philosophy, fundamentally hostile to the capitalistic system?

One must go to the roots of Progressive Education in this country to find the answer.

The Progressive Education movement has had two phases. In the first phase, from the founding of the Progressive Education Association in 1919 up to the early 1930s, it was "child-centered." This was the period of great emphasis on free expression, permissiveness, avoidance of frustration. In the second phase, from the early 1930s on to today, the movement has been predominantly "social-centered." The emphasis has been on group activity, group integration, avoidance of competition, groupism rather than individualism.

Kilpatrick was more the champion of the first phase than the second. He parted company with the social-centered group on the issue of whether schools should be used for indoctrination toward a "new social order." Kilpatrick stood, and still stands, with John Dewey: no indoctrination, no orthodoxy, no absolutes.

His child-centered Progressivism was built on Dewey's pragmatic philosophy. Kilpatrick thus summed up his interpretation of Dewey: "Everything is *in process*. Ideas are evolved in experience rather than, as Plato said, fixed in advance and 'laid up in heaven.' Thus the experimental method tells us what is to be believed—and that is the only way we can find out what is to be believed."

In teaching, this philosophy meant to Kilpatrick, "You don't take something you want children to learn and 'make it interesting' or force them to learn it. You find out what they want to learn, what they are reaching out for."

The Girl Who Took Care of a Donkey

This rejection of eternal values in favor of experience and experiment produced some peculiar results in the classroom. A Chicago girl who went to college and couldn't cope with the work told her adviser, "You see, I went to a Progressive school. We had a donkey and I spent most of the seventh and eighth grades taking care of the donkey."

One slogan of the child-centered Progressivists was, "Build the curriculum on the spot." The important consideration was not what was learned, but to have a "learning experience." In these terms, taking care of a donkey was quite as good education as studying history, English or arithmetic.

Harold Rugg, professor emeritus of education at Teachers College and a top exponent of Progressive Education, acknowledged that in its early years "Progressive Education was a pretty wild thing." Tests of any kind were abhorred because children weren't to be required to learn anything except what they wanted to learn.

Rugg and others led Progressive Education into its social-centered phase. In the early 1930s, clouded as they were by economic depression, Professors Rugg, George S. Counts and others at Teachers College began to see in public education a way of building a new and—in their eyes—better society. They became known as Progressive Education's "frontier thinkers." Not all Progressivists went along with them; some refused to budge, and still do, from the child-centered idea.

Counts charted the new direction in 1932 in a pamphlet entitled Dare the School Build a New Social Order? In it he said:

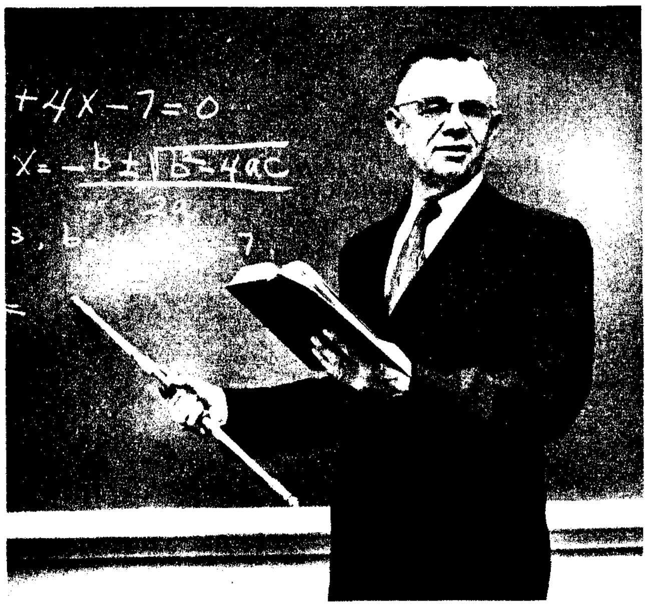
"The important point is that fundamental changes in the economic system are imperative. Whatever services historic capitalism may have rendered in the past, and they have been many, its days are numbered. With its deification of the principle of selfishness, its exaltation of the profit motive, its reliance upon the forces of competition, and its placing of property above human rights, it will either have to be displaced altogether or changed so radically in form and spirit that its identity will be completely lost. . . .

"The growth of science and technology has carried us into a new age where ignorance must be replaced by knowledge, competition by co-operation, trust in providence by careful planning, and private capitalism by some form of socialized economy."

What had all this to do with the schools? Counts explained: "Almost everywhere it [public education, as he saw it in 1932] is in the grip of conservative forces and is serving the cause of perpetuating ideas and institutions suited to an age that is gone. But there is one movement above the educational horizon which would seem to show promise of genuine and creative leadership. I refer to the Progressive Education movement. . . . Here is a movement which would seem to be completely devoted to the promotion of social welfare through education."

Counts then openly called upon schools and educators to indoctrinate in the new pattern. One of his three papers (read at educational meetings) upon which the pamphlet was based bore the title Education through Indoctrination.

"Our major concern consequently should be," Counts wrote, "not to keep the school from influencing the child in a positive direction, but rather to make certain that every Progressive school will use whatever power it may possess in opposing and checking the forces of social conservatism and reaction."



ED SIEVERS

Charles R. Tupper, ex-San Diego teacher, says pupils studied tuna fish three years in a row

To teachers Counts issued this challenge: "The times are literally crying for a new vision of American destiny. The teaching profession, or at least its Progressive elements, should eagerly grasp the opportunity which the fates have placed in their hands."

Thus a new notion of Progressive Education began to flow from Teachers College. Its fountainhead was known simply as the "discussion group," an aggregation of faculty members including Counts, Rugg and other leading Progressivists. Kilpatrick's biographer, Samuel Tenenbaum, himself a strong advocate of Progressive Education, called the discussion group "probably the most powerful influence in Teachers College."

Objectives of the "Discussion Group"

"From this group emanated a strong liberal influence that overflowed nationally into every area of education," Tenenbaum wrote in his Kilpatrick biography. He said members of the group advocated a "more ethical and social society, one that would be more co-operative and 'collectivistic' in character."

The discussion group "felt that teachers should play a pivotal role in this new, improved society," Tenenbaum wrote. "Teachers should not only create the 'blueprint' of this good future society, but the schools should prepare children for living in this good society, not, as [they were] doing, for the evil prevailing one."

Statements made at the time by Counts, Rugg and other "frontier thinkers" have been the basis of the strongest accusations made by critics of Progressive Education. Often these critics have drawn quotations out of context and some have failed to point out that the declarations stemmed from the dark days of the depression. The vital consideration at present, it would seem, is the influence these ideas are having upon our schools *today*.

I had a long talk with Counts in his office at Teachers College, Columbia. He is still very much the hero of many Progressivists and a source of Progressive ideology. Counts tended to brush aside much of what he had written in the New Social Order pamphlet, saying, "Oh, that was polemical. That was an arouser."

When I asked where he stands today in the

Progressive Education is based on the pragmatic philosophy—learn by doing—of Columbia U.'s late John Dewey . . .

. . . Prof. William H. Kilpatrick applied Dewey's philosophy to teaching methods, thereby revolutionizing our schools . . .

. . . Progressive Prof. George S. Counts during '30s urged teachers indoctrinate their pupils in a new social order . . .

. . . Prof. Harold Rugg, like Counts, is one of the "frontier thinkers" who have charted course of Progressive Education

ideological spectrum, he replied, "I am close to the New Deal, as I see it."

Careless critics have branded Counts with every sort of left-wing epithet. But no evaluation of his lifework in education should overlook his fight against Communist infiltration of the AFL American Federation of Teachers. Counts was elected president of the union on an anti-Red platform in 1939 and in three years of office helped throw out four locals regarded as Red-dominated.

A Question of Ideology Answered

Rugg has been emeritus at Teachers College since 1951 and has been living in Woodstock, New York. I talked with him in New York City just before he left for a six-month educational assignment in Puerto Rico. I asked him where he stood ideologically.

"I am a New Dealer, but they [people who have taken exception to school textbooks he has written] object to me," he replied. "They don't call me Communist any more, though, because I've threatened to sue."

In Chicago, I met with Archibald Anderson, editor of the journal of the Progressive Education Association and one of its leading spokesmen. Anderson is a professor at the College of Education, University of Illinois, in Urbana; he attended Teachers College, Columbia, from 1929 to 1933.

While the Progressive Education Association has only 3,500 members, many hold key positions in education, and the association itself is a major source for Progressivist ideas. When I asked Anderson about the organization's underlying political philosophy, he replied: "The Progressive Education Association from the 1930s right up to now has been and is overwhelmingly New Deal."

Every responsible American will agree that any citizen—and any organization—has as much right to be pro-New Deal as conservative. But should education in the public schools follow any "party line," indoctrinate toward any political philosophy, grind any axes?

Not many parents I have met would accept Counts's dictum that indoctrination is a legitimate function of American public schools. Moreover, groups of parents in many communities I visited complained that our public schools today, in so far as they adopt Progressive practices, are hewing to the same "new social order" line as the collectivists of the 1930s. Such feelings have been behind heated school controversies that have rocked communities from coast to coast.

Minneapolis parents cited as a case in point a report which a Minneapolis junior-high-school principal brought back from education meetings in Atlantic City and New York in 1948. Under the heading The Curriculum, his report suggested that teachers "follow the social frontier in the interests of children."

Such a course, he said, "means reconstructing our economic system on the basis of greater social justice and security. It means the establishment of a secure world order. National sovereignty will be subordinate to international sovereignty and world security."

What of the future? Speaking for the Progressive Education Association, Anderson said, "After the present wave of conservatism is over, we hope to get going on some more 'frontier' work."

Traditionally it takes time to make changes in the education field. A basic change begins with a basic philosophy, which after years develops into a movement and after more years begins to sift into a school system. The result, in the case of Progressive Education, is ironic. Many of the ideas of the 1930s, when some Progressivists fell in love with collectivism, have turned up in our school systems only in recent years—when collectivism has been the free world's worst enemy.

Communities have awakened, usually explosively, after a few parents have made searching inquiries into school practices which disturbed them. Back of these practices they often have found a philosophy of education which disturbed them even more.

In the elimination of report cards, some parents have seen the same disdainful attitude toward competition which characterized the "frontier thinkers' " rejection of capitalism.

In the expansion of social studies into some form of "core curriculum," using the project method instead of a standard course of study, some parents have seen an enthronement of group activity over individual effort.

In the withholding of rewards—the frowning upon honor societies, class valedictorians and honor grades—some parents have seen a denial of the incentive system which characterizes American free enterprise.

Finally, in the watering down of curriculums, wherein trivial and inconsequential pursuits are valued equally with fundamental studies, some parents have seen a goal of collective mediocrity rather than individual excellence and achievement.

Beyond doubt many teachers and principals who carry on under the Progressive influence are not aware of all the implications of its philosophy. They learned their methods in the teachers colleges and the schools of education. They hear them extolled at educators' meetings. They simply think they are good pedagogy, or at least the kind that is in vogue.

But the late British political scientist and Socialist leader Harold Laski took a much broader view of Progressive Education. He once said that, "stripped of its carefully neutral phrases," what the Progressivists were offering was "an educational program for a Socialist America." Laski added, "It could be implemented in a society only where Socialism was the accepted way of life; for it is a direct criticism of the ideas that have shaped capitalistic America."

"Pragmatic Test" of Free Enterprise

Progressive educators speak frequently of the "pragmatic test." They borrow the phrase from philosopher Dewey, who held that an idea can be judged only by how it works out in practice. On this basis, during the depression of the 1930s, Progressive Education leaders pronounced capitalism—the free-enterprise system—dead and finished. "It is failing to meet the pragmatic test; it no longer works," wrote Counts. He insisted that our country's choice was "no longer between individualism and collectivism" but only between "forms of collectivism."

The years have told a different story. While Socialism, Fascism, Communism and every other form of collectivism have delivered little but human misery and oppression, the American system has not only survived but flourished.

Perhaps, then, the time has come to put Progressivism to the "pragmatic test."

Has Progressive Education worked out as practical pedagogy—in a day when our colleges must give special "catch-up" courses for ill-prepared high-school graduates, when some children reach junior high without knowing how to read, when a high-school diploma is not evidence even of the ability to do simple arithmetic or to compose, spell out and properly punctuate an English sentence?

Has Progressive Education, rooted as it is in collectivist ideas, worked out as an educational philosophy in a day when individualism and free enterprise are winning every practical, working test?

If Progressive Education has not worked out on either score, then the next move would seem to be dictated by Dewey himself. For this is the essence of his pragmatism, as stated by his chief interpreter, Kilpatrick: "The whole idea is to try (a principle) out in practice to see how it works, and then decide—depending on whether it works—whether to hold on to this belief or not." ▲▲▲

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Spring Thaw

By HARRIET FRANK, JR.

It wasn't that I didn't like men; I'd just never met a man worth having. But if I ever did go sweet on one, I'd know how to catch him—I thought

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

THERE was a time when I thought spring was a no-account season. The day the apple orchard showed the first touch of pink flowering, everyone on our homestead—animals included—went giddy. My pa would come in to noon meal tuckered, his face as red as a rooster's comb, shouting that our mule Jane wouldn't pull her weight in feathers. My brother Saul would get balky over plowing the fields and take off for the woods and rabbit traps. And my sister Ruth, who should have been working in the kitchen, would moon around in the garden patch smelling roses.

Short of my ma and me there wasn't enough good sense left on the place to keep a squirrel out of trouble. You'd think it would have pleased my parents to have one offshoot with her head put on right, but the way they acted you'd think I was as balky as the others.

One day last spring I was out under the window hoeing the potato patch when I heard Ma and Pa talking together, and they were making a sorry story out of me.

"It ain't natural," my ma said, "the way that girl keeps to her business, considering the time of year. Never was a spring I didn't have a batch of beaux around my doorstep, and if they hadn't come I'd have gone out looking." She gave a loud sigh.

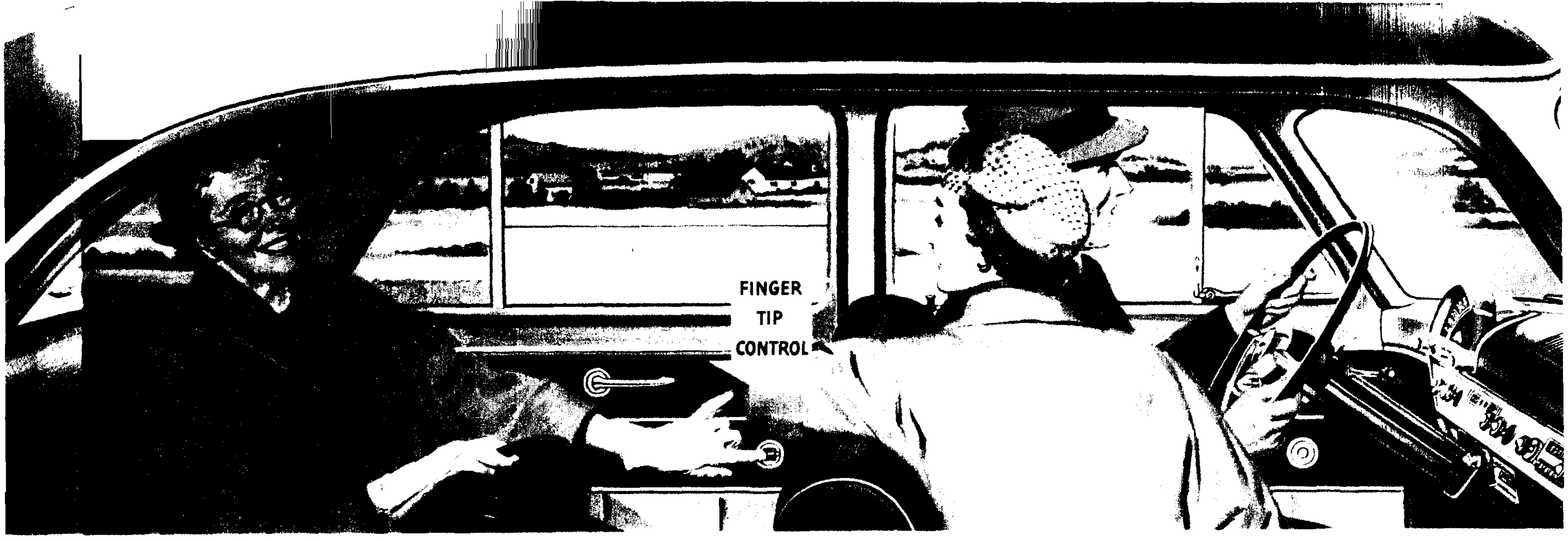
I heard my pa clucking the way he does when he's of the same mind as Ma, and then he put in his two-bit piece.

"The way I see it," he said, "is that our daughter Sarah's of a keeping nature. You remember how it was when she was little? She'd carry fence rails for a penny apiece till she'd mighty near keel over, just so's she could put the money in her savings jar. I don't know what she's saving against, any more than I know why she stays to herself this time of year—but that's the way she is."

"She'll wither on the vine," my ma said. "Don't forget she's going on nineteen." I could hear her snuffling at the very thought of a spinster daughter shaming the household.

"Something'll stir her up," my pa said. "I hear tell someone bought the Mill land. There's gonna be a stump clearing, so whoever it is seems likely to settle down here. Maybe it's a single man."

My ma liked that thought. "Well, now," she said, "if that's the case I think you and Saul ought to go out and get acquainted. Then if he seems clean and God-fearing you can offer him a place at our



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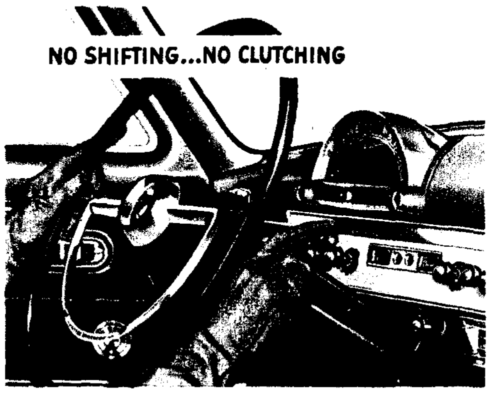

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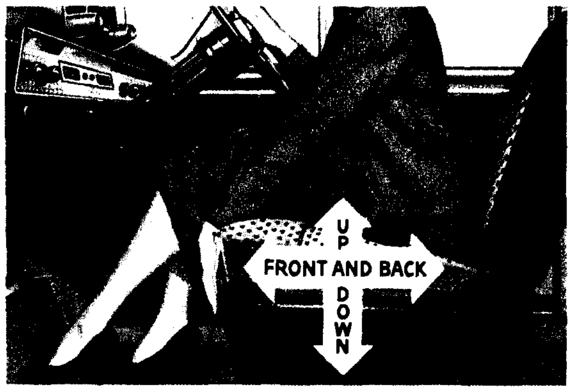

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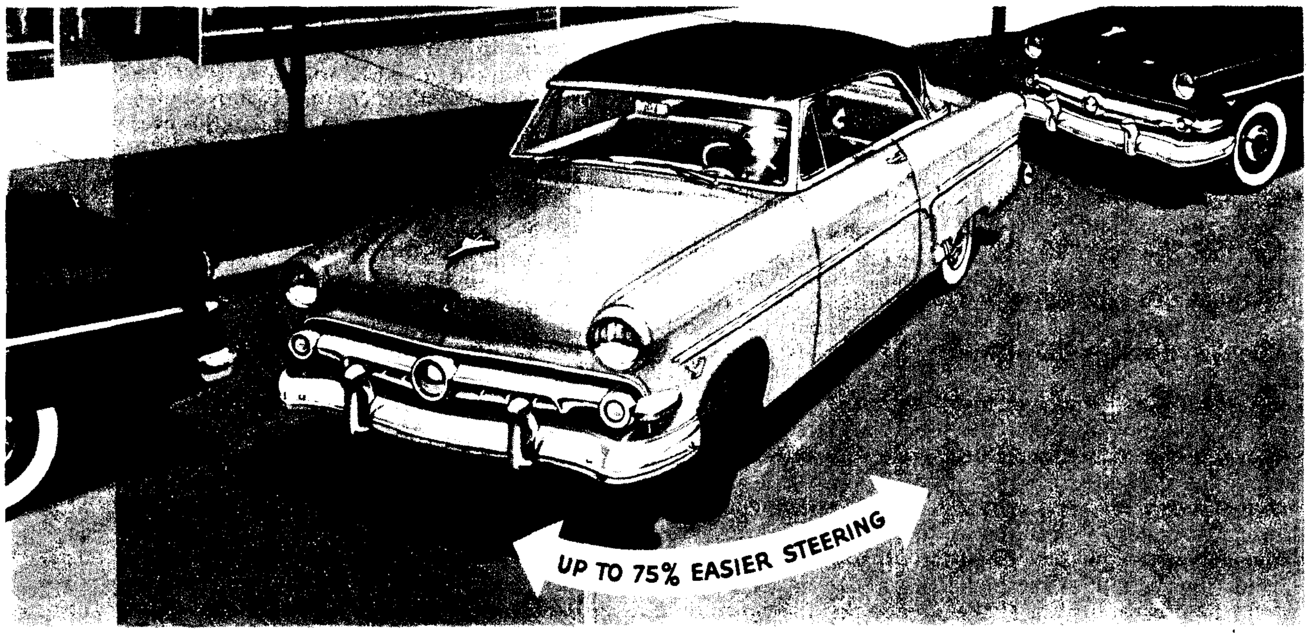

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table till he's put to rights. That way he'll get a taste of Sarah's baking."

They didn't know it, but my hearing their little talk set me in my ways as hard as butter in an icehouse. If and when I ever got married I'd make up my mind that it would be in the cold time of the year when I knew what I was about. I'd seen too many girls picking their men when they were all fainty from the scent of dogwood. Besides, I wasn't going to be showed off like calico on a counter for any grizzly-bearded homesteader. *That* kind was as plentiful as three-leaf clover, and they were all alike.

Take Howie Adam Cane, for example. He was a friend of my brother Saul's and had the land next to ours. He'd known me ever since when, but I'm not saying he was sweet on me—far from it. When he wasn't acting spiteful toward me he treated me like a boy, and I gave him back as good as he handed out. Once he told Saul he didn't see how anybody could put up with me day in and day out. That measly brother of mine said it *was* a problem, and then Howie Adam grinned and said he figured I could be broke as fast as the next long-legged colt. It was then I set myself against spring and all such foolishness.

It doesn't follow that I was made of stone. Many a pretty blue day I'd stop weeding to marvel at a spread of mustard making the meadow gold, and I wasn't above feeling a tingle along my spine when a lark sang out. And then sometimes I would press a flower in the Bible and store it away to hold the memory of spring when it had passed. I guess Pa was right when he said I was of a saving nature, but it was more than money I salted away. It was feelings and flowers as well.

THE day of the stump pulling for the new homesteader came sooner than I expected. Howie Adam came early in the morning to pick up Saul and Pa. He stomped into our house like he owned it and put his feet under our table for mush and fried meat along with the rest of us. I was handing around, and when I got to Howie Adam he looked up into my face and smiled like the devil's disciple.

"If you were the marrying kind," he said, "I'd say you were in luck. The new homesteader isn't hitched yet."

"Do tell," I said smartly.

"If you like," he said, "I'll put in a kind word for you."

"By the time you get done doing a man's work," I snapped, "you won't have breath to spit!"

Howie Adam reared back and laughed. That was one place the shoe didn't pinch him, because he did the work of ten men on his own place.

"Howie Adam," said Ma, "don't you dare mention Sarah's name to the stranger." She knew if he got to talking about me it wouldn't be in my favor.

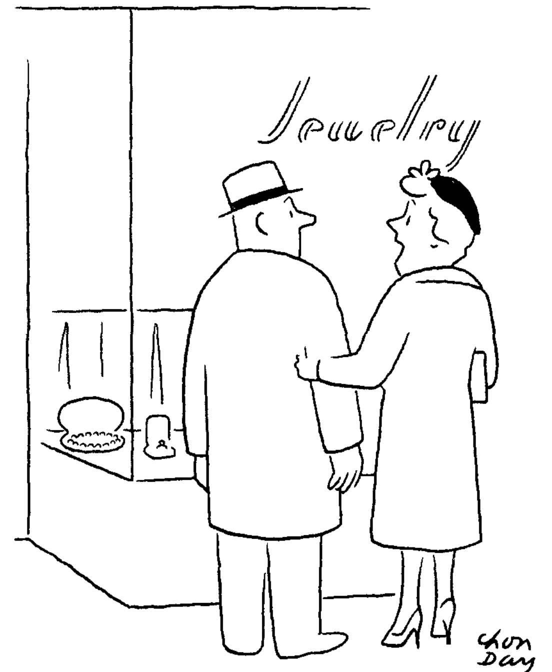
"Let him talk," I said. "It's no more than a crow cawing."

"There's work to be done," said Pa, wiping his mouth, "so let's be at it."

When Pa spoke up even Howie Adam got a move on, but before he left he stopped to whisper in my ear: "You may be a snapping turtle, but I've seen you without your shell."

I felt myself turn all poppy-colored at that. He was referring to a bit of low cunning on his part and a mountain of foolishness on mine. It had happened one night not long before when everybody was asleep but me. A splinter of moon was shining in the window, and with all that dazzly light it was hard to lie still and listen to Ruthie moaning and muttering. I could hear the creek in our bottom land bubbling and rushing, as awake as me, and I got up and slipped out of the house.

It was a fine free feeling to be up when respectable people were all turned in. Before I could think twice I shucked off my nightdress and followed the moonlight into the water. It wasn't like the skimpy bucket bath I get before Sunday church with Ruthie waiting to be next: it was a wash fit for a queen. But then, as I was damping down my hair, I heard a hoot and holler coming from the bank. And standing there was Howie Adam, as big as life.



"Let's observe our golden anniversary while we're young enough to enjoy it!"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

"Look away," I hollered, "this very minute!"

I will say he did, but it was a slow turning, and with his back to me he went right on talking and laughing. "I'd give a whole lot for a rod and line," he said. "That I would!"

"You'd snag more than you could handle," I shouted. "Clear off!"

"Who would have thought it?" he said. "Below the collar line you're as white as milkweed."

"And you're as yellow as any mean dog." The water was getting cold, too cold to linger and listen to his sass.

"What'll you give me if I let you out?" he asked.

I offered him a charge from my rifle but that only made him laugh. "How's about a kiss, now that I know you're a woman?" he said.

I could see that I had ahold of the short end of the stick. "All right," I said, "but don't you move a muscle till I say the word."

I got out of the water and into my nightdress. My ma doesn't allow for anything saucy in our night clothes, so not a peep of me showed when I was safe inside it. Then I marched myself up to Howie Adam and showed him a face as sour as a green pippin. "Kiss away," I said, "but be quick about it."

The wind had risen and I was shaking and shivering with it—leastways, I think it was the wind. I closed my eyes tight and waited. The next moment I felt a warm jerkin being hung around my shoulders, and Howie Adam said, "Let that hug you instead."

When I opened my eyes he was gone, and only his big woodsy-smelling jacket was left to show that he'd been there at all. To tell the truth, the thought of his doing me a kindness like that never left my mind, but I couldn't puzzle out why I thought of it as often as I did.

THAT evening, when the men finally came back from the stump clearing, my sister Ruthie—who is only fourteen and can't contain herself—shouted out: "Oh, they're coming and they've got the stranger with them!"

She'd have skipped out for a closer look if Ma hadn't stopped her. "You stay put," she said, "*put* and *quiet!*"

Then she went to the door and waited to welcome them in. There's this about Ma: though she's worked alongside Pa just like a man, in company you'd think she'd been taught at a ladies' seminary; she's that soft-spoken and elegant.

Saul and Howie Adam came first and then Pa and the stranger. He had snapping black eyes and a mustache, and I dare say you could have seen your face in his boot leather—it was that shined. He bowed to Ma and then he turned and bowed to Ruthie and me.

Pa was a little taken aback, but he introduced the stranger. "Jedidiah James, these are my women—Deborah, Sarah and Ruth. Do you care for a wash?"

"He hasn't dirtied his hands yet today," said Howie Adam.

Jedidiah smiled at Ma and showed his white teeth. "He's right. I'm plantation-bred and used to field hands doing the stump clearing. Your husband said there was no good in blistering myself my first day, so he very kindly did the work in my place. I'm most grateful."

Ma smiled so her dimple showed, and then she said, "you can take your places at table. We're ready for you."

Howie Adam shoved in on the one side of me but Ma put the stranger on the other. There was something about having a gentleman sit beside me that troubled me, and I began to wish I'd washed my hands in milk once in a while, and that I'd done my hair up.

Outside of "please pass" there wasn't much talk until everybody had filled up, but as soon as Ma put out the nuts and raisins Howie Adam began to pry. "How come you give up a plantation for a piece of land?" he said.

Jedidiah gave him a kind of annoyed look, but he answered. "I'm ashamed to tell you," he said, "but I lost it by profligate ways. Not mine," he added. "My brother gambled it away. That's what's brought me to this low pass."

Howie Adam raised an eyebrow at that. He didn't like to hear the stranger speak of the land as a "low pass." You can say this for Howie Adam: he loves and tends his land. But all he said to Jedidiah was, "You've got a good start with the rubble cleared, only you'll have to back it up with work."

Then's when Pa jumped in. "There's one touchy point," he said, "and that's trying to do it single. A man could wear himself out doing the work of the house and the work of the fields both."

Jedidiah smiled at me. "Seems like work is the only word I've heard since I came."

Howie Adam leaned on his elbow so his face was close up against mine. I could see his blue eyes sparkling. "Oh, there's *some* light ways about these parts, huh, Sarah?"

I jostled him away with my elbow. I wasn't in any mood for his ragging. All this time Ruthie had been bubbling like a pot on the fire and finally the words steamed out of her: "Are you looking for a wife, Mr. James?" Once it was said there was no taking it back, no matter how Ma glared at her.

"Yes, ma'am," Jedidiah said. "I surely am, but it puts me in a fix."

"How so?" said Ma, willing to follow the turn of the talk as long as it was begun.

"Well, now, ma'am," he said softly, "I'm a stranger here. Suppose I were to see a charming lady and want to court her. How would I know if she was engaged or not?" All the while his eyes were watching me.

"You'll know quick enough," said Saul. "Those that ain't will trail you."

"Not all of 'em," put in Howie Adam. "Not the ones worth having." For one second I saw he had a serious look on his face, and if I hadn't known Howie Adam for the scrapping, fighting fool he was I would have thought he was speaking of me. Then, just as quick, he was back to his own cussed nature. "Anyway," he said, "the pickings here are mighty lean." And with that he snatched up his cap, thanked Ma for the food and was out the door.

Jedidiah was in no such hurry. He took a stool alongside of Pa and sat while we cleared off. We hadn't had anybody so fine in the house since the Boston preacher passed through.

WHEN everything was tidy I picked up the slop pail and started for the door. Jedidiah was on his feet and by my side, taking it from me before I could set foot outside. It was a funny beginning for us to make, strolling together to the hogpen with the slops swinging between us, but the night was so fine and clear and so full of the scent of Ma's flowers that it didn't matter.

Once the chore was done we lingered near the fence rails. I couldn't believe it was me standing there talking to a man, willing to give him the time of day—even wanting to.

"May I call you by your first name?" he said. He stood off a little way from me and I could see from the delicate way he was built that others had fetched and carried for him.

"Everybody calls me Sarah, unless they're out of sorts with me," I said.

"Who would be so foolish as to be out of sorts with you?" he asked as smooth as cream. He moved closer and I saw how deep and dark his eyes were. My heart began to thud. He put out his hand and touched my hair. "Silken-haired Sarah," he said.

I know I should have set him down right then and there, but the words didn't come. Well, they do say those set firmest in their ways are the first to fall, and there was no question but that I was tottering. Heaven only knows what might have happened if Ruthie hadn't put her head out the door to see what was keeping us. . . .

That night after he'd left I was as limp as wet wash. I braided up my hair and said my prayers and stared up at the ceiling till the cock crowed. The next morning I was just as bad off. There were berries to pick and chicks to feed, but I didn't make a move out of the flower patch. I sat there dreaming as if the world had ended.

I knew I couldn't just sit among the

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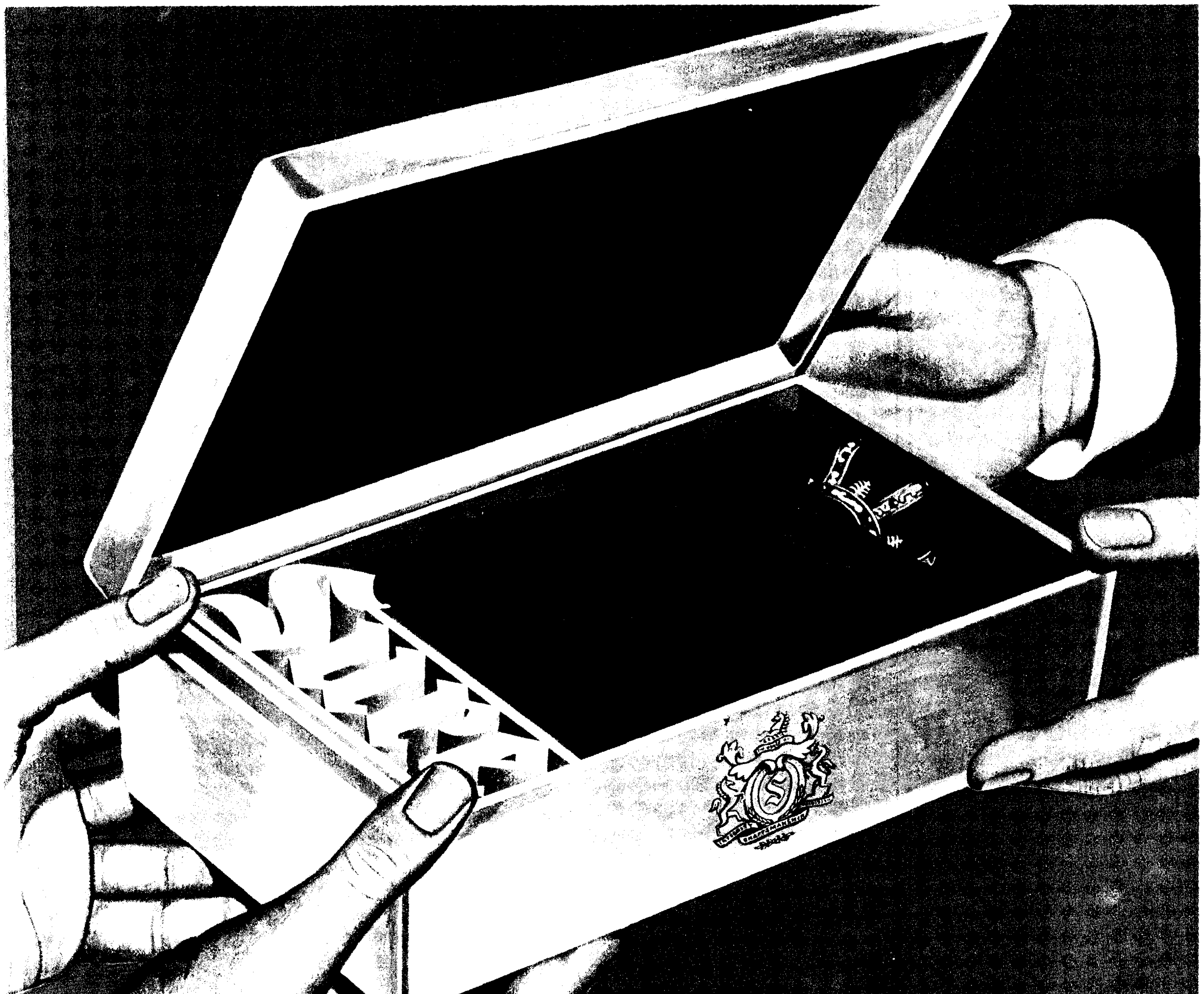

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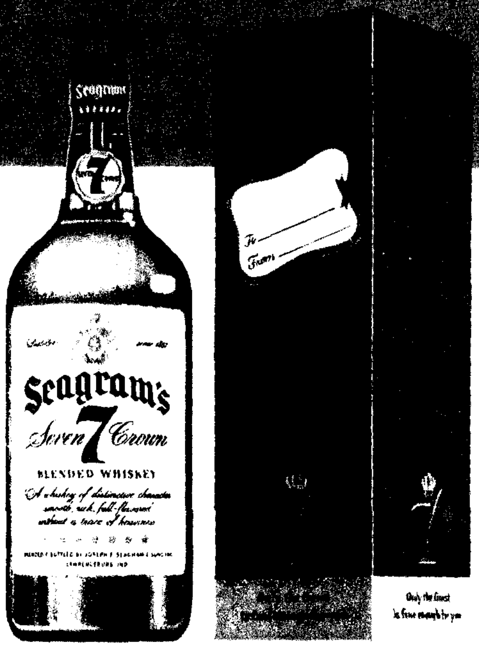
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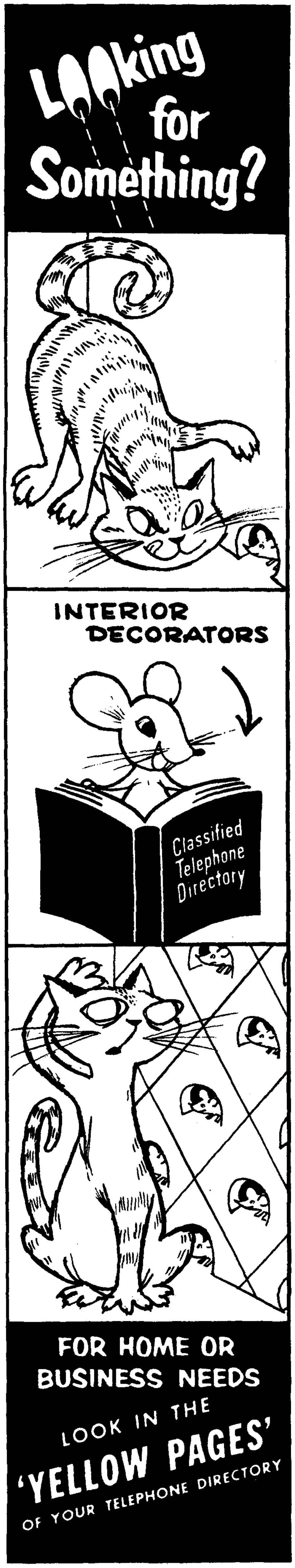
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flowers like a sundial till the day was over, so after a while I went walking in the woods. I followed the creek as it wove in and out of the ferns and rushes, and soon I was deep among the trees. The green boughs were laced together overhead, and the stillness was as peaceful as heaven. But the very next moment I saw something I'll *never* see in heaven, and that was Howie Adam sitting under a maple tree. I guess we were both struck speechless to see each other idle on a day that wasn't Sabbath, but Howie Adam is never out of words very long. "Who'd have thought a workaday girl like you would lollygag on a Tuesday?" he said, staring at me. "They do say, though, that *all* girls turn sappy in spring."

"I've come out here to think my thoughts," I said, "and if you don't mind I'll walk on and get to it."

"Afraid I'll read your mind?"

I was getting riled. "I didn't know you could read anything," I said.

"Both printing and writing," he said, "and if *you* were a book you'd begin: 'I'm in love.' "

I stood stock-still, not able to give him back an answer. "So it's the fancy Dan," he said, shaking his head. "Bear grease and manners—I never thought they'd win *you.*" He got up and brushed the leaves and grass off his clothes. Then he turned and walked away, with an odd look on his face.

AFTER he was out of sight something happened to my holiday feelings. It just seemed shiftless to wander around without purpose or path, so I went back to the house and began beating the mattresses like there was a devil after me. It helped pass the day.

That night at table everybody ate with an eye cocked on the door. I knew they were expecting Jedidiah James, and so was I, because when a man walks a girl out in this part of the country it's expected he'll come back for more of the same.

When supper had come and gone and Pa's pipe had been filled and emptied and there was no sign of a visitor, Pa picked up the Good Book and started to read aloud. He just about winded himself on the "begats" when he came to a touchy part that went: "And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives . . ."

When he'd finished he cleared his throat and said, "Tomorrow is another day," and I could tell he was trying to comfort me. Even my brother Saul fished for an excuse for Jedidiah's not coming. He put it down to a cloudy night and said not even a mountain goat could pick his way to our clearing without some light to guide him. Ma let the menfolks bumble about trying to cheer me, but when they'd left the room she gave me a hug and didn't speak a word.

"Ma," I said, "why am I behaving like a simpering Sally? I think I love Jedidiah, but mooning isn't going to make anything happen. *I'm* going to court *him!*"

I've never seen Ma so ruffled. "Oh, my goodness," she said. "Girls don't generally do that."

"No, they don't," I said, "but I don't see the rhyme or reason why not."

"I wish you wouldn't," Ma said. "We live close with our neighbors and they'll be marking you down for a hussy."

"No, they won't," I said, "because I'll go about it slow. You'll see." . . .

I began the very next morning by taking stock of what I had to offer. I had my grandmother's wedding chest, but aside from two Irish linen bed sheets and a Star-of-David patchwork quilt there was nothing in it but camphor and high hopes. I had a savings jar with a dollar and twenty-three cents in it. I had the promise of some plated gold earbobs from Ma for my wedding day, and that was the long and short of it. Nothing there to tempt a man.

I began to wonder if I had gone too spinsterish to bother with. My blonde hair was a good beginning but the rest of me was nothing to shout about. I remembered what Howie Adam had said about my shoulders being white as milkweed, but my linsey-woolsey didn't show them off. Being honest with myself, I knew there wasn't much to go on.

If I hadn't been strong-minded I would have given over my plans there and then, but I didn't. Fine feathers would make a fine bird, and I knew what was wanting was a bright new dress and a bonnet. I went after my savings jar like a thieving jay.

There's no general store or anything like it in our settlement but there was one woman, lately come from Kentucky, who'd had the foresight to bring dress goods and ribbons and buttons with her. She'd turned a fine profit on every scrap and still had some to sell. I marched myself to her cabin and pointed out the persimmon-colored cotton I fancied.

"Eight cents a yard," she said, "and worth twice that."

"Four cents a yard," I said, "is what I'm planning to spend."

"Will you be buying buttons?"

"No."

"I can't go lower than six, then."

"If I have to give six it'll narrow the skirt I'm planning," I said.

She sold it to me for five cents a yard and she threw in a dress pattern.

Sunday was the day for churching, dressing and courting. It was Sunday I was planning for, and every free second I had went into cut and stitch, sew and trim, primp and fuss. My dress turned out pretty well, and I had nice stockings knit out of fine linen thread to show below the dust ruffle. The bits and scraps made me a scoop bonnet to match the dress.

I'm not trying to boost myself, but when I was all tricked out I looked as saucy as a peafowl with its fine tail feathers spread for show.

WHEN I came down to join the family in the walk to the meetinghouse, Pa said, "Well, now," as if he'd seen a duck turn swan.

The only sour note was Howie Adam. He always walks alongside us to church and back again for Sunday supper. I might just as well have been in widow's dress for all the notice he took of me. In fact he took no notice of anyone, and all the way to church he was as gloomy as a wet drizzle.

I knew Jedidiah James would be at the meeting and I was prepared to be as bold as brass. I'd planned to encounter him after services and inquire if he had a daisy-kicker with him. If he had I was going to ask him for a ride home, pleading that the cockleburs and Spanish needles would spoil my new dress. I knew that once we were alone on a quiet lane he would remember that queer tingly moment we'd had together by the hogpen.

I was fine till we came right up to the open door. Then my hands chilled, and I went in with as fearful a feeling as an angel fallen from grace. Oh, he was there, a light shining in the darkness. But he was not alone: there was a girl hanging on his arm, bending him toward her. And he was smiling at her the way he had smiled at me.

What a scourge to my soul that meeting was. Not one elevated thought did I have from Rock of Ages to Abide With Me. And afterward, I salted the wound by rustling up to him in all my finery and saying, "Good day" and "How are you?" I got only a nod for my trouble, and I turned and ran out of the meetinghouse.

I SHOULD have watched where I was headed, for before I knew it I found myself leaning against the marriage maple. This is a tree standing outside our meetinghouse where all engagements are pledged, and its shade is only for lovers. I leaned against it, dizzy from being disdained and hating myself for having made so much of Jedidiah James. It was then that Howie Adam sauntered up.

"You'd better stop crying," he said. "You're getting soggy."

I turned my back on him.

"You don't deserve to know this," he said, "but I'll tell you to save you from drowning." He came over and stood with his back against the tree. "You could have been the Rose of Sharon and he'd have passed you by."

"What do you know?" I said.

"I know," he said smugly. "Mr. Jedidiah's profligate ways are his own. While you've been bleaching your freckles with parsley water to charm him, he's been looking for a rich man with an available daughter. Well, he finally found one—that girl you saw him honeying up. You can just be thankful I'm around to check on you."

"Thankful!" I snapped. "For you? You're the nosiest, most spiteful—"

"Maybe I am," he said, "but I'm good enough for you. I'd even consider marrying you if I didn't think you'd clean me out. What with your fancy frills you'd tax a millionaire."

"For your information," I said, "this whole outfit cost sixty cents."

"Well," he said, "you're worth the change from a dollar. In May we'll pair off." Then he grinned. "Come to think of it, if it hadn't been for fancy Dan happening along, we would have gone on behaving like country cousins."

"What makes you think I'll treat you any different now?" I said.

"Because from now on," he said, pulling me hard against him, "we're going to be kissing kin."

There was all the sweetness and spice of sugar cookies in that embrace. My ears buzzed like a thousand honeybees and my knees went shaky.

"Oh, Howie Adam," I said, "whatever is the matter with me? I just finished loving one man, and now—" I broke off, and put my hand up to my mouth in horror.

"Now you love another," said Howie Adam in a satisfied tone. "Well, no brook ever runs till the spring thaw touches it. I guess you could say it was Jedidiah who melted you, but your love for me was there beneath the ice all along. Now it's come to the surface."

Put that way, I could see it made sense. Once the dam is broken the water pours through, and once you feel the touch of real love you can't do without it. I didn't have to. It was close at hand in that cussed boy, where it had been all along.

The way I feel now, spring can come every year and welcome.

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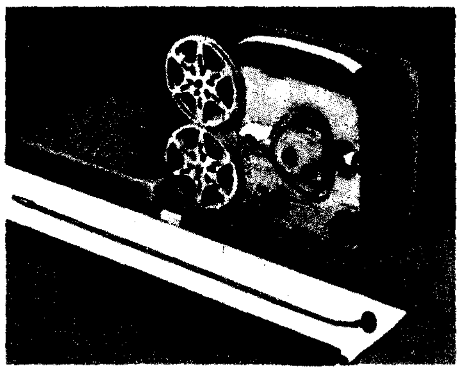

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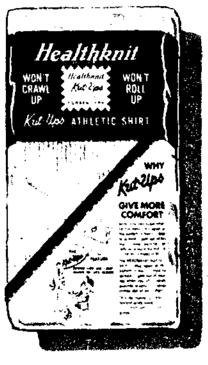

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A Time to Love and a Time to Die

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

the cigarette into his face: "That's what you say! As far as I'm concerned you're one-quarter Jew—and through the generosity of the Fuehrer you're allowed to fight side by side with true German men. So, dig out this Russian swine."

"This is no Russian," Graeber said. He alone had dragged a few boards up to the dead man and begun to cut away the snow from around his arm and breast. The wet uniform was now clearly visible.

Steinbrenner came over, quick and sure-footed as a dancer on the teetering boards, and squatted down beside Graeber. "It's a fact. That's a German uniform." He turned. "Muecke! It's not a Russian! I've won!"

Muecke walked over heavily. He stared at the hole into which water was slowly trickling from the sides. "I can't understand it," he declared disgustedly. "For almost a week now we've found nothing but Russians. He must be one of the December lot that sank deeper."

"He might just as well be from October," Graeber said. "Our regiment came through here then. That's when we were advancing."

"And now we're retreating, eh?" Steinbrenner said, looking at Graeber.

Immermann nudged Graeber warningly. "Are we perhaps going forward?" Graeber asked.

"We're shortening our lines," Immermann said, staring derisively into Steinbrenner's face. "For a year now. Strategic necessity. Everyone knows that." To Graeber he whispered, "Watch yourself. That swine will swindle you out of your furlough. He's just waiting for the chance."

"He's simply showing off. You're the one who'd better watch out."

Graeber bent over again to help Hirschland dig. "I believe it's Lieutenant Reicke," he said presently.

"Nonsense. Reicke was wounded and sent home. We heard that later."

"It *is* Reicke."

"Clean off his face."

THE face emerged from the snow. It was wet and made a strange impression with the hollows of the eyes still filled with snow—as though a sculptor had left a mask unfinished and blind. A gold tooth gleamed between the blue lips. "It's him," Graeber said.

Muecke became excited, since the body of an officer was in question. "We must report this at once. Stay here. I'll be right back."

He went over to the house where the company commander lived. It was the only one that was still in some degree habitable. Rahe was sitting in the big living room. Muecke stared spitefully at the wide Russian oven in which a fire was burning. He made his report and Rahe went out with him.

He looked down for a while at Reicke. "Shut his eyes," he said then.

"That can't be done, Herr Lieutenant," Graeber answered. "The lids are too soft. They would tear."

Rahe looked over at the shell-torn little church. "Take him over there for the time being. Lay him on a strip of canvas. We'll bury him in that. Hack out a grave and make a cross."

Graeber, Sauer, Immermann and Berning carried the sagging disintegrating body over to the church.

"Sergeant Muecke!" Rahe said.

"Yes, Herr Lieutenant!"

"Four captured Russian guerrillas are being sent here today. They are to be shot early tomorrow morning. Our company has received orders to do it. Ask your section for volunteers. If you don't get them the officer will select names."

"Yes, sir."

"Heaven knows why it has to be us. Oh, well, in all this confusion—"

"I volunteer," Steinbrenner said.

"Good." Rahe's face was expressionless. He stumped back over the pathway shoveled in the snow. Back to his oven, Muecke thought. The dishclout! What does shooting a few guerrillas amount to? As though they hadn't picked off hundreds of our comrades!

IT WAS early morning. A pale red band lay along the horizon. The snow crackled; it had frozen again during the night. The open graves were black. "Damn it," Sauer said. "Why do we have to do this? Why not the S.D.? After all, they're specialists in shooting people. Why us? This is the third time. We're supposed to be respectable soldiers."

Graeber held his rifle loosely in his hand. The steel was very cold. "The S.D. keep busy farther back."

The others came up. Steinbrenner was the only one fully awake and rested. His skin had the rosy glow of a child's. "Listen," he said. "There's that woman in the guerrilla bunch. Leave her for me."

"How do you mean for you? There's not enough time for you to get her pregnant. You ought to have tried sooner."

"That's just what he did," Immermann said. "Last night. And she wouldn't let him near her."

Steinbrenner turned around angrily. "You're mighty sly, aren't you? If I had wanted to have the red cow I'd have had her."

"Oh, cut the jawing." Sauer bit off a chew of tobacco. "If he means he wants to shoot her all by himself, he's welcome as far as I'm concerned. I won't fight him for that."

The others said nothing. It grew lighter. Hirschland looked at his watch. "Aren't things going fast enough for you, Isaac?" Steinbrenner asked. "Be thankful you've been picked out for this. It's just the thing to cure your Jewish tearfulness. Shooting"—he spat—"much too good for this gang! Hang them, as we do elsewhere."

"There they are," Graeber said.

Muecke appeared with the four Russians. Two soldiers marched in front of them and two behind. An old Russian came first. He was a man of about seventy with a dirty white beard and very blue eyes, and he could speak broken German. After him came the woman and then two younger men. The four arranged themselves, without being told to, in a row in front of the graves they themselves had dug the day before.

Lieutenant Mueller of the first platoon came out of the company commander's house. He was Rahe's representative at the execution. Formalities were still strictly adhered to. Everyone knew that the four Russians were perhaps guerrillas and then again perhaps not; they had been tried and condemned in due form but without ever having had any real chance. Now they were being shot with due formality and in the presence of an officer.

Lieutenant Mueller was twenty-one years old and had been assigned to the company six weeks before. He examined the condemned and then read the sentence.

"The cow's for me," Steinbrenner whispered.

Graeber looked at the woman. She stood calmly in her red dress in front of the grave. She was strong and young and healthy, and made to bear children. She did not understand what Mueller was reading, but she knew it was her death sentence. She stood there calmly as though it were of no consequence, and as though she were simply a little chilly in the cold morning air.

Graeber saw that Muecke was officiously whispering to Mueller. Mueller glanced up. "Can't that be done afterward?"

"It's better this way, Herr Lieutenant. Simpler."

"All right, arrange it as you like."

Muecke stepped forward. "Tell that one over there to take off his shoes," he said to the old Russian who understood German, and he pointed at one of the younger prisoners.

The old man told the other. The younger one, like someone who had neglected his duty, hastened to take off his shoes as quickly as possible. He wobbled, standing on one foot while he drew the shoe off the other. Why is he rushing so? Graeber thought. So that he can die a minute sooner? The man offered his shoes obsequiously to Muecke. They were very good shoes. Muecke snorted an order and pointed to one side. The man placed the shoes there and then stepped back into line.

The woman said something very rapidly in Russian. "Ask her what she wants," Lieutenant Mueller said. He was pale. This was his first execution.

Muecke questioned the old Russian.

"She doesn't want anything. She is just cursing you," the Russian said loudly. "She is cursing you and all Germans who stand on Russian soil! She is cursing your children! She hopes that her children will someday shoot down your children just as you are now shooting her down."

"What impertinence!" Muecke was staring at the woman.

"She has two children," said the old man. "And I have three sons."

"That's enough, Muecke!" Mueller shouted nervously. "We're not chaplains. Attention!"

THE group of soldiers came to attention. Graeber took hold of his rifle. The cold steel seemed to suck at his thumb and index finger. Beside him stood Hirschland. He was pale but he stood firm. Graeber decided to aim at the Russian farthest to the left. In the beginning, when he had been commanded to take part in executions, he had shot into the air, but that was past. Doing it was no favor to those who were to be shot. Others had had the same idea, and there had been times when almost everyone had intentionally missed the mark. The shooting would have to be repeated and so the prisoners were executed twice.

"Take aim!"

Over his sight Graeber looked at the Russian. He was the old man with the beard and blue eyes. Graeber saw that the barrel of Hirschland's rifle was raised and that he intended to shoot over their heads. "Muecke's watching you. Aim lower. Sidewise!" he murmured. Hirschland lowered the barrel.

"Fire!" came the command.

The Russian seemed to rise and come toward Graeber. It was as though he swelled out like a man seen in a convex mirror in some hall of tricks at a country fair. He swelled out and then fell backward.

The old man had been hurled half in and half out of the grave. The two other men had sunk down where they stood.

The woman had fallen forward. She was not dead. She had propped herself on her hands and was staring with lifted face at the group of soldiers. Steinbrenner wore a satisfied expression. No one else had aimed at her. She had been shot in the stomach. Steinbrenner was a good marksman.

The woman stared at the soldiers and hissed. The old Russian was dead and now no one could translate what she was saying. She lay there with her arms braced, and she hissed without turning her eyes aside for an instant.

SHE seemed scarcely to notice as Muecke approached her disgustedly from the side. Only at the last moment did she see the revolver. She thrust her head to one side and bit Muecke in the hand. Muecke cursed and with a downward blow of his left hand knocked her lower jaw loose. Then he shot her in the nape of the neck.

"Damned rotten marksmanship!" Mueller growled. "Don't you know how to aim?"

"It was Hirschland, Herr Lieutenant," Steinbrenner reported.

"It was not Hirschland, Herr Lieutenant," Graeber said.

"Quiet!" Muecke shouted. "Wait till you're asked!"

He glanced over at Mueller. Mueller was very pale and stood without moving. Muecke put his revolver back and looked at his hand. He took out a handkerchief and wrapped it.

"Have some iodine put on it," Mueller said. "Go to the infirmary at once."

Muecke went. Mueller looked over at the dead. The woman lay sunk over forward on the wet ground. "Put them in and cover them up," he said. He was suddenly very angry without knowing why. . . .

That night the rumbling on the horizon got heavier. The sky was red and the flickering of the artillery fire was clearer. Ten days earlier the regiment had been withdrawn from the front and was now in reserve. But the Russians were coming closer. They had been attacking for months. And for months the regiment had been going backward.

Graeber awoke. He listened to the rumbling and tried to go to sleep again. He did not succeed. After a while he put on his boots and went outside. He was due to go on sentry duty with Sauer in an hour. Although the regiment was in reserve, guerrillas had filtered in everywhere, and on that account sentries were posted at night.

Graeber stamped his way through the snow around the village. The moonless light distorted all perspectives. Houses seemed farther away and the woods nearer than they actually were. There was a smell of strangeness and of danger.

If only his furlough came through! It was like an *idée fixe*. It was two years since he had been home. He wanted to be alone, alone for a couple of weeks, alone in order to think—that was all. He had seen too much.

He stared at the half-ruined village and thought of the ruins of Rotterdam and Warsaw, and remembered the summer of 1940 in France, the country roads blocked with cars and wagons

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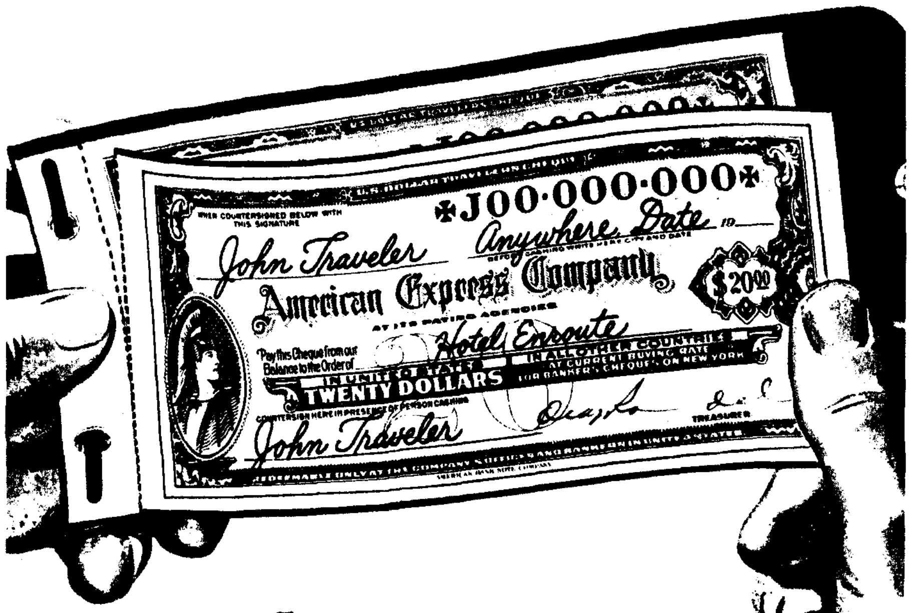

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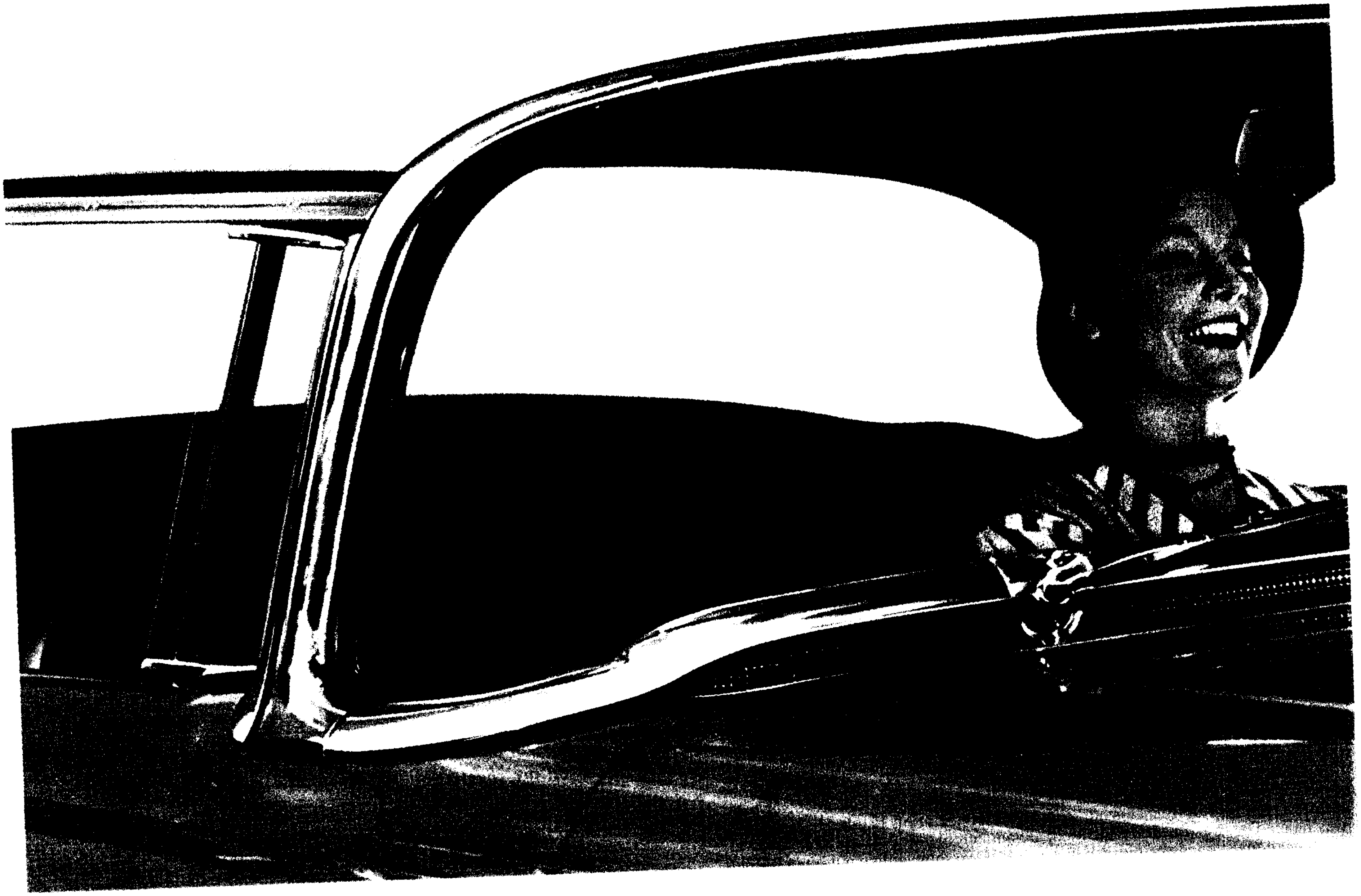

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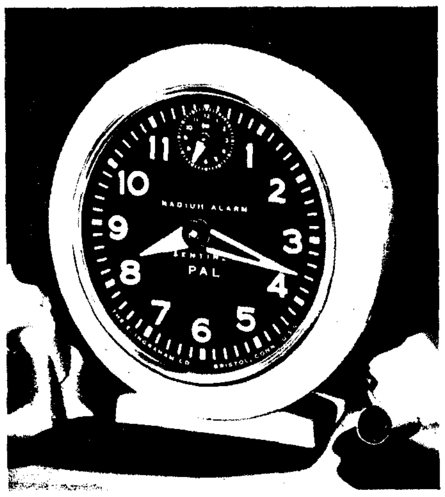

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and baby carriages, a nation in flight, and howling above them the swarm of Stukas, the bleeding faces in the dust, people dying in the wheat fields. Had he thought then? Had he been disturbed? No. Everything had seemed right. Germany, set upon by war-hungry enemies, had defended herself—that was all.

So long as they had been victorious everything was in order, and whatever was not in order had been overlooked or excused on account of the great goal. What goal? Had there not always been two sides? And had not one of them been from the beginning dark and inhuman? And hadn't he often experienced doubt and disgust, only to drive them away again and again?

ONE thing he would do when he went home: he would see Pohlmann. Pohlmann had been his teacher in history and religion. Perhaps Pohlmann could help answer the questions that tormented him.

He went past the village church. It was little and bullet-scarred and Lieutenant Reicke was lying inside. The evening before, two more dead soldiers had been found, and Rahe had ordered that all three be given a military burial next morning. One of the soldiers, a lance corporal, could not be identified. His face had been eaten away—foxes, very likely, or rats. How they had got at him was a puzzle.

Now they lay in the middle of the church that smelled of saltpeter, decay and the dead. They lay there severe and aloof and alone, and nothing mattered to them any more.

Graeber closed the door and went on around the village. He climbed the rise on which the graves had been dug. The grave for Lieutenant Reicke had been widened so that the other two soldiers could be buried in it with him; and nearby was the mound under which the Russian guerrillas lay.

The dead—there had been too many dead. The regiment had constantly had to be re-formed; of the comrades who had been there at the beginning, more and more had disappeared, and now they were just a handful.

Of the friends he had had there was none left. All were dead or transferred or in a hospital or in Germany, unfit for service.

Graeber looked from the rise out across the land. It was barren and dreary and treacherous. Everything was foreign and pierced by the chill loneliness of the unknown. Everything was as infinite as the land: without boundaries and alien—alien outside and in. Graeber shivered. That was it. That was what had become of him.

He heard Sauer's step and saw him climbing toward him. "Has anything happened?" he asked.

"Nothing. I thought for an instant I heard *something*. *But* it was only the rats in the paddock where the dead Russians are."

Sauer glanced at the mound under which the guerrillas had been buried. "The ones here at least got a grave," he said.

"Yes. They had to dig it themselves, though."

Sauer spat. "You can really understand the poor beasts. After all, it's their land we're ruining."

Graeber looked at him in surprise. Sauer was an old soldier and not excessively emotional. "How did you hit on that?" Graeber asked. "Because we are retreating?"

"Of course. Just imagine their doing the same thing to us someday!"

Graeber was silent for a while. I'm no better than he is, he thought. I too kept pushing the idea away as long as I could. "It's funny how you begin to understand others when your own ox is gored," he said then. "As long as everything's fine you just don't think about it."

"Of course not. You ought to have known that long ago."

"I did." Graeber smiled bitterly. "But it doesn't give you a particularly good character, does it?"

Sauer brushed this aside. "Character! Who cares about that now? We two didn't begin the war. We're only doing our duty, and orders are orders; we are not responsible. What do you think?"

"Nothing," Graeber said wearily. . . .

The salvo of shots was quickly smothered in the gray wool of the gigantic sky. The crows perched on the walls did not fly up. They were accustomed to more than that.

The three canvases lay half sunk in the melting snow. The one around the faceless man had been tied shut. Reicke lay in the middle.

They threw in the wet clods. When the grave was filled there was still a pile of earth left over. Muecke looked at Mueller. "Shall we stamp it down, Herr Lieutenant? The grave? Then we can get the rest of the dirt in and put a few stones on top. Because of the foxes and wolves."

"They won't come here. The grave is deep enough. And besides—" Mueller thought the foxes and the wolves had enough to eat in the open without digging up graves. "Nonsense," he said. "What made you think anything of that sort?"

Muecke stared at Mueller blankly. Another of these thickheaded fools, he thought. Always the wrong people get to be officers and the right ones get killed. Like Reicke.

"Make a mound of the rest," Mueller directed. "That is suitable. And put a cross at the head."

MUELLER ordered the company to form up and march off. He shouted his commands louder than was necessary. He always had the feeling that the older men did not take him seriously. They didn't, either.

Sauer, Immermann and Graeber shoveled the rest of the earth into a mound. "The cross won't stand up for long," Sauer said. "The ground is too soft."

"What do you care? Are you related to Reicke?" Immermann asked.

"Hold your tongue! He was all right! What do you know about it? You didn't meet him in your disciplinary company."

Immermann laughed. "Numskull! That's all you can think of, isn't it? Disciplinary company—you ignorant bumpkin!" He was suddenly furious. "There were better people than you there."

"Shall we set up the cross?" Graeber asked.

Immermann turned around. "Ah, our furlough boy. He's in a hurry."

Graeber picked up the shovel. "I'm leaving," he said. "We're all through here, aren't we?"

"Yes, furlough boy," Immermann replied. "Yes, you model of prudence! We're all through here."

Graeber made no reply. Outbreaks of this sort were nothing new. It was always like this after an execution and a burial.

THE day dawned gray and wet. The front was in an uproar; a tank engagement was taking place, and toward the south the line was already being pushed back. The wounded were coming in. The company was awaiting orders to move into line.

At ten o'clock Graeber was summoned to report to Rahe. The company commander now lived in the one corner of the stone house which was still standing. A three-legged chair, a large broken oven on which lay a couple of blankets, a campaign cot and a table constituted the furniture. The windows had been mended with cardboard. The room was cold.

"Your furlough has come through," Rahe said. "Surprised, aren't you?"

"Yes, Herr Lieutenant."

"So am I. See that you leave immediately. Try to get one of the ambulance cars to take you along. I expect any minute all leaves will be canceled. If you've gone, you've gone, understand?"

"Yes, Herr Lieutenant."

Rahe looked as though he was about to say something more. But then he reconsidered, came around the table and shook hands with Graeber. "All the best. And see that you get away from here. You're long overdue for leave. You've earned it."

Graeber walked across to the cellar. He had stopped expecting the furlough and so had not packed. Quickly he threw his few things together.

When he looked up, Hirschland was standing in front of him. He held a piece of paper in his hand.

"What?" Graeber asked, and he thought: My leave canceled! They've caught me at the last minute.

Hirschland glanced around. "Are you going?" he whispered.

Graeber breathed again. "Yes," he answered.

"Could you—here is the address—*could you tell them at home that* everything's fine with me?"

"Why? Can't you write them that?"

"I do, I do," Hirschland whispered. "But they don't believe me. My mother doesn't believe me. She thinks because—"

He broke off and offered the scrap of paper to Graeber. "If a member of *my company comes, then perhaps she'll* be more willing to believe—do you understand? She thinks I wouldn't dare—"

"Yes," Graeber said. "I understand." He took the paper and laid it in his paybook.

"And don't say anything to them about—" Hirschland motioned toward the front. "Just say that we're resting."

"Of course. What else would I say?"

"Good. Thanks."

Hirschland left quickly. Thanks? Graeber thought. Why thanks? . . .

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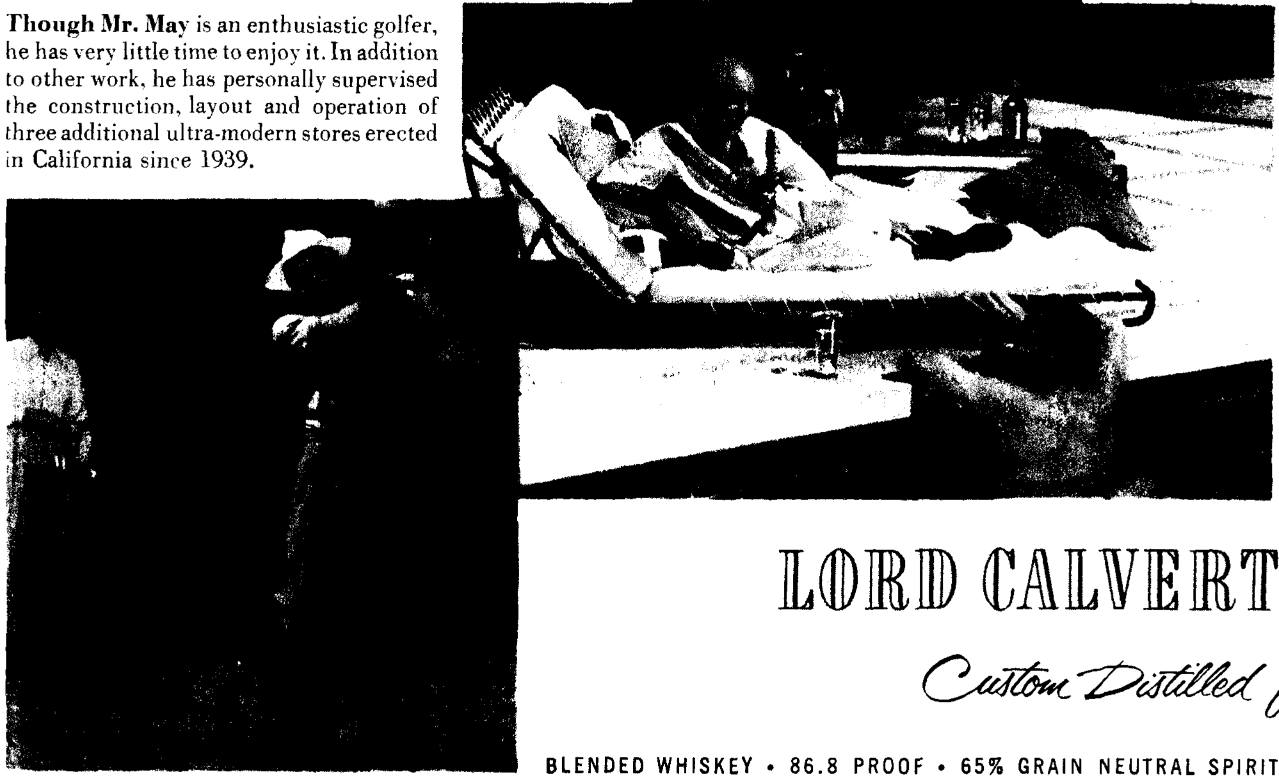

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stop. Graeber had boarded it the night before, after a lucky ride from the front in an ambulance. A small, camouflaged station stood there in the pallid sun. Of the few surrounding houses, only ruins remained; in their place barracks had been erected with camouflaged roofs and walls. The branch line at this point joined a main line.

The wounded were carried into one of the barracks. Those that could walk found places for themselves on rough-hewn benches. A few men on leave had arrived with them. They kept together and were at pains to be as inconspicuous as possible. They were afraid of being noticed and sent back.

They had to wait until dark. Three times their papers were inspected by military policemen. More wounded kept arriving all the time. With each new batch the men on leave became more jumpy. Finally, after midnight, the train was assembled.

The wounded were put on board. Next came the ambulatory wounded; they were carefully checked. We won't go with them, Graeber thought; there are too many, the train is full. His heart was pounding. Airplanes hummed above him. He knew that they were German planes, but he was afraid. He was much more afraid than he had been at the front.

Finally someone shouted, "Men on leave!" The group hurried forward. They climbed into a car where some of the wounded were already sitting.

The train did not start. It was dark in the compartment. They were all waiting. Outside, things grew quiet, but the train continued to stand still. The wounded were the first to begin cursing. They could afford to. For the time being, nothing more could happen to them.

Graeber leaned his head back. He tried to go to sleep with the intention of waking up when the train began to move, but he could not do it. He kept listening to every sound. He saw the eyes of the others in the dark. All were thinking the same thing.

The train jerked. The platform began slowly to slide past. Everyone was bending forward. They still did not believe it. The train would stop again. But it moved and moved, and by degrees the irregular thrusts were transformed into an even rhythm. All at once Graeber was very tired. Home, he thought, toward home. Oh, God, I don't dare rejoice.

IN THE morning it was snowing. They stopped at a station to get coffee. Bodies of wounded who had died during the night were carried out. Graeber ran back with his ersatz coffee to his compartment. He did not dare leave it to go and get bread.

A group started through the train to pick out the less seriously wounded; they were to stay in the local hospital. The news ran swiftly through the cars, and the men who had arm wounds rushed to the toilets to hide themselves. In fury, they fought for the place inside.

"They're coming!" someone shouted suddenly from outside.

The crowd dispersed. Two pushed their way into the same toilet and slammed the door. Another who had fallen in the fracas stared at his splinted arm. There was a small red spot there, growing larger.

"I want to get home," he said. "Twice I've been in one of these damn' field hospitals, and each time right out to the front again, without any leave at all. I want to get back to my own country. I've earned it."

He stared with hatred at the healthy men on leave. No one answered. It took a long time for the patrol to arrive. Three men were going through the compartments while outside a couple of others watched over the wounded who had been selected to stay. One of the examiners was a junior surgeon. He glanced swiftly at the certificates of the wounded. "Get out," he would say imperturbably while he was already examining the next slip.

"You're bleeding," he announced to the man who had been fighting at the door of the toilet. "You must have a fresh bandage. Get out."

"But can't I go on with the train again when I've been bandaged, Herr Captain?" asked the bleeding man.

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What makes me squint and frown?
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—RICHARD ARMOUR

"We'll see about that. Possibly. First you must be bandaged."

The man got out with a face full of misery. He disappeared into the herd outside. The MP tried the door to the toilet. "Of course," he said contemptuously. "Nothing else ever occurs to them. Open up!" he commanded.

The door opened. One of the soldiers came out. "You're a sly one," growled the MP. "Why did you shut yourself in there? Trying to play hide and seek?"

"I have diarrhea. And I believe that's what a toilet's for."

"So? Just at this moment? And I'm supposed to believe that?"

The soldier pushed back his coat. The Iron Cross first class hung there. He looked at the MP's chest, which was empty. "Yes," he answered calmly. "You're supposed to believe that."

The MP got red. The doctor intervened. "Get out, please," he said, without looking at the soldier.

"You haven't looked to see what's the matter with me."

"I can tell that from your bandage. Get out, please."

The soldier smiled fleetingly. "All right," he said.

"Well then, we're through here, eh?" the surgeon nervously asked the MP.

The MP glanced at the men on leave. Each of them was holding his papers in his hand. "Yes, sir, all through," he said, and climbed out after the doctor.

The toilet door opened silently. A lance corporal who had been in it too slipped out. His face was streaming with sweat. He slid down on a seat. "Has he gone?" he whispered.

"Seems so."

The lance corporal sat for a long while in silence. Sweat ran down his face. "I'm going to pray for him," he said finally.

Everyone looked up. "What?" asked one of them incredulously. "For that swine of an MP—you're going to pray for him?"

"No, not for the swine. For the man who was with me in the toilet. He told me to stay there; he would fix things up. Where is he?"

"Outside. He fixed things up all right. He made the fat pig so mad he didn't look any further."

"I'm going to pray for him."

"Oh, all right, pray if you like. But pray tomorrow. Or wait till the train has started," someone said, bored.

"I'm going to pray. I must get home. I'll not get any leave to go home if I'm put in the hospital here. I must get to Germany. My wife has cancer. She's thirty-six. Just thirty-six last October. Four months in bed already."

He looked at them one after the other with tormented eyes. No one said anything. It was too common a matter.

THE next day the landscape had changed. It rose sharply out of the morning mist. Graeber sat by the window, his face pressed against the pane. He saw fallow land and fields still flecked with snow under which the pale green shimmer of young rye was visible. No shell holes. No destruction. No dugouts. Country.

Then he saw the first village: a church on which a cross gleamed, a tavern in front of which people were standing, roofs that were whole, trees that had all their branches, streets that were streets and children on their way to school. Graeber had not seen any children in a long time.

Toward evening, the names of the stations grew familiar, places remembered from excursions slipped by. In memory there was suddenly the smell of strawberries and resin and of the heath in the sun. It could only be a few minutes till the city came. Graeber had strapped up his things. He stood up and waited for the first streets to appear. . . .

Graeber walked along Bramstrasse. The railroad station had been moved to the outskirts of town, and the ancient bus which had brought him this far went no farther. He still had a half hour's walk to reach Hakenstrasse, where his parents lived.

He looked at the houses. They were whole. He looked at the windows. They were all dark. An air-raid precaution, he thought—of course. It was childish, but nevertheless he had thought the city would be lighted.

He walked more quickly. "Good evening," he said to someone he did not know, who was standing in a nearby doorway.

"Evening," the latter said after a while, in surprise, behind him.

The pavement resounded under Graeber's boots. Soon he would get rid of this heavy footwear and put on his light civilian shoes. He would take a bath in clear, hot water and put on a clean shirt. He walked faster. Then suddenly he smelled the smoke.

It was not chimney smoke, nor the smoke of a wood fire; it was the smell of a conflagration. It seemed to hang in the bare treetops. Graeber could not determine where it came from. Now it was everywhere, as though it had fallen from the sky like ashes.

At the next corner he saw the first ruined house. A single house, he thought. Just a single one. He went faster. He saw hardly anyone.

Then came the first ruined corner. This time there were several houses. Only the foundation walls were still standing.

Now he was running. The smell of the fire grew more intense. Then he came to the old city and stopped and stared. Rows of wooden houses from the Middle Ages had stood there before, with their projecting gables, painted roofs and bright-colored leg-

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ends. They were not there any more. In their place he saw charred beams, heaps of stone, remnants of pavement, and over it all a billowing whitish mist. The houses had burned like dry chips.

Wild fear seized him suddenly. Not far from his parents' house there was a small copperworks; that might have been a target. He blundered on as fast as he could over more frequent heaps of damp ruins; he bumped into people, ran forward, climbed over piles of rubble and then he stopped. He no longer knew where he was.

THE city that he had known since childhood was so changed that he could no longer find his way. He asked a woman who was stealing by how he could get to Hakenstrasse.

"What?" she asked, terrified. "There—over there—around the corner—"

Graeber turned that way. From here he should have been able to see the steeple of St. Catharine's Church. He did not see it. He did not ask anyone else. Ahead, he saw stretchers standing. People were digging. Firemen were running about. A dull glow hung over the copperworks. Then he found Hakenstrasse.

A bent lamppost bore the street sign. It pointed diagonally downward into a bomb crater in which lay the fragments of a wall and an iron bedstead. Farther off he saw an undamaged house standing. Eighteen, he thought. It has to be Number Eighteen. God grant that Number Eighteen is standing.

He had made a mistake. It was only the front of a house. Graeber ran across to it.

"Look out there!" someone shouted. "Do you want that whole wall down on your head?"

Graeber did not answer. Suddenly he could no longer recall where his parents' house had been. An air-raid warden came up.

"Is this Number Eighteen? Where is Eighteen?"

The air-raid warden straightened his helmet. "Where *is* Eighteen? Where *was* Eighteen, you mean. It doesn't exist any more. *Was* is the word."

Graeber seized the man by the lapels of his coat. "Listen," he said wildly. "I'm not here to listen to wisecracks. Where is Eighteen?"

The air-raid warden looked at him. "Let go of me at once or I'll blow this whistle for the police. This is a cleanup area. They will arrest you."

"They will not arrest me. I have come from the front."

"How impressive! Do you suppose this isn't the front right here?" The man suddenly showed his teeth. "We have had six air raids here in ten days, you front-line soldier," he shouted. "And you damned scoundrels have been loafing out there! And my wife? There—" he pointed to the house they were standing in front of. "Who is going to dig her out? No one! Dead! No point in doing it now, say the rescue squads. You front-line soldier!" He spat. "You brave front-line soldier with your medals. Eighteen is over there."

Graeber left the man where he was. He ran across the street and climbed over the rubble. Now he knew that it was the right house; a small part of the garden had remained undamaged, and in it still stood the stump of a linden tree. He ran his hand over the bark and felt the grooves of initials he himself had carved there many years before.

The back door seemed to be hopelessly buried in rubble. Graeber listened. He knocked on one of the iron girders and stood still, listening again. Suddenly he thought he heard a whimpering. He rushed in the direction of the sound. A cat leaped away in front of him. It was the cat, he thought, and went on listening. He realized that he was shaking. And then all of a sudden he was perfectly certain that his parents were lying under the ruins, that they were still alive and that shut up in the darkness they were scratching with desperate, skinless hands and whimpering for him . . .

Graeber looked at his hands. They were black in the insubstantial light. The blood that ran down from them was black too. He did not even know he had been tearing away rubble and splintered glass with his bare hands.

He felt all his strength leave his body. It was impossible. After the debris had been cleared away there were iron girders, concrete and ashlars. Perhaps they were really able to escape, he thought. Perhaps they were evacuated. Perhaps they're in a village in south Germany. Or perhaps they are somewhere asleep in bed.

He crouched down beside the wreckage. I have seen thousands of ruins, he thought. But I had never really seen one. This is the first time. This one is different from all others.

The moon rose higher and hung pitiless over the city. The cat appeared again. She glided noiselessly around Graeber several times. Then she came closer, rubbed against his feet, and began to purr. Finally she crept beside him and lay down. He did not notice her. . . .

The morning dawned radiant. It took Graeber a little while to realize where he was; he was used to sleeping in ruins. But then everything came back to him with a jolt.

He picked up his knapsack and climbed down to the street. He looked around him. He no longer recognized the silhouette of the city. There were holes everywhere, like missing teeth in a damaged jaw. In Hakenstrasse only one or two houses were standing. The city no longer looked like the home he had expected to see; it looked like Russia.

IN THE house of which only the façade remained, a door opened. The air-raid warden of the night before stepped out. In spite of the way the man had acted the night before, Graeber went to him. "Tell me," Graeber said, "if you know anything about my parents. Paul and Marie Graeber. They used to live over there."

The air-raid warden thrust out his haggard, stubble-covered face. "So it's you! The front-line warrior! Do you think you're the only one who has lost track of his family? What do you think that is over there?" He pointed to the door out of which he had come. "Do you think that's a collection of jokes?"

Graeber saw that slips of paper were tacked on the door and he went over.

They were addresses and appeals for missing persons. *Heinrich and Georg, come to Uncle Hermann. Irma dead. Mother.* This was written on a large, lined sheet that had been torn out of a school exercise book. Directly under it on the cardboard cover of a shoe box: *For God's sake furnish news of Brunhilde Schmidt, 4 Thueringer Street.* And at the very bottom, on a lace-bordered paper napkin in pastel-colored crayon: *Marie, where are you?* without a signature.

Graeber searched about in the rubbish for something to write on. All he could find was a colored print of Hitler, hanging in a broken frame. The back was white and without printing. *Information about Paul and Marie Graeber urgently sought,* he wrote in block letters. *Ernst on leave.*

He tore a small piece from the remainder of the picture, wrote the same message and went back to Number Eighteen. There he clamped the notice between two stones so that it was clearly visible. It was all he could do.

He looked at his watch. It was time to go to the town hall.

AT THE missing-persons bureau a distracted woman clerk searched the records and told him his parents' names were not among those listed. Graeber went to the registration office. There everything was in complete confusion. No one could tell him anything.

A noncom standing in line behind him told Graeber he had been searching for his wife for three days. "Perhaps we can help each other," he said. "Wherever you make inquiries, ask for my wife too. I'll ask about your parents wherever I go."

The noncom's name was Boettcher. Graeber wrote it down. Then he gave Boettcher his parents' names. Boettcher suggested that if he had no place to live he go to the barracks, where there were temporary quarters for bombed-out men on leave.

"Try to get into Room Forty-eight," he said. "That's where I am."

When Graeber stepped out into the street, what had been an almost unbearable desolation had mysteriously transformed itself into hope. Now he could tell himself that his parents were not dead; they were only missing.

He stopped in front of the house. It was dark and he could not make out the house number. "Is this Twenty-two Marienstrasse?" he asked a man who was leaning against the wall.

"Yes. And who do you want to see?"

"Dr. Kruse, of the Board of Health."

"Kruse?" the man repeated. "What do you want with him?"

Graeber peered at the man in the dark. He was wearing boots and an S.A. uniform. A self-important block warden, he thought. "I'll explain that to Dr. Kruse myself," he said and went into the house.

He was very weary. It was a weariness that lay deeper than eyes and bones. He had been inquiring and searching all day but he had learned little. His parents had no relatives in the city and not many of their neighbors were still on hand. Those who were had heard nothing but rumors, and they handed him on to others who knew as little.

He climbed the stairs. Dr. Kruse lived on the second floor. Graeber barely knew him, but he was aware that his mother had occasionally gone to him for treatment. Perhaps she had been there recently and he had her new address.

A middle-aged woman with a blurred face opened the door. "Kruse? You want to see Dr. Kruse?"

"Yes."

The woman examined him in silence. She did not move aside to let him in. "Have you come for a consultation?" she asked presently.

"No. On a private matter," Graeber

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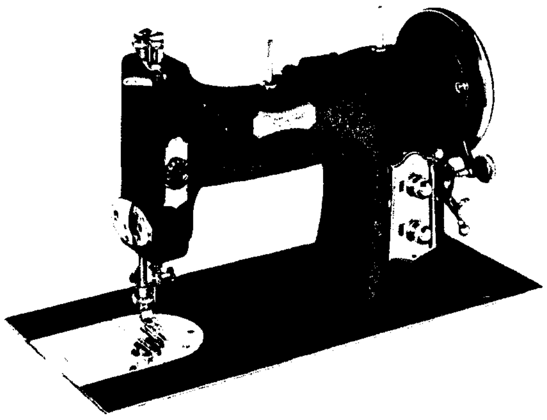

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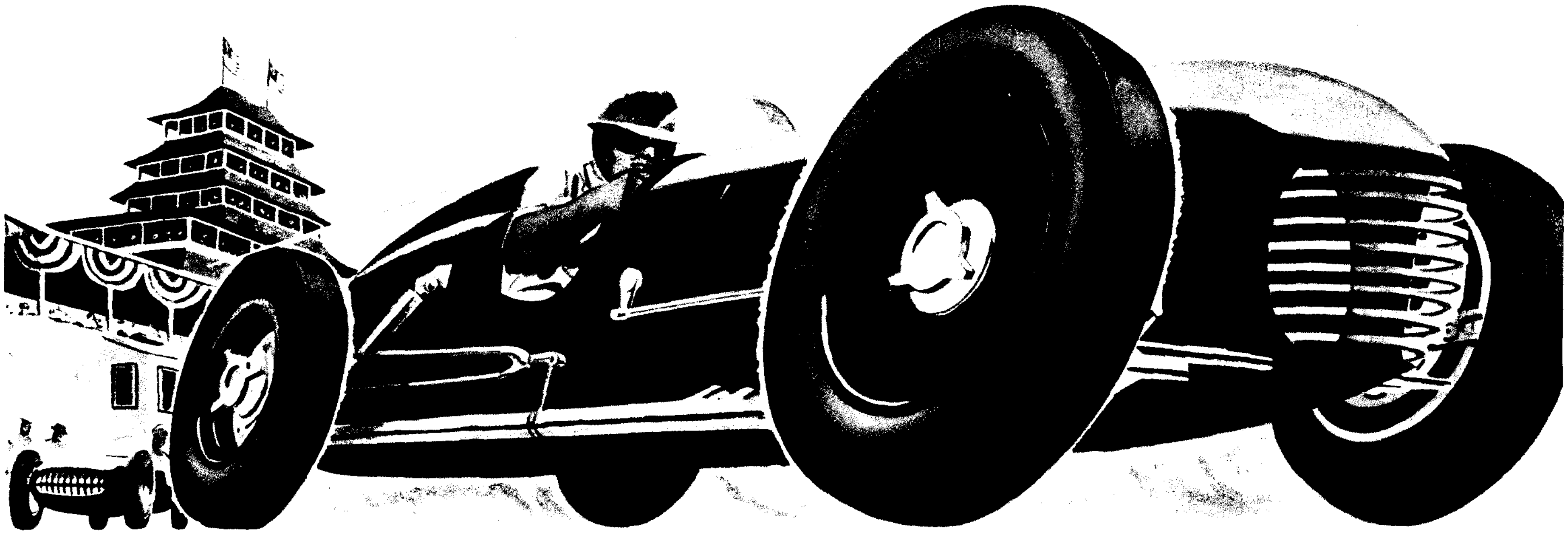

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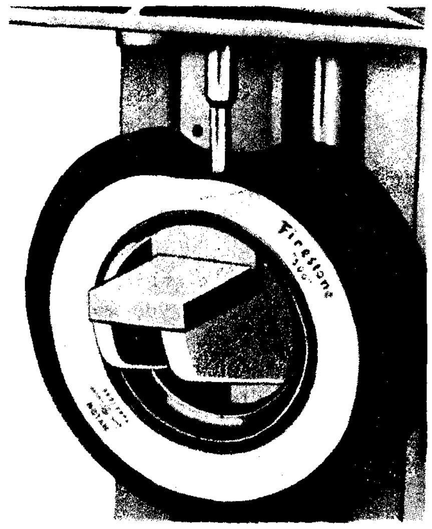

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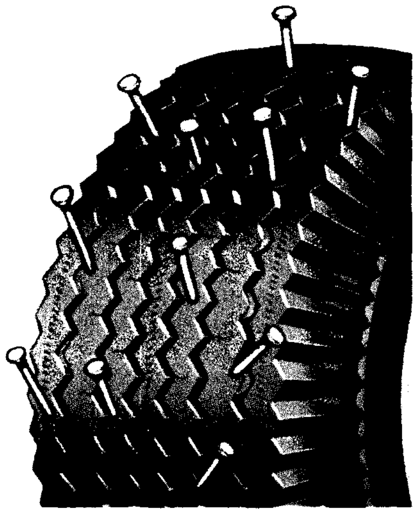

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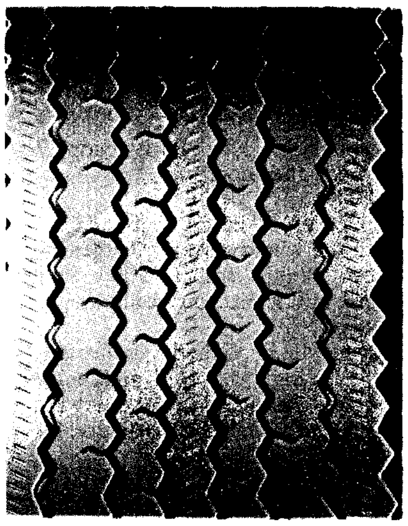

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The scientifically-designed tread has thousands of sharp-edged angles, Skid-Resisters and Traction Boosters, which provide protection against skidding and loss of traction that only special traction tires can equal. Compounding secrets learned in building tires for the Indianapolis Race, where 500 miles is equal to 50,000 miles of ordinary driving, provide greater resistance to wear, even at highest speeds. Ingenious Rib Stabilizers in the tread minimize squeals on turns and reduce noise on the road.

USINESS AT FIRESTONE

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answered impatiently. "Are you Frau Kruse?"

"Heaven forbid!"

Graeber stared at her. During the day he had run into every variety of caution, hate and evasion, but this was something new.

"Kruse no longer lives here," the woman announced in a voice suddenly loud and rough and hostile.

"But there's his name." Graeber pointed to a brass plate beside the door. "Does any member of the family live here still?"

The woman was silent. Graeber was on the point of telling her to go to hell when he heard a door being opened behind her in the apartment. A band of light burst from a room diagonally across the dark hall.

"Is that someone for me?" a voice asked.

"Perhaps," Graeber said. "I would like to speak to someone who knows Dr. Kruse."

"I am Elisabeth Kruse."

Graeber stared at the woman with the blurred face. She unblocked the door and went back into the apartment. "Too much light!" she snapped in the direction of the open room. "It is forbidden to burn so much light."

Graeber stayed where he was. A girl of about twenty came toward him. For a moment he was aware of high-arched brows, dark eyes and mahogany-colored hair that flowed in a restless wave against her shoulders—then she plunged into the muddy half-darkness of the corridor and stood before him.

"My father no longer practices," she said. "Did you want—"

"I didn't come for treatment. I came for information."

THE girl's face changed. She made a quick movement as though to see whether the other woman was still there. Then she opened the door wide. "Come in," she said softly.

He followed her into the room from which the light came. She turned around and looked at him. Her eyes were not dark; they were gray and very transparent. "But I know you," she said.

"My name is Ernst Graeber."

Now Graeber remembered her too. She had been a skinny girl with too-big eyes, who was always somehow causing excitement and gossip, and who had seemed not to fit properly into the middle-class life of the city. He had always felt awkward in her presence and hadn't especially cared for her.

"It must be seven or eight years since we last saw each other," he said. "You have changed a lot."

"You too."

They stood facing each other. "What's really going on here?" Graeber asked. "Why, you're guarded like a district leader."

"Or like a prisoner."

"What? Why do you say that? Your father—"

Elisabeth made a swift movement. "Wait!" she said and went past him to a table where a phonograph stood. The Hohenfriedberger March rolled out. "So. Now you can go on."

Graeber looked at her uncomprehendingly. "What's the purpose of that? Turn that thing off! I've had enough marches."

She came back and stood close in front of him. "The woman out there is listening. That's why I turned on the phonograph." She was suddenly breathing hard. "What about my father? What do you know of him?"

"I? Nothing. I only wanted to ask him if he knew my mother's address. My parents are missing."

"Is that all?"

"It's enough for me."

The tension in her face broke. "That's true," she said wearily. "And I thought you were bringing news of him."

"What is all this about your father?"

"He's in a concentration camp. For four months now. He was denounced. When you spoke of information I believed you knew something about him."

"But I'd have told you that right away."

Elisabeth shook her head. "Not if it had been smuggled news. You would have had to use caution."

Caution, Graeber thought. All day long I have heard nothing but that word.

Elisabeth turned off the phonograph. In the stillness outside a siren began to wail. "There it is!" she whispered. "The alarm."

COLLIER'S "Yessir! I ran away from the circus when I was ten years old" **JOHN RUGE**

Someone knocked on the door. "Lights out! That's what always happens! Always too much light."

Graeber opened the door. The woman was already at the far side of the vestibule. She shouted something more and disappeared. "How does that scarecrow come to be living here?" he asked.

"She was billeted here by the authorities. An official tenant. I'm supposed to consider myself lucky to be allowed to keep this room."

From outside, the uproar rose, the screams of a woman and the weeping of a child. The howling of the preliminary alarm grew louder. Elisabeth picked up a raincoat. "We must go to the air-raid shelter."

"We've still got plenty of time. Why don't you move away from here? Must be hell for you staying with that spy. Was she the one who denounced your father?"

"Lights out!" the woman screamed again from outside. Elisabeth turned around and snapped off the light. Then she glided through the dark room to the window. She opened the casement. Of a sudden, the noise of the sirens rushed into the room and filled it completely. "Why don't I move? Because I refuse to run away!" she shouted through the howling. "Can't you understand that? Now leave me alone!"

She tried to go past him to the door. He took hold of her arm. She tore it away. Her eyes were dark again and full of passionate strength. He seized her around the hips and held her fast. "Wait! I'm going with you."

The uproar drove them before it. It was everywhere, in the room, in the corridor, on the stairs—and there was no escape from it. Everywhere people were tumbling out of houses as though they were tin soldiers shaken out of boxes. Air-raid wardens were shouting orders.

They came to the Karlsplatz. At the entrance to the shelter an excited mob was milling. Wardens ran about like sheep dogs trying to create order. Elisabeth stopped. "Let's wait here."

The crowd crept into the darkness of the stairway and disappeared under the ground. Graeber looked at Elisabeth. She suddenly stood there as calm as though all this did not concern her. "You're brave," he said.

She glanced up and smiled quickly. "No. Just afraid of the cellar."

The shelter was vast and low and well-constructed; a good many people had brought mattresses, blankets and suitcases; life underground was already organized. Graeber glanced around....

A woman with two children was crouching opposite him. The children were huddled against her knees. Their faces were flat and expressionless, as though frozen, and only their eyes were alive. They shone with reflected light, they were big and wide open, they swung toward the entrance when the howling became stronger and deeper, and then toward the low ceiling and the walls, and then back once more to the entrance. They followed the noise like the eyes of paralyzed animals; with animal alertness they followed something they were unable to see: the humming that might be death.

Graeber suddenly saw that it was not only the children; the eyes of the others moved in the same way. Their faces and bodies were still; they listened, and it was not only the ears that listened—it was also the bowed shoulders, the thighs, the knees, the braced arms and hands.

It went on for a long time; then, insensibly, something changed in the heavy air. The tension relaxed. The gallery was all at once no longer full of crouching bodies; it was again filled with human beings; they lifted their heads and moved about and looked at one another.

"They've flown past," Elisabeth said.

Finally the doors were opened. They walked to the exit. Elisabeth changed with each step forward, as though she were awaking from a trance. Her skin became once more warm and glowing, and life returned.

Graeber looked at her. She was suddenly very beautiful. For a moment she seemed to him associated in a strange and distant fashion with the conception of what life might be like that he too had once cherished for himself. She had it still and wanted it still as she stood there; with him it was hardly more now than an echo, lost in war and silence and blood.

They came to Marienstrasse. "I don't know why you stay in your house," Graeber said, "no matter what you say."

Elisabeth stopped. "I don't know either, Ernst," she said calmly in an altered tone. "The truth is I simply don't know what to do. I cling to the last place I was in. And I don't like to admit it. That was the reason I shouted at you so before."

"I understand that well enough. The same sort of thing is happening to me."

They looked at each other. "We've just had quite a piece of luck and here we stand and don't know what to do about it," Graeber said. "When will you be free tomorrow night?"

She hesitated for an instant. "After seven."

"Fine. I'll come and pick you up."

AT THE table in the barracks three men were playing skat. They had been playing for two days, stopping only for food and sleep. Two of them kept changing off; the third played without relief. His name was Rummel and he had arrived on furlough three days before—just in time to bury his wife and daughter. He had identified his wife by a birthmark on her hip; she no longer had a head. After the funeral he had come to the barracks and begun to play skat. He spoke to no one. He sat there impassively and played. He was winning.

Graeber was sitting by the window. Next to him a noncom named Reuter reclined, with a bottle of beer in his hand and his bandaged right foot on the window seat. Room Forty-eight was not only a haven for luckless men on leave, it was also the noncontagious sick ward. Reuter had gout.

"Any word of your parents or of Boettcher's wife?" Reuter asked.

Graeber shook his head. "Boettcher managed to borrow a bicycle. He's making the rounds of the villages. I've written to four of the evacuee camps—not that I really expect an answer, but you write just the same. And today I've been to two assembly points and tried the registry office again. Nothing doing."

Reuter put down the empty beer bottle. "You don't belong to the Nazi Party, do you?"

"No."

"Do you know Nazi Party people? Any of the higher-ups?"

"Why?"

Reuter carefully eased his bandaged foot from the window seat. "To get information. Maybe someone like that could find out what you could never dig up yourself."

"Yes, maybe." Graeber reflected. "Alfons Binding!" he said suddenly. "Of course! He went to school with me. Four years ago he had already got to be a troop leader."

"He sounds like just the thing. Try it! Or do you have moral scruples?"

"Not exactly that. But just the same—"

"Don't be an idiot. See whether he can do anything for you. What good

"Time Out in the Planting," by John Gannam. *Number 94 in the series, "Home Life in America"*

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are those fellows if you can't use them for a little job like this?" Reuter grinned. "It doesn't mean that you're going out to join the Party."

ALFONS BINDING lived in the suburbs in a small white villa surrounded by a garden with tall birch trees where birds' nests hung.

"Graeber, old man!" he said. "Where have you come from? We haven't seen each other for ages. Come in."

In the hall hung the antlers of a stag, the head of a wild boar and a stuffed bear's head. Graeber was amazed. "When did you get to be such a hunter, Alfons?"

Binding grinned. He was a short, heavy-set man with a round face and nut-brown eyes. "I've never touched a gun. Just decoration. Looks fine, doesn't it? Germanic!"

He led Graeber into a room strewn with rugs. On the walls hung magnificent paintings. Huge leather chairs stood about. "What do you think of my den?" he asked proudly. "Some of these pictures, like that Rubens, came from the same art dealer the Reichsmarshal uses."

Graeber looked around. Binding seemed to have prospered hugely. He had been the son of a poor milkman and it had been difficult for his father to send him to the Gymnasium. Now he was a commander in the S.S. and the owner of all this. "Magnificent," Graeber said.

Binding beamed. "Sit down, Ernst, and tell me what you want from old Alfons."

Graeber told him. Binding seated himself in a chair next to a hammered-copper smoking stand. His gleaming boots stood like stovepipes in front of him. "It's not so easy if your parents are no longer in the city," he remarked. "But I'll see what I can find out. It will take a couple of days. Or perhaps longer. Just now everything is in pretty much of a mess, as you know."

Binding got up and went to a cabinet. He got out a bottle and two glasses. "Let's have a drink first, Ernst. Genuine Armagnac. I like it almost better than cognac. *Prost.*"

"*Prost,* Alfons."

Binding refilled the glasses. "Then where are you living now?"

"I'm living in the barracks."

Binding put down his glass. "But, Ernst, that's absurd. A furlough in the barracks! You can stay with me! Bedroom and bath, anything you want."

"You mean you live here alone?"

"But of course! Did you think I was married? I'm not as dumb as that. In my position women practically break the doors down to get in!" Alfons winked. "They come here and plead with me on their knees. There was one just yesterday! A lady—from the highest circles as a matter of fact—with red hair, superb bosom, a veil, a fur cape, here on this rug. She wept like a fountain and was ready for anything. Wanted me to get her husband out of the concentration camp."

Graeber glanced up. "Can you do something like that?"

Binding laughed. "I can get people in. But getting them out isn't so simple. Of course I didn't tell her that. Well, how about it, Ernst? Will you move in?"

"I can't just yet, Alfons. Everywhere I've been I've given the barracks as my address for messages. I must wait and see what comes."

"Do it any way you like. But remember you always have a home with Alfons."

"Thanks," Graeber said, touched against his will. "I'll stop in here then in a couple of days to see if you have found out anything."

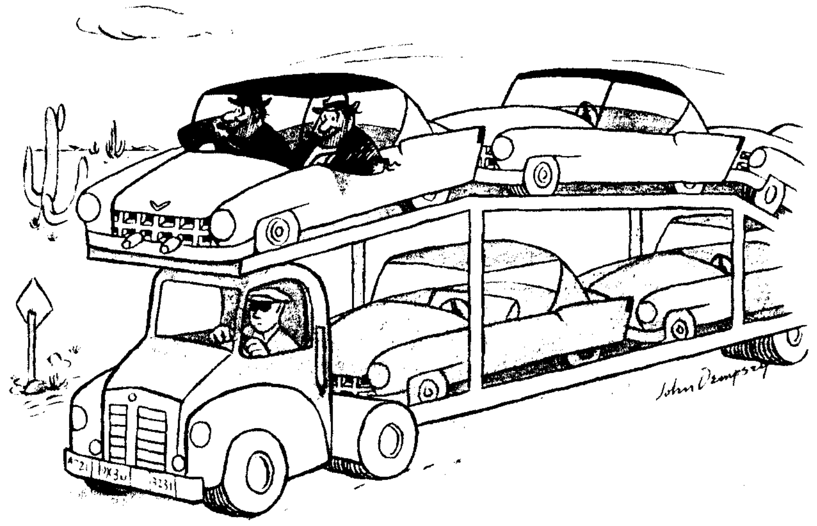
"Come tomorrow. In the afternoon. Perhaps I'll know something by then." Binding looked at Graeber. Then he suddenly picked up the bottle of Armagnac and held it out. "Here, Ernst, take this along." He opened the door. "Frau Kleinert! A piece of paper. Or a bag."

Graeber held the bottle in his hand. "That really isn't necessary, Alfons."

Binding brushed his words aside stormily. "Take it! I have a whole cellar full of the stuff." He took the paper bag which his housekeeper had brought and put the bottle in it. "Take care of yourself, Ernst. And keep your chin up. Till tomorrow."

I'm making a fine start, Graeber thought as he walked away. With gifts from a Nazi. . . .

Elisabeth opened the door herself. "You can come in without worrying," she said. "Frau Lieser isn't home. She went to a meeting of the National Socialist Women's Auxiliary."



COLLIER'S JOHN DEMPSEY

"The flatfoot brigade! That's where she belongs, too."

"It must be an important meeting. She even forgot to lock her door. I'll show you her room."

She pushed the door open. "Come right in. It's no betrayal of confidence. She searches my room too, all the time when I'm away. Just look at that!"

ON THE wall opposite the window hung a large colored picture of Hitler, framed in wreaths and evergreens and oak leaves. On a table under it a de luxe edition of Mein Kampf lay on top of a huge swastika flag. On either side stood candlesticks and beside them several photographs of the Fuehrer—one with his sheep dog in Berchtesgaden, and one that showed a little girl in a white dress handing him flowers.

"What in Heaven's name is that?" Graeber asked in astonishment.

"That's the high altar."

"Does she write her denunciations there?"

"No. She writes them over there. At my father's desk." Elisabeth walked quickly across the room and tried the roll top of the desk. "Locked!"

"Did she denounce your father?" Graeber asked.

"I don't know for sure. They took him away and I've heard nothing from him since. She was already living here at the time. She and her husband and child. They had only one room. When my father was taken away they got his rooms in addition."

Graeber glanced up. "Do you think that's the reason she did it?"

"Sometimes it takes even less than that," Elisabeth said bitterly.

"Of course. But these things in here make her seem like a crazy fanatic."

"That's what she is. But fanaticism and personal advantage often go together nicely."

"But did she know anything about your father? Or did she invent it all?"

"My father was good-natured and careless. Probably he had been suspected for a long time. He did not believe that the war could be won."

"Many now think the same."

"You too?"

"I too."

Elisabeth turned to face him. "And you have to go back to the front?"

"Yes, I have to go back to the front. And you ought to move. Get away from this she-devil. I've told you that once."

Elisabeth shook her head. "As long as I'm here my father may come back. That's a sort of superstition. If I go away, it's as though I were abandoning him. Can't you understand that?"

"One doesn't have to understand it. One does it."

She looked at him. Her pretense of courage suddenly collapsed. "I hate to come into her room," she whispered. "But I can't stop doing it. I keep hoping to find something that will help get my father out. I just wait and my hatred is like a blight and there seems to be nothing else but hatred; it is all around you and you drown in it."

"You've got to get away from here. Who knows what she has up her sleeve? Next time she'll denounce you."

Elisabeth looked about helplessly and stubbornly, as though she had been driven into a corner and was looking for a way out. "Let's get out of here. Otherwise I'll begin to hate even you—"

"Where shall we go?" Graeber asked when they were outside. "Isn't there a café in the neighborhood?"

"I don't want to go indoors again right away. Everything's blacked out and you feel as if you were shut in a cellar. Let's just walk."

They walked to the outskirts of the city. They found a bench under a couple of chestnut trees that topped a small rise. There was a view over the whole city. No light showed anywhere. Only the river glinted in the moon.

Elisabeth sat with her legs drawn up and her arms around her knees. The young foliage of the chestnut trees shimmered almost white in the moon—as though a swarm of early butterflies had alighted there.

"How black it is," she said, pointing toward the city. "Like a burned-out coal mine."

Graeber looked at her. She appeared very young and lost. He realized suddenly how comfortless her life was—the hopeful mornings, the day-long expectancy, and the despair at evening—a fruitless gallantry amid loneliness, hate and fear. "Just turn around," he said. "It's different in this direction. This way it's all stillness and peace."

On the other side the hill sloped gradually down fields, moonlit roads, the steeple of a village church and then to the blue mountains on the horizon.

"Just look at that," Graeber said. "There's no sign of war there. All you have to do is turn around and not think of it any more. Simple."

"Simple if you can do it. Have you learned?"

"Of course," Graeber said. "Otherwise I'd not be alive now."

Elisabeth leaned back. "Let's sit quietly and not talk about anything."

THEY sat in silence. It was very still. And slowly the stillness stirred with the peaceable night sounds that rendered it even deeper—soft wind *that* was breathing of the forests, the cry of an owl, the rustling of the grass. The stillness rose and surrounded them and pressed in upon them more firmly with each breath, and breath itself turned into stillness . . .

Elisabeth moved. Graeber sat up with a jerk. "What do you know about that? I fell asleep."

"So did I." Her eyes widened. The dispersed light was caught in them and made them very transparent. "I haven't slept that way in a long time," she said, astonished. "It's always been with the light on and in fear of the darkness and the terror and the shock of waking. Not the way it was just now . . ."

Graeber asked no questions. He only marveled vaguely at feeling relaxed for the first time since his journey out of Russia.

They walked down to the city. The streets engulfed them once more, the cold stench of old fires drew about them again and the blank, black windows accompanied them like a procession of catafalques.

Graeber suddenly discovered that Elisabeth was weeping. "Don't look at me," she said. "I'm not sad. It's only that all of a sudden everything is so uncertain."

"Let it be as uncertain as it likes, and don't bother your head about it. I'm uncertain too. When shall I come for you tomorrow?"

She glanced up. "Oh, why? What do you want with me? You can find gayer company than mine."

"I'm not looking for gay company. I couldn't stand it. But tomorrow evening we're not going to spend our time running around in this blacked-out city. We're going to the brightest spot in town, and we're going to dine and drink wine and forget everything for a whole evening."

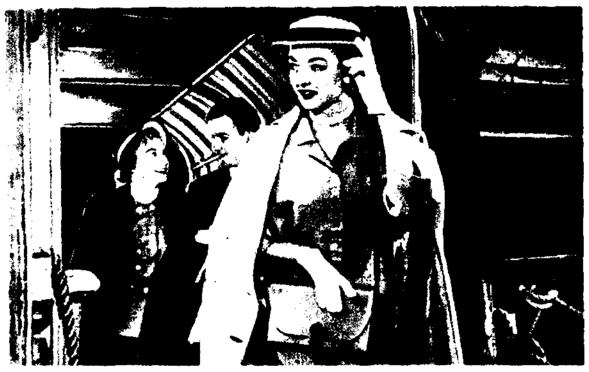
Elisabeth was no longer weeping. "Is that part of it?"

"Yes. That's part of it. Put on the brightest dress you have. We've always got plenty of time to be sad."

"All right. Come at eight."

He suddenly felt her hair on his face and then her lips. It was swift as a breeze and she had disappeared into the house before he fully knew what it was. —ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

(This is the first of four parts)



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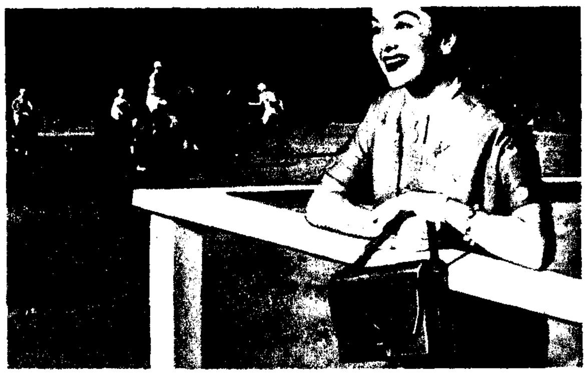

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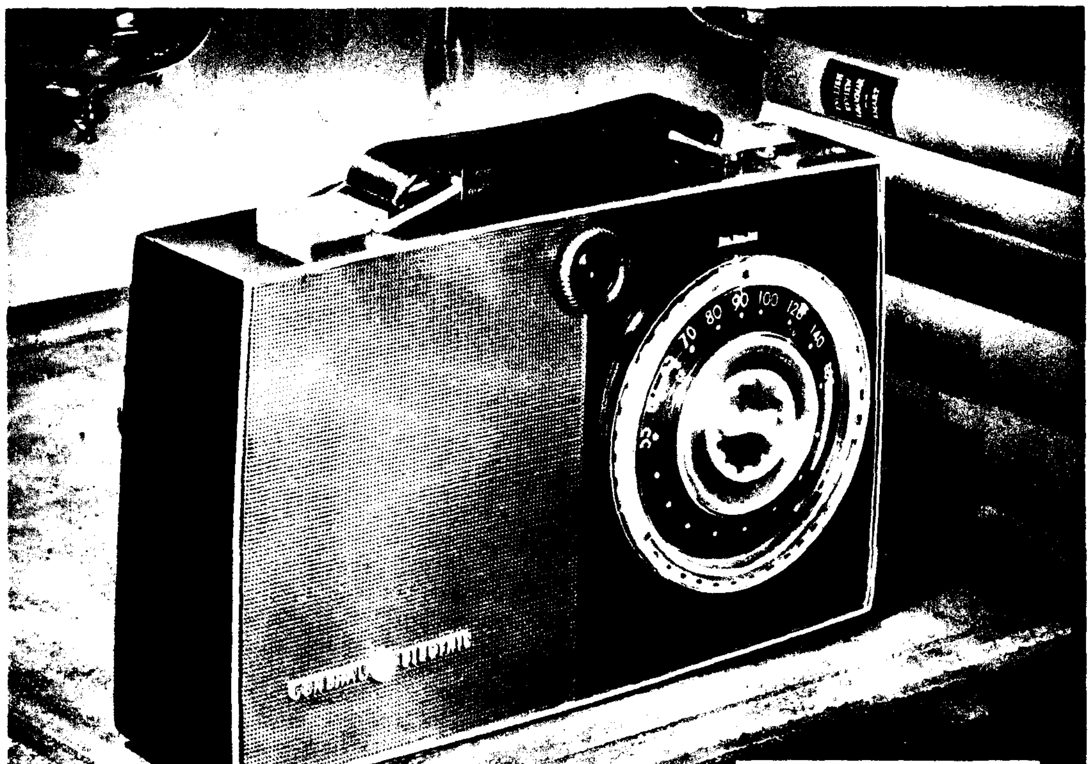

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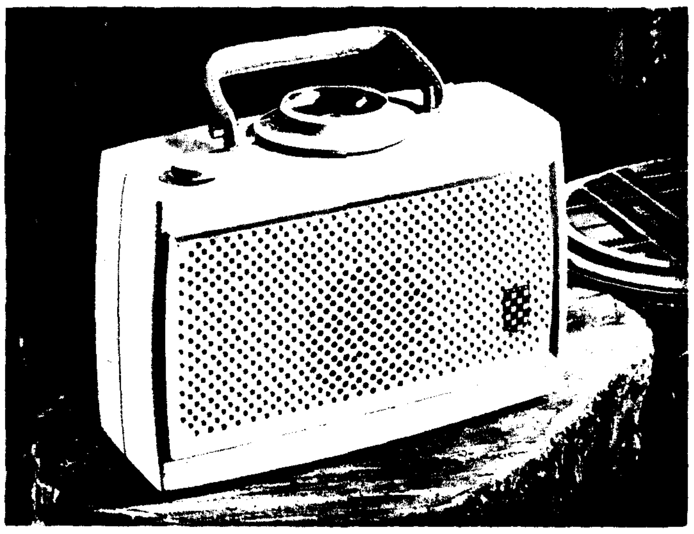

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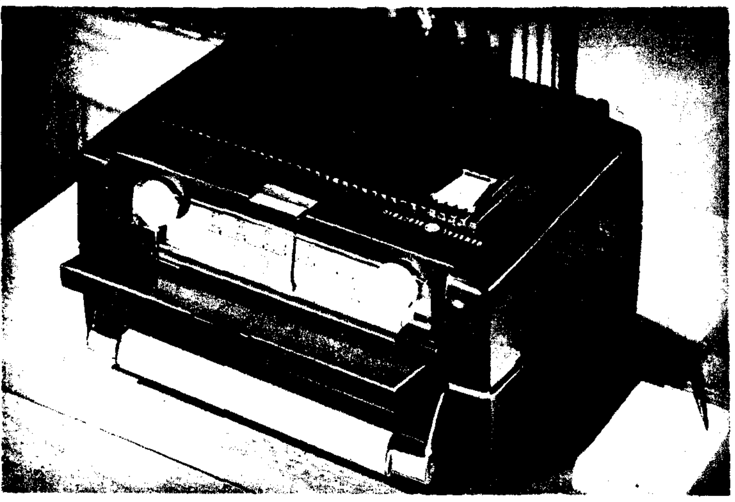

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WHY CANADIANS

We've been in trouble recently with our neighbor to the north —and our joint affairs seem headed for even stormier weather. What's bothering Canada, our best friend? A Canadian expert on inter-American affairs takes a searching look at the situation

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Bruce Hutchison, Canadian author and journalist, is editor of The Victoria Times, Victoria, British Columbia. He keeps close watch on political developments in both Washington and Ottawa, and once or twice a year visits the capitals. He has a number of friends high in the Ottawa government. Among the books he has written are The Unknown Country, first printed in 1942 and now in its ninth edition, and The Incredible Canadian (1952), a candid biography of the late Mackenzie King. He is working right now on a book tracing American-Canadian relations from their beginnings in the 17th century to the turbulent present

THE boundary between the United States and Canada is 3,986.8 miles long, is undefended by a single fort, warship or gun and is largely unmarked from Atlantic to Pacific—but every mile of it is shadowed by a mountain range of friendly myth and genial misunderstanding.

The border is not only a shining streak of sanity in a demented world; it is a fixed line between two different civilizations and two different kinds of human beings who mind their own business and seem almost identical to outsiders. Yet after a generation of unruffled and deceptive calm, the joint affairs of the boundary have been in trouble lately and are now entering a new era of complexity.

That era will see, among other developments, Canada grow to a nation of 40,000,000 people within 50 years. For the first time, the United States will find a major state, probably more powerful than any now in Europe, on its flank. Outside their own territory, Americans confront no geopolitical fact as close, delicate and vital as the future of Canada —the United States' best friend, its richest market, the custodian of its largest foreign investment and its indispensable ally, sprawling between it and Russia across the North Pole.

But the primary continental fact goes far beyond geography, politics or economics. It is essentially a spiritual fact, a state of mind. That is what makes the boundary so difficult to understand and to manage.

In the last six months, two men, as unlike as men can be, have suddenly revealed the unique relationship between the American and Canadian peoples —a relationship so subtle, so satisfactory and so generally taken for granted that neither people has yet grasped it.

Igor Gouzenko, once an insignificant cipher clerk in the Russian Embassy at Ottawa and now the invisible Canadian, with false name, masked face and police guard, broke the first known Russian espionage ring in North America nine years ago. His testimony led to the arrest and imprisonment of 10 Soviet spies, among them Allan Nunn May, British atomic scientist, and Fred Rose, member of the Canadian Parliament.

Last winter Gouzenko's second adventure into

ARE PEEVED AT THE U.S.

By **BRUCE HUTCHISON**

history angered Canada against the United States as it has not been angered in this century, shocked the Ottawa government, bewildered the U.S. State Department and compelled President Eisenhower to take a second, belated look at the continental fact.

After this unhappy and somewhat ridiculous interlude, Louis St. Laurent, prime minister and unchallenged leader of Canada, arrived in India, of all places, to tell the truth about North America.

Gouzenko's adventure briefly divided the good neighbors. St. Laurent—a French Canadian of terrier face, courtly manners and diamond-hard mind—undertook, entirely on his own, to defend the foreign policy of the United States before the suspicious millions of Asia. There was no Canadian precedent for his appearance before the Indian Parliament, where he called the United States the most generous great power on record, or for his press conference, in which he tacitly approved the United States' decision to arm Pakistan and warned India against an armament deal with Russia.

By opposite methods, both St. Laurent and Gouzenko did a useful job of work for America and the world. St. Laurent provided living proof of Canada's good sense, of the United States' good conscience. Gouzenko, or the events surrounding him, showed how far the friendship between the two North American nations could be safely stretched—showed, in fact, that Canada possesses a secret, final veto on American power.

For that reason only, the Gouzenko affair was important and valuable. Since it was widely misconstrued and generally confused in the United States, since it showed better than any modern incident the inner meaning of the continental problem, it should be set in order.

The rather tragic little comedy of errors began last fall when the Chicago Tribune published an interview with Gouzenko and quoted him as saying a meeting between him and a U.S. Congressional committee would be "worth while." The implication, of course, was that Gouzenko had some new and valuable information to offer about Soviet espionage activity in the United States.

The U.S. Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee picked up the ball and asked the State Department to arrange a meeting with Gouzenko. To Canadians, the request—relayed in a formal note to the Canadian Department of External Affairs—meant that the subcommittee intended to transfer its public spy hunt from Washington to Ottawa with television, domestic politics and all the trimmings.

To understand what followed, Americans must understand that most Canadians have looked with amazement, if not horror, on recent Congressional investigations into Communism; and rightly or wrongly, they have regarded these inquiries as endangering personal liberty and the Bill of Rights. Perhaps even more important, so far as Canadians were concerned, there was what might be called the question of taste. They considered many of the Washington hearings, especially those which were televised, as hardly more than an undignified circus. They wanted nothing of the sort in Canada.

The St. Laurent government, furthermore, regarded the idea of a Senate public hearing in Canada as an invasion of Canadian sovereignty. In its polite reply to the State Department, it said Gouzenko had informed the government that he was misquoted in the Tribune, that in fact he had no new information to offer.

Canada obviously expected the matter would end there. But the State Department, at the request of the Senate subcommittee, sent a second note. Canada replied that no public hearing could be held in the Dominion and clearly intimated that a third note would not be welcome in Ottawa. However, the St. Laurent government made no attempt to prevent Gouzenko from testifying in Washington and even offered to let him appear secretly before one or two American investigators somewhere in Canadian territory. By the latter procedure, Canadian sovereignty would be recognized and Gouzenko's new identity would be protected from his Russian enemies. The State Department accepted this compromise.

Senator William E. Jenner, chairman of the subcommittee, and Senator Pat McCarran, senior minority member, met Gouzenko in a secret place in Canada. A Canadian judge presided at the interview. The two senators questioned Gouzenko at

GEORGE HUNTER

Prime Minister St. Laurent

DAN WEINER

External Affairs Minister Pearson

length. The Canadian government concluded that the ex-cipher clerk gave the Americans no new information, but Jenner later announced that Gouzenko had supplied names and data useful for America's "internal protection." In the Gouzenko incident, everything was correct, though unpleasant. But even before the incident was settled, U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., provoked a new Canadian-American controversy. He released a confidential 1946 FBI memorandum which said that "sources high placed in the Canadian government" had turned over to American authorities information regarding the loyalty of Harry Dexter White, then U.S. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and about to be nominated as executive director of the International Monetary Fund. The Attorney General left the implication that Canada had tipped off the Truman government that White had Communist leanings. Brownell revived the case (White died in 1948) in an attempt to show that the Democratic administration had not cracked down on known Communist sympathizers.

"Inside" on the White Report

The truth of the matter was that Canada had not been involved in the White case at all. The FBI document cited by Brownell was a garbled message about White sent by a British official working in Ottawa. Brownell's breach of international etiquette and secrecy was inexcusable in the eyes of a furious Canadian Cabinet. But the final development was worse.

At the height of the disagreeable contretemps, free-lance writer Victor Lasky made a speech in Mamaroneck, New York, accusing Lester Pearson, the Canadian foreign minister, of giving information to a Soviet spy ring. He quoted Elizabeth Bentley as telling a U.S. Senate subcommittee that Pearson, while Canadian minister-counselor in Washington, had passed information through a young Canadian Communist to an espionage ring she headed. Miss Bentley had testified, Lasky said, that although she did not know Pearson personally, "he had always been an excellent source of information" in the American capital. What made Lasky's remarks even more serious in Canadian eyes was that Miss Bentley's testimony had not been made public. Rightly or wrongly, the Canadian government believed—and still believes—that the report about Pearson was floated out by members of the U.S. Senate.

Canadians regard the charge against Pearson as ridiculous, particularly since it never was backed up by any official release of Miss Bentley's testimony. The incident caused the usually cool-headed Canadian people to explode with unprecedented violence.

In their anger, they concluded that Canada, its government and its favorite son were being pushed around to serve the political interests of the Republican party. So far as this reporter could discover in Washington, neither the American politicians nor the American people understood what was under way, few ever heard of the Pearson smear and all wondered what the shooting up north was about.

The Canadian explosion was not as serious as some feverish American newspaper correspondents imagined, but it was serious enough.

The Canadian government could have struck a heroic pose and picked up some easy votes. Pearson could have beaten his breast and denied the slander. Neither did anything of the sort. They were alarmed not by the Americans but by the Canadians and the resulting damage to North American friendship.

Pearson defended the United States in the Canadian Parliament. St. Laurent started off on a world tour and, in New Delhi as the guest of his friend, Indian Prime Minister Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, publicly told India that it could trust the Americans—this on the day before the United States announced it would give military aid to Pakistan over Nehru's irate protest. Canada's good neighborliness toward the United States could go no further.

"That's the one. Make him think he selected it himself"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

Nevertheless, the forces behind the Canadian explosion, the temperament of the Canadian people and the joint texture of North America remain badly misunderstood in the United States. What, precisely, had been disclosed by St. Laurent, the statesman, and by Gouzenko, the unwitting catalyst in this queer chemistry?

They disclosed the nature of the organic bond on which North America has lived and thrived since the War of 1812. "The relationship between the United States and Canada," says a leading figure in the Canadian government, "is as warm and delicate and brittle as a private marriage. And like a marriage it must be handled with care. Every married man knows that no legal contract ever made a marriage work. No treaty or state paper or luncheon speech will make the family relationship of the United States and Canada work either. It will work, and usually has worked just this side of perfection, by bargaining and compromise—yes, and by a certain cheerful blindness to the other's faults."

But strong as it is, Canadian-American friendship is in urgent need of repair, as the recent troubles showed. First, however, it must be understood that relations between the two countries differ from the United States' or Canada's relations with every other country not only in degree but in kind.

"In the family, or between real friends, the slightest wound can rankle," explains a Canadian official of long experience in the United States. "The closer men are, the more it hurts. No man can safely treat his family or his friend as he'd treat a casual acquaintance or an outright stranger. He knows the strength of his intimates and relies on it. He also knows their weaknesses and makes allowances for them. The American-Canadian friendship is of that sort and it doesn't exist between any other two nations in the world. Casual treatment may be all right elsewhere. It can poison North American relations."

That is what St. Laurent was trying to say in formal language when he recently told an American audience that "it would be a mistake to think that the good relations between the United States and Canada are the inevitable result of circumstances, or that they do not need to be cherished if they are to persist."

Most of the circumstances referred to by St. Laurent—historic, geographic and political—would seem, in fact, to impel enmity, not friendship. Between any other peoples, they probably would have led to the conquest of Canada by its irresistible neighbor.

The United States and Canada, in short, have introduced a new principle into human affairs and made it work. But the operation is not easy to manage or even to discuss. Pearson has found, to his sorrow, how difficult and dangerous it is to be candid about Canadian-American relations.

In the spring of 1951, he decided to deliver a speech long locked in his desk. It contained one phrase which he considered obvious and noncontroversial: "The days of relatively easy and automatic political relations with our neighbor are, I think, over."

By coincidence, that speech was delivered at the worst possible moment—on the night before President Truman relieved General Douglas MacArthur as Supreme Commander in the Far East. If Pearson had known of the pending dismissal, he would have postponed his speech. He didn't know, and his words hit the front pages of the American press when the nation's nerves were raw, its people divided in fierce controversy about MacArthur.

The Canadian's matter-of-fact remark was taken by many American editors to mean that Pearson somehow was unilaterally repealing the old friendship of the border. Actually he meant just the opposite.

Pearson meant that if the friendship was to continue and strengthen, it must be brought up to date and kept abreast of events. In an older time, it could be "easy and automatic" because it involved almost exclusively the joint business of the two friends.

Today both are members of a world-wide coalition—the only really prosperous members, the only two in America. Everything of importance they may do instantly affects all other members of the coalition.

Moreover, the old isolationist American foreign policy toward the rest of the world seldom involved Canada. But in the age of American internationalism and nuclear power, says Pearson, a single mistake in Washington, political, economic or strategic, could have dangerous, even fatal effects on everybody. It could destroy Canada.

A People We Don't Understand

Under the excitement of the MacArthur incident, the American people never saw the full context of Pearson's conciliatory speech and completely misconstrued its meaning. They don't understand it today. They have hardly begun, in Ottawa's judgment, to understand the actual life and character of the inarticulate Canadian people. They accept instead a fable, built mostly by the tourist industry, because they think there is nothing more about Canada to understand.

The Canadians' knowledge of Americans, behind the fable built by Hollywood, Broadway and the quarrels of Congressional politics, is a little better, but not much. This kind of benign ignorance on both sides served well enough yesterday. It will not serve today and could be extremely perilous tomorrow.

The starting point in any search for the truth about America is obvious and usually forgotten: Canada, like the United States, is the child of the American Revolution. Twins issued from that prolific womb.

The twin that is Canada was nurtured on hatred of the Revolution. The first English-speaking people of Canada were Tory refugees from the Thirteen Colonies. Then two American invasions of Canada, in 1775 and 1812, drove Canadians of all races together. The fear of a third invasion largely produced the Confederation of 1867.

The border was not friendly or even stable until the latter part of the nineenth century. As recently as the merican Civil War, Sir John A. Mac- onald, later to become the first Cana- an prime minister, was suggesting at the British government of India unch a diversionary attack on San rancisco in case the Americans lunged orthward again.

Only a century of peaceful experi- ice could expunge the Canadian myth f the rapacious Yankee. A bulging rapbook in the Canadian Department f External Affairs shows that the old yth is not entirely effaced yet. This epressing volume contains the hun- reds of letters and telegrams sent to earson when the Gouzenko affair was its worst. Collectively the Canadian eople, who seldom write to their gov- nment, told it to give the Yanks hell.

The "mad patch," as Pearson has lled it, was exaggerated by two cur- nt facts also generally forgotten.

First, there had been no serious dis- rbance of American-Canadian rela- ons since the high Smoot-Hawley riffs devastated the Canadian econ- ny more than 20 years ago. The re- nt unpleasantness on the border rang ancient alarm bell, long silent. That ll is more sensitive than Americans alize.

Second, and mainly as a result of epublican tariffs during the early de- ession years, most Canadians are official Democrats. In matters of mmerce, they are suspicious of Presi- nt Eisenhower's party.

The President himself, however, is unofficial Canadian hero. He made instant hit with the government and blic on his first visit to Ottawa. As a ldier he showed in private conference at he had fully mastered the strategy joint arctic defense within Canada. fter his return to Washington, in the idst of the Gouzenko frictions, Ca- dian officials found that they were ing given more consideration than er, which is saying a good deal.

"The present American govern- ent," says one of Canada's most perienced diplomats, "has just stum- ed on the fact that, though the border pretty elastic, there's a line that no- dy dares to cross—not a line of ography but a line of national feel- g, exactly like the line of a personal iendship. In the second note on Gouzenko, Dulles found that line. There was no third note. As a result of this healthy experience, and of the President's new interest in Canada, the American and Canadian governments are closer together, officially and personally, than before."

Where Canada's Strength Lies

How is Canada, a relatively weak nation, able to resist the power of the titan beside it? Obviously not by its own power.

"We can resist it at the vital point," says this authority, "because, oddly enough, we have a final veto on the United States' policies in America.

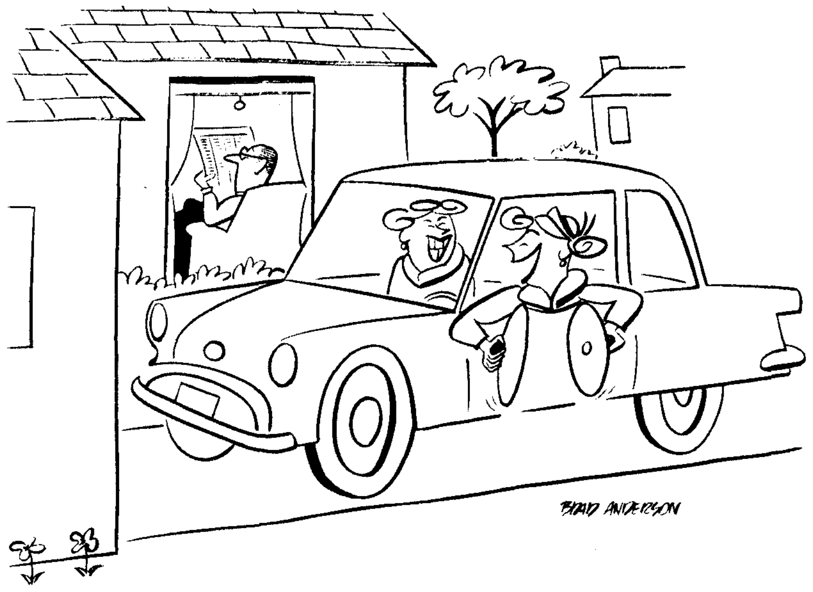
"The American conscience will never permit the United States to bully Canada or cross the invisible line. Once it knows that Canada feels unfairly treated, the United States will always modify its policy. It can't do otherwise unless it changes its whole character. Our final protection, our secret weapon, you might say, is the morals of the American people. Thank God they're sound."

Even if they weren't sound, mere self-interest and good sense, in the Canadian government's opinion, would protect Canada from pressure beyond a tolerable point. If, says Ottawa, the world suspected for a moment that the United States was mistreating Canada, its closest friend, American leadership everywhere would collapse. All the Russian libels against the United States as a greedy imperialist power would be confirmed in the world mind.

Why, then, is Canada so concerned these days about its neighbor? Apart from the abstract problems that worry statesmen, what specific complaints are lodged in the average Canadian's mind?

Canada's chief complaint, as Pearson has said over and over again, is that the American people ignore Canada or take its friendship for granted.

A revolution in the depth of South America or Africa makes headlines in the United States. Canada rarely provides exciting news. The Canadians are not an exciting or excitable folk. It is a profound mistake, however, to suppose that nothing is happening in Canada besides a business boom with its premium Canadian dollar. Cana-



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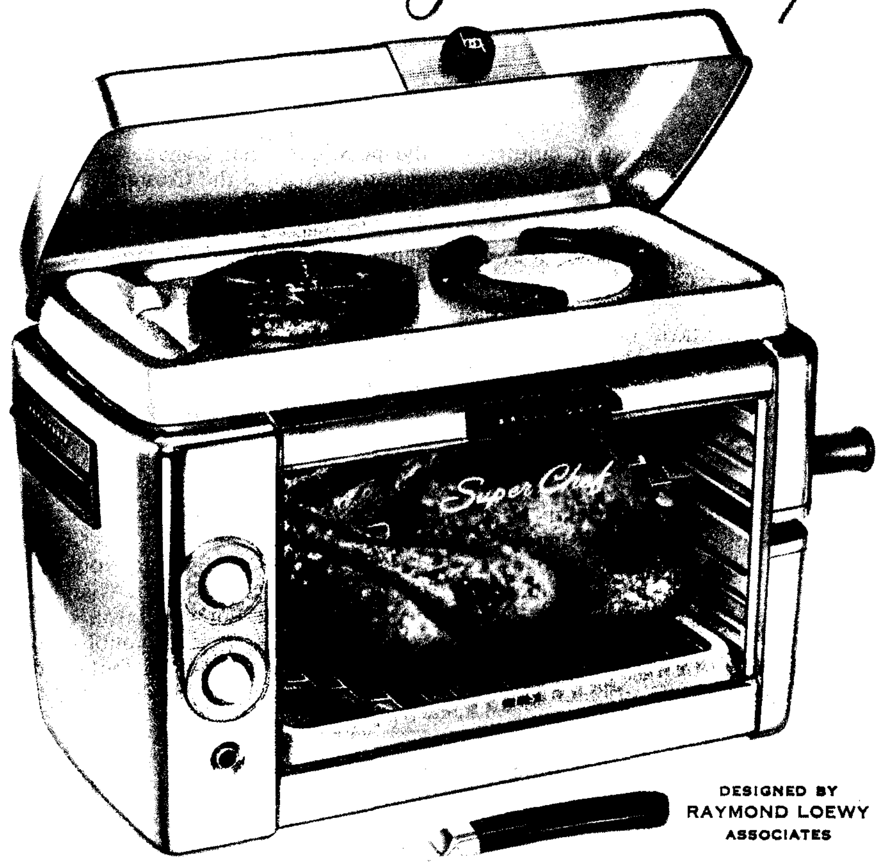

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dians would be happier about it if the Americans saw behind the boom the emergence of a separate and distinct Canadian species, the first sproutings of an indigenous Canadian culture—the real news in Canada today.

In the Canadian election last year, St. Laurent proved how little the American people are concerned about events in Canada. At Calgary he permitted himself the extraordinary indiscretion of attacking the tariff policies followed by the Republican party in the 1930s. Many Canadians were horrified at this breach of manners by a chief of state. If President Eisenhower had attacked Canadian policies, Canada would have suffered a national embolism. But apparently no one south of the border noticed the prime minister's lapse.

To Canadians, the American disinterest was more shocking than St. Laurent's speech. The incident, like so many previous episodes, showed that while Americans esteem Canada, they don't bother to listen to or understand it. By their very good nature, they offend the mute, passionate pride of a people who built a nation on little else.

An Unequal Balance of Trade

Canada also is worried about the practical problem of trade with the United States, which now buys about two thirds of Canada's massive exports. American industry and agriculture continually protest against this flow of Canadian goods. And yet 160,000,000 Americans buy far less than they sell in Canada with its 15,000,000 people.

Last year Canada's trade with the United States ran a deficit of $767,000,000. That, in comparable terms of the American economy, would amount to about $10,000,000,000. How long would the United States tolerate such a one-way bargain? How long will Canada be able to carry it?

In the light of the present lopsided figures, the American fear of Canadian competition makes Canada laugh—especially when the U.S. government is always preaching low tariffs to all foreign nations. But it was no laughing matter when the United States imposed dairy-import quotas in 1951 in violation, according to Canada, of both the spirit and the letter of the Geneva trade agreements signed by the American government. The United States, with an unequaled investment in Canada, selling far more to it than to any other market, should realize that Canada can retaliate. If Canada is worried about future trade, it thinks the United States should worry also—especially after receiving five notes of protest from Ottawa in the last two years.

American foreign policy has also generated serious disagreement between Washington and Ottawa recently. The two governments agree completely about Europe. But Canada has sided with the Commonwealth against the United States on some aspects of American policy in Asia.

Putting an infinitely complex matter in oversimplified terms, Canada fears that in Asia the United States does not sufficiently distinguish between the Communist conspiracy and the inevitable revolt of desperate peoples against the white man's old imperialism and local oppressors. "If this distinction is not made," Pearson warns, "our co-operation in this part of the world may weaken and disappear, to the joy and relief of those forces centered in Moscow and Peiping."

Undoubtedly Pearson had in mind the possibility that Canada might decide to recognize the Communist government of China over the United States' objection. Canadian policy began to move toward recognition after St. Laurent had observed Asia first-hand. In an obvious effort to educate public opinion at home, St. Laurent said that someday Canada must do business with the government which the Chinese people "want." But he did not indicate when recognition of the Peiping regime was likely. Nevertheless, if there is a satisfactory settlement in Korea, if Peiping proves its peaceful intentions, the Canadian government evidently will be ready to vote Red China into the United Nations and accept its ambassador in Ottawa.

Canada knows that it cannot finally alter and must live with the United States' foreign policy. It asks only the right to be consulted in the formation of policies affecting it, to have its views considered in advance. Pearson re-emphasized this concept in the Ottawa House of Commons on March 25th. He expressed satisfaction with what has been called the "new look" in United States foreign policy and defense strategy. But, he said, the American plan for massive instant retaliation in the event of attack made consultation more important than ever.

Finally, the Canadian government is annoyed by immigration incidents on the border. American officials have held up some Canadians, it believes, because they once may have been associated with some harmless socialistic group. A prominent Canadian woman politician was questioned because she described herself as a local leader of the Liberal party (which rules Canada and is about as radical as the G.O.P.). Washington is being asked to compile its immigration black list more carefully.

Pearson sums up Canada's bill of particulars by saying: "We Canadians claim the special privilege as close and candid friends of grousing about our big, our overwhelming partner and of complaining at some of the less-attractive manifestations of her way of life."

AL SUPERMARKET
Stan Hunt

"I've never seen any store where the clerks were all such gentlemen. It's that next car—oh, *dear*, I've got a flat!"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

Such is the Canadian side of the story. Any honest Canadian will admit that there is also an American side.

No American should be blamed too much for not understanding Canada when Canada has only begun to understand itself. The Canadian people seem to wear their hearts on their sleeves, but actually they hide all their deepest feelings from foreigners and even from one another. Their split personality, divided between love of the North American earth and nostalgia for the old lands of Europe—geography's perpetual struggle against history—has always kept them in tension beneath their calm exterior. For all their friendliness, they are among the most sensitive, proud and brittle folk in the world.

Their old and out-of-date inferiority complex makes them bridle at the slightest reflection on their country, their government, their methods or their foibles. Canada's huge production so far has not included a national sense of humor—as proved by the outburst of anger whenever that obvious fact is mentioned.

At present Canadians are harder than usual to get along with. Their spectacular boom has made them a little chesty, smug and self-righteous. Until recent times they doubted their own capacity while clinging grimly to their private dream. Now, in a quiet way, they tend to exaggerate both. Few of them have heeded Pearson's warning that "smaller countries are not necessarily wiser or more righteous than the big and powerful ones—they only seem so because of the limited and relatively unimportant consequences that usually flow from their mistakes and wrong-doing."

Typical of Canada's new-found chestiness is its current attitude toward the St. Lawrence Seaway. For many years, Canada sought the co-operation of the United States in this great continental project. But finally despairing of favorable action in Washington, the Canadian government decided last year to go ahead with the seaway without American assistance. Then the U.S. Congress changed its mind. Realizing that the seaway would be built with or without American participation, the Senate approved a suggested financial agreement with Canada. By this time, however, Canada had accustomed itself to the thought and cost of an all-Canadian scheme—in fact, preferred it. If there is any hitch in the proposed agreement, if the United States decides in the end not to participate, there will be no regret in Ottawa.

Indeed, in their current mood Canadians are inexcusably ungrateful to the United States, which alone can defend their safety and existence. They usually forget that the United States, unlike Canada, is drafting its young men for military service and carried most of the burden of the Korean war. They remember rather that Canada entered two World Wars long before the United States. They know, but can hardly admit in public, that Canada is politically unable to enforce a draft in peacetime because it would shatter the unity of the French- and English-speaking races, wreck St. Laurent's work of reconciliation and endanger an immediate draft, accepted by both races, in case of a great war.

Canadians are also irritated when they hear Washington politicians saying that Canada is one of the beneficiaries of American financial aid, when Canada never got a cent of it directly, during or after the war. They forget that indirectly Canada has benefited from the offshore purchases of the Marshall Plan when American money, via Europe, bought Canadian goods and saved the national economy in the dollar crisis of the 1940s.

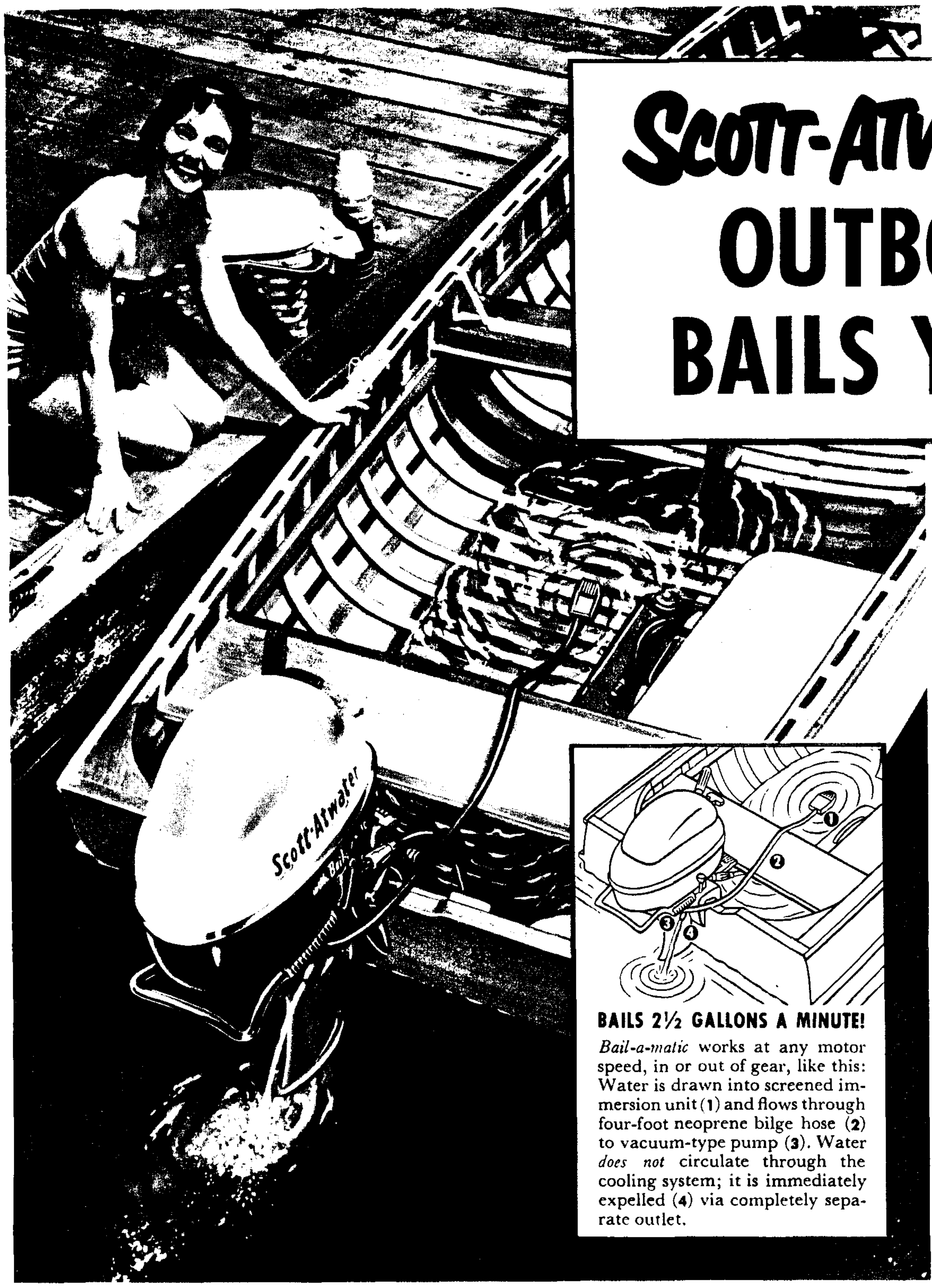
Too Much One-Party Control

While Canadians are always bewailing the American political system, are always expecting the American government to do things constitutionally impossible, they generally ignore the serious disrepair of their own system. Its two-party balance has been largely destroyed by the juggernaut of the Liberal party, which has been in power—except for one five-year break—since 1921. The stability of the government rests far too much on St. Laurent's control of French Canada, and, as the saying goes among the Ottawa professionals, "After him, the deluge."

These two nations, so outwardly alike, so different inwardly, must share and cannot escape the continental fact. Canada is defenseless without its neighbor and the United States cannot hope to lead the world or begin to fight even a defensive war without Canadian support, minerals and geography. In the peculiar marriage of North America, there are no possible grounds for divorce. As in all private marriages, the contracting parties do not live by the contract. They must live at first by instinct and, after experience, by understanding.

We are living today by instinct. Tomorrow the continental fact—perhaps the most hopeful in mankind's current tragedy—may be understood by the peoples who created it. ▲▲▲

SCOTT-ATWATER announces the OUTBOARD THAT BAILS YOUR BOAT!



BAILS 2½ GALLONS A MINUTE!

Bail-a-matic works at any motor speed, in or out of gear, like this: Water is drawn into screened immersion unit (1) and flows through four-foot neoprene bilge hose (2) to vacuum-type pump (3). Water *does not* circulate through the cooling system; it is immediately expelled (4) via completely separate outlet.

HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME is an outboard motor that pumps your boat dry, keeps it dry . . . automatically! No more tedious dipping, sponging, dumping, pumping.

It's made possible by *Bail-a-matic*, a built-in feature of *four* exciting new Scott-Atwater models: 5, 7½, 10, 16 HP. And this latest of a long list of Scott-Atwater achievements is yours at not one cent of extra cost.

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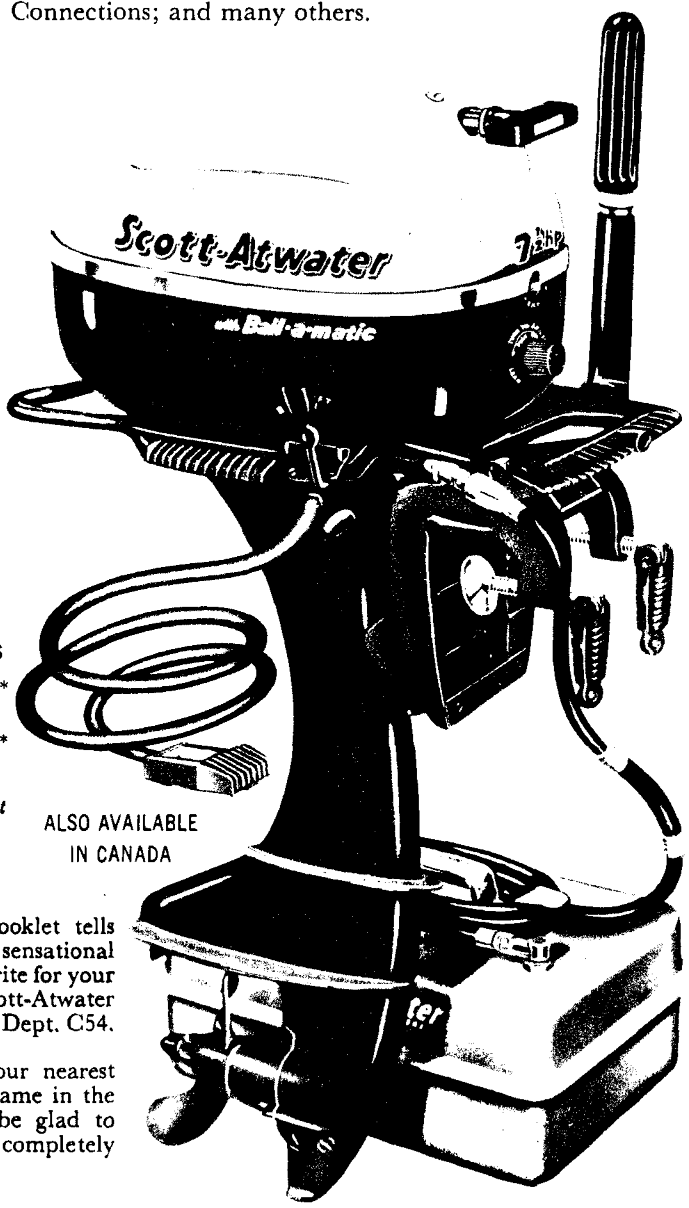

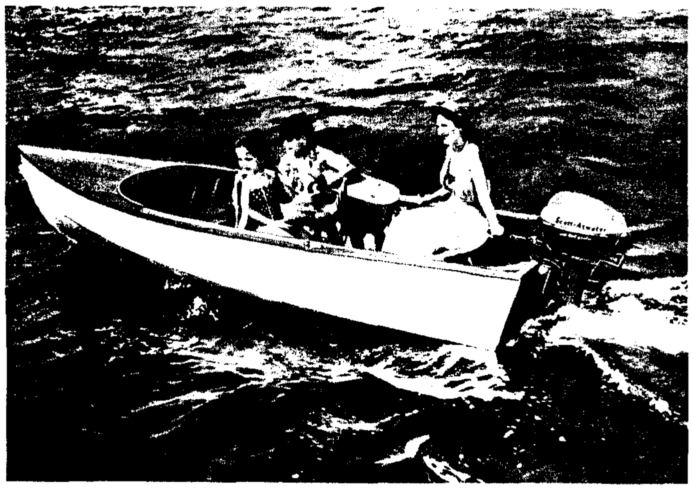

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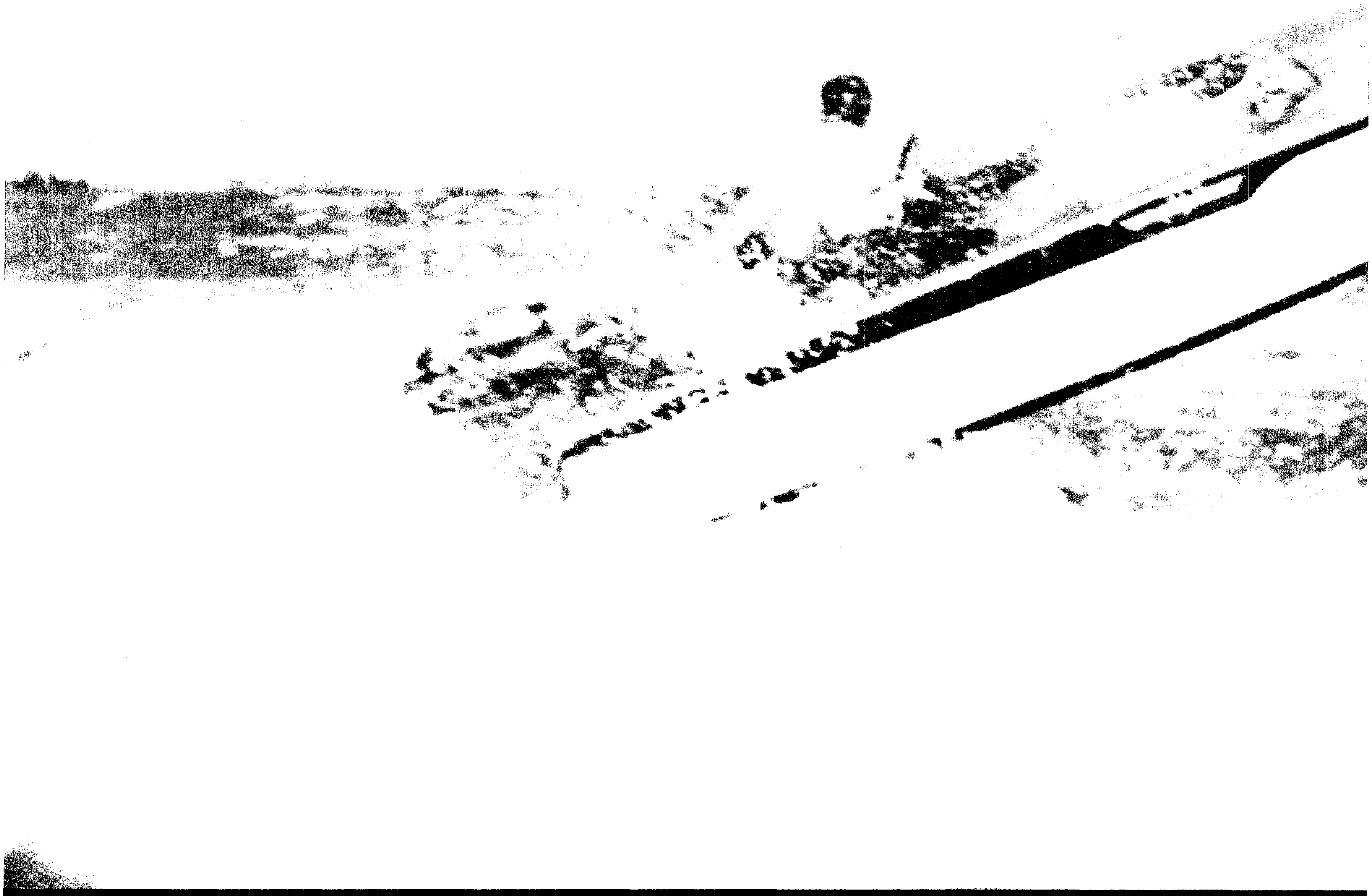
SCOTT-ATWATER ...*first outboard in history that* BAILS YOUR BOAT!



Riding the crest of America's exciting new hobby, Joe Anderson, of Sarasota, Fla., hits the high surf off Miami in a 14-

America's Going OUTBOARD-MOTOR HAPPY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER AND WILLIAM VANDIVERT

For nearly four million boat-loving Americans, the cry "Anchors aweigh!" means start up the outboard

IN KENILWORTH, ILLINOIS, commuter Frank S. McCabe drove to the Wilmette yacht basin, climbed aboard his 20-foot cruiser and headed for his Chicago sales office, 22 miles away.

Near Quebec, Canada, an Eskimo hunter and guide named Pueppuptygitwok loaded supplies into a seaworthy skiff and set off to hunt seals in the Hudson Strait.

In Prachinburi, Thailand, the Reverend Harvey Boese, a missionary, said good-by to his wife and steered his small craft out into the muddy Mac Nam Nakhon Nayok River to begin a back-country preaching circuit.

Off Egypt's east coast, explorer Jacques-Yves Cousteau, operating from two aluminum launches, directed divers prowling the bottom of the Red Sea.

In Yorktown Heights, New York, thirteen-year-old Stevie Zeleznik took two small-fry chums adventuring in his 10-foot dinghy on Lake Mohegan.

Five people; five places; five missions. Yet all five people had something in common: they traveled by water. And they all used the same means of power: an outboard motor. Like these five people, millions of Americans have discovered that the outboard motor is a versatile, handy-packaged little power plant that will get them where they want to go by water cheaply and reliably.

The whole nation, it would seem, is going outboard-motor happy. Since 1947, the number of people who have taken to the country's seas, lakes, ponds and streams in boats has leaped an incredible 129 per cent. This year Americans will spend $780,000,000 to go or stay afloat—and a healthy chunk of those millions will go to buy outboard motors. At least a half-million people, in fact, are expected to buy outboards during 1954. That will bring the total number of these motors in use in this country to nearly 4,000,000.

What's behind the outboard enthusiasm? With more people than ever before turning to boating for recreation, the little motors offer an easy and economical short cut to enjoyment of the sport. Though the prices of outboards run as high as $750, you can get one for about $150 that will serve you well if your boating plans aren't too ambitious. And once you've got even the smallest outboard tucked under your arm or stowed away in the trunk of your car, you're set. Just head for the nearest body of water, clamp the motor on the back of a boat, and you can go places.

It's an old story to fishermen. The angler and the outboard motor were introduced to each other long ago, and they've been inseparable ever since. Nor does their comradeship show any signs of waning. Of the outboards sold for pleasure use today, 65 per cent are bought by fishermen.

But in the last few years a whole new group of people has taken up outboarding. For them, the outboard is a key to adventure. They represent 20 per cent of all outboard owners—about 800,000 persons—and they're the fastest-growing band of outboard enthusiasts in the nation.

Statistics seem unimportant, though, when you consider the fun these folks have. In their boats, both little and big, they satisfy the great American yen to go exploring. They've learned that on water even the most commonplace scenes suddenly become new and exciting. They find tiny unspoiled beaches, little coves, mouths of hidden streams.

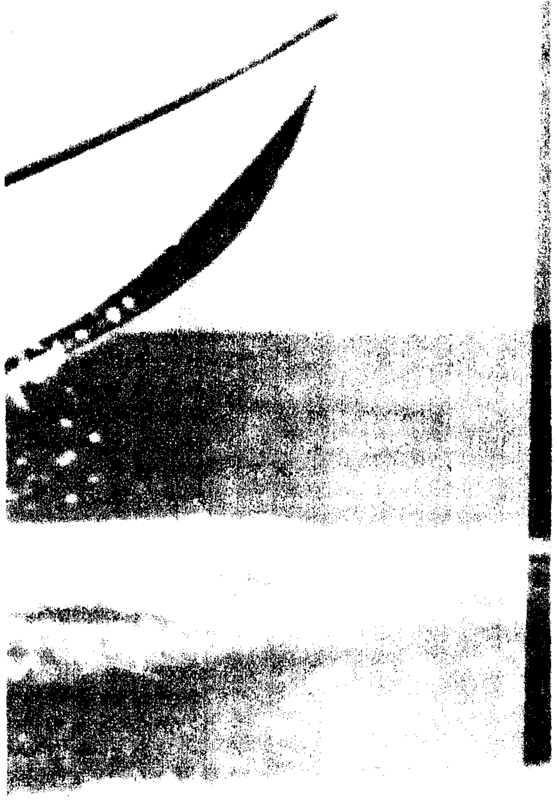
It is a special, intimate kind of exploring for which the outboard-powered boat is ideal. From the smallest pram (dinghy) to the most elaborate cruiser complete with bunks, a galley and running water, nearly every outboard-powered boat is a vessel of shallow draft. And a boat that doesn't draw much water can get into remote hideaways few people ever visit, spots beyond the reach of big-time yachtsmen.

A whole new realm of adventure thus awaits the outboard fan, whether he goes out for an afternoon's junket or takes off on a 6,800-mile voyage like seventy-six-year-old Harvey Hecker. Setting out from the Ohio Soldiers and Sailors Home in Sandusky, Ohio, Hecker traveled through the Great Lakes, down the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, across the Gulf of Mexico, up the Atlantic's intercoastal waterway, through the Hudson River and the Erie Canal into the Great Lakes, then back to Florida along the original route to make a new home.

Quite apart from the evident joys of being on the water and the excitement of exploring, as an outboarder you'll find little pleasures you never expected—the friendliness of the boatmen, for example. People seem to change when they get aboard a boat. It's traditional to wave at passing vessels. You feel slighted if somebody goes by without returning your greeting.

The change that a boat works in an ordinary citizen is perhaps most evident around New York City on any pleasant Sunday afternoon in summer. The highways are choked with traffic that inches along; drivers shout, horns blow. But along the numerous waterways of the nation's largest city—in some cases only a hundred yards from the crowded parkways—the most short-tempered New Yorker somehow becomes a humanitarian with an immense affection for his fellow man. In a car, he'd be surly and impatient. In his boat, he cruises happily along, saluting every passing vessel.

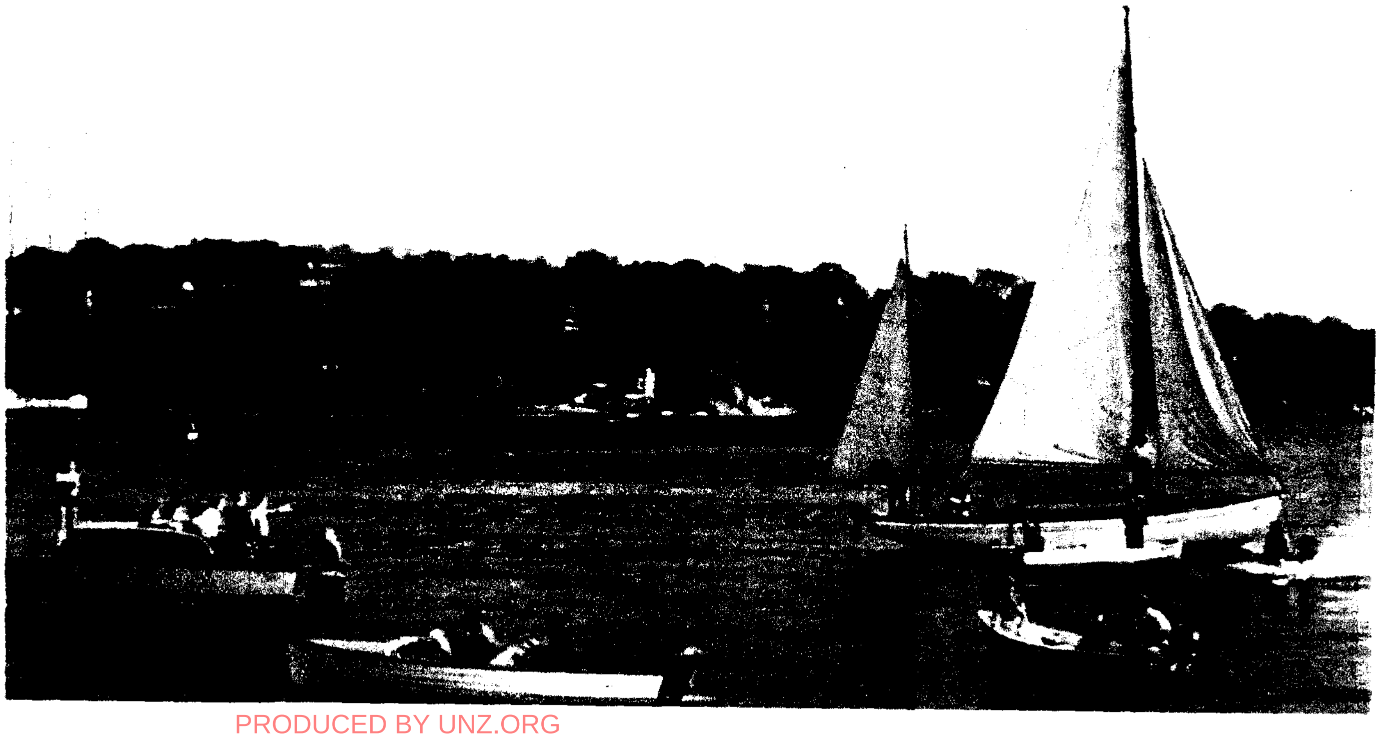
But let's not just talk about the joys of the sport. Let's go outboarding and see what's waiting for us.



about with a 16-horsepower motor

An outboard for every purpose: fishing, commuting, cruising, racing and auxiliary power

ALFRED A. [illegible]



Professional constructor Charles Fiero sits amid 14-foot kit-boat parts ready to begin attempt at record assembly job

Here's the "how to" on getting a boat and the "where to" once you start the motor

ALMOST anybody can afford to go to sea in his own craft today. Boating no longer is solely a rich man's sport. With economy the keynote, the outboard industry offers an almost limitless variety of boats and new, improved, more powerful motors to drive them.

You can buy an eight-foot pram for $100, an assemble-it-yourself 16-foot cabin cruiser for $395, an elaborate, fully equipped 21-foot cruiser for $2,200. And you'll find models made of almost every material—wood, plywood, steel, aluminum, magnesium, canvas or plastics.

You can get an outboard motor to power your purchase in just about any size you care to choose—from a $70 half-horsepower model that'll push a pram along at three miles an hour to a $750 four-cylinder, 40-horsepower engine that'll rocket a runabout along at speeds of up to 50 miles an hour.

It's only in the last few years, however, that such a wide variety of boats and motors has been available for the would-be yachtsman. Before World War II, most outboard fans preferred to rent or borrow boats—and the craft were usually under 16 feet. Of every five persons who bought an outboard motor, only one bought a boat to go with it.

The situation began to change in 1947. More and more Americans, tiring of clogged highways and crowded beaches, began turning to boating for summer recreation. Most wanted boats that would enable them to cruise the waterways economically and comfortably. The rented rowboat was too small and spartan, the conventional inboard motorboat, too expensive.

Boatbuilders met the challenge. They began producing bigger and better outboard craft—and at much less than the price of conventional inboard powerboats. Outboard-motor makers kept pace. They developed engines that embodied more power per pound of weight and were virtually free of engineering bugs. The outboard craft may not have had all the refinements of the more costly inboard boats, but they did pretty much the same job—and did it more economically.

At the same time, accessory makers came up with a solution to another problem that had plagued boat owners. They put on the market trailers costing $100 or less that would transport a craft over the road to the water's edge. The outboard fan needed only to hitch the trailer to the family car and drive to any body of water big enough to float his boat.

Yachting for the average man got still another shot in the arm when boatbuilders introduced "kit boats"—knocked-down craft that the purchaser could put together himself. By doing the work himself, a yachtsman could save as much as 40 per cent of the cost of a completed boat.

Boom in Kit Boats Grows and Grows

The first mass-produced kit boats were offered to the public a few years before the war. Most of these models were small craft—eight to 14 feet—and could be put together in 24 hours. Their popularity zoomed after the war and dozens of boat makers entered the market. New and bigger models soon were offered, and the field is still growing.

The most notable recent additions to the kit boats have been the outboard cabin cruisers. They offer the yachtsman the biggest, most comfortable and most economical boat for the money.

Outboard-powered cruisers are available ready-made, too. In fact, you'll find that a score of manufacturers sell them in all sizes and shapes. A typical model about 20 feet long costs $1,500 to $2,000 and comes equipped with two bunks, a toilet and a small galley with an alcohol or gasoline stove and a small sink.

Once you have a boat, the next question is where to go. Actually, you can go almost anywhere there's water. In recent years, America's waterways have been tremendously improved. Government reclamation and hydroelectric projects have created lakes and streams where there was only wasteland before. Most of them are open to boating. So, too, of course, are waters along the shore lines of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes.

If you have a hankering to visit some special spot, you'd best learn all about it first. A road map or an atlas will show the location of rivers and lakes. But the spot that strikes your fancy may be studded with dams or waterfalls or rapids. You won't find those on a road map. You'll need a sailor's version of a street guide—a chart and sailing directions.

First try writing the government of the state in which the body of water is situated; address the conservation department. Charts and the Coast Pilot (a handbook of coastal waters) published by the federal government also will prove useful. So will lake and river charts made by the U.S. Lake Survey and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers; they cover most inland waters.

Still another help to the outboard sailor are cruising guides put out by major oil companies. In addition to charting the country's waters, they show the location of fueling stations, repair depots, aids to navigation and the like—all valuable information if you go cruising.

Just how valuable the oil company guides can be I discovered last summer. A companion and I were homeward bound to New York City from an outboard trip along Long Island Sound to the New London, Connecticut, area. It was late Sunday afternoon, and the wind was kicking up the water. We had made good time traveling at full speed along the north shore of the Sound, navigating by regular U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey charts.

But just as we came abeam of New Haven, Connecticut, our 25-horsepower motor coughed and slowed to an agonizing chug, chug, chug. A spark plug had conked out. It was a simple repair job (incidentally, always carry extra spark plugs), but whitecaps were beginning to break around us—a little too high for comfort. We decided it would be foolhardy to stop then and attempt to fix the motor ourselves. Breaking out a cruising guide we had picked up at a fueling station, we found a little red star indicating that there was a boat basin with repair facilities inside the New Haven breakwater.

We came about at once and chug-chugged into the harbor and around a bend. The reception we got at the boat basin was typical. The owner not only fixed our motor, but took us home with him for dinner.

After you've decided where you want to cruise, you should work out how far you'll go. A good rule of thumb is to estimate how far you can go comfortably each day, multiply that by the number of days you'll be afloat, then divide by 2½. The result will show how far you can travel easily and still have plenty of time to return—with something to spare for emergencies.

Suppose you have an 18-foot cabin cruiser with a 25-horsepower outboard motor. It should make something over 15 knots. If you decide to travel about eight hours a day, you could cover a maximum of about 1,300 miles on a 10-day vacation. Divide that by 2½ and you get 520. In other words, you could comfortably cruise to a point 520 miles away and return—and still have a safety margin of time to take care of a breakdown or any other emergency.

Always remember: plan well. Regardless of the size of your outboard-powered boat, you're a mariner. The good sailor is the one who is prepared for every foreseeable event. Know your seagoing capabilities, and don't overextend yourself. Outboard-motor makers publish pamphlets on everything from safety to cruising and mechanics. Read them. In the last few months, too, a number of very helpful books on outboarding have been published. Read them. And before you cast off, be sure you have all the information and equipment you need. You'll be glad you did.

Caught in a Gale off Long Island

I learned firsthand the value of preparedness last summer while cruising with a friend. We were headed for Greenport, near the eastern tip of Long Island. When we were six hours out of New York City, a gale blew up. We were headed right into it. The only prudent course was to keep going. As we did, we encountered a large swell rolling in from the ocean. The wind got behind the swells and pushed them higher and higher. I kept a light hand on the throttle and coaxed our 16-foot open runabout along with no attempt at speed. Waves rolled down on us, broke and disappeared astern. But we made headway.

Toward sunset, the wind dropped. We opened up a little, and just about dark pulled into the harbor at Greenport. Not another boat was moving.

We eased into a slip between two towering, oceangoing purse seiners. Several fishermen at the far end of the dock came down to take our lines. They looked at the water sloshing around in the bottom of our boat and at the caked salt dried on our slickers.

Where'd we come from, they asked. New York, we told them.

"You mean you came through the Gut?" one asked in amazement.

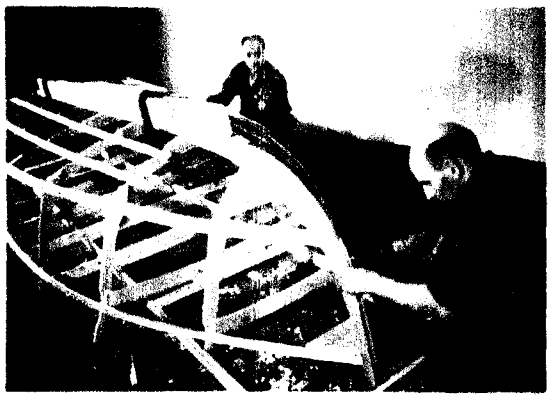
He meant Plum Gut, an evil chasm 200 feet deep in the ocean floor between Long Island Sound and the approaches to the Atlantic Ocean. Here, even in the calmest weather, tide rips heave black lumps of water four feet in the air. Large vessels, caught in the currents, have been spun completely around. The Gut is a nightmare to be avoided if you can.

Yes, we'd come through the Gut, we told him. He shook his head.

"With an outboard, by George!" he said. "That's really something. I guess you can do just about anything in them, can't you?"

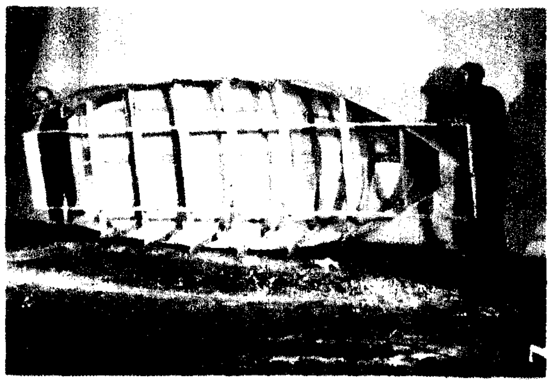
Indeed you can—if you know what you're doing.

9 A.M. Fiero starts on marathon building job by checking plans. Frames are in position



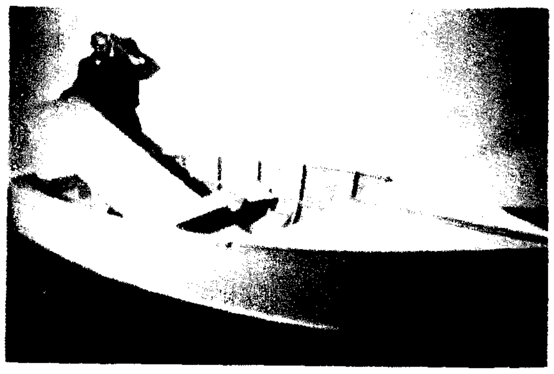
10:50 A.M. Helped by brother Al, Fiero attaches stem. Clamps hold keel during work

1:10 P.M. Planking on starboard side in place, Fiero cleans surface before trimming

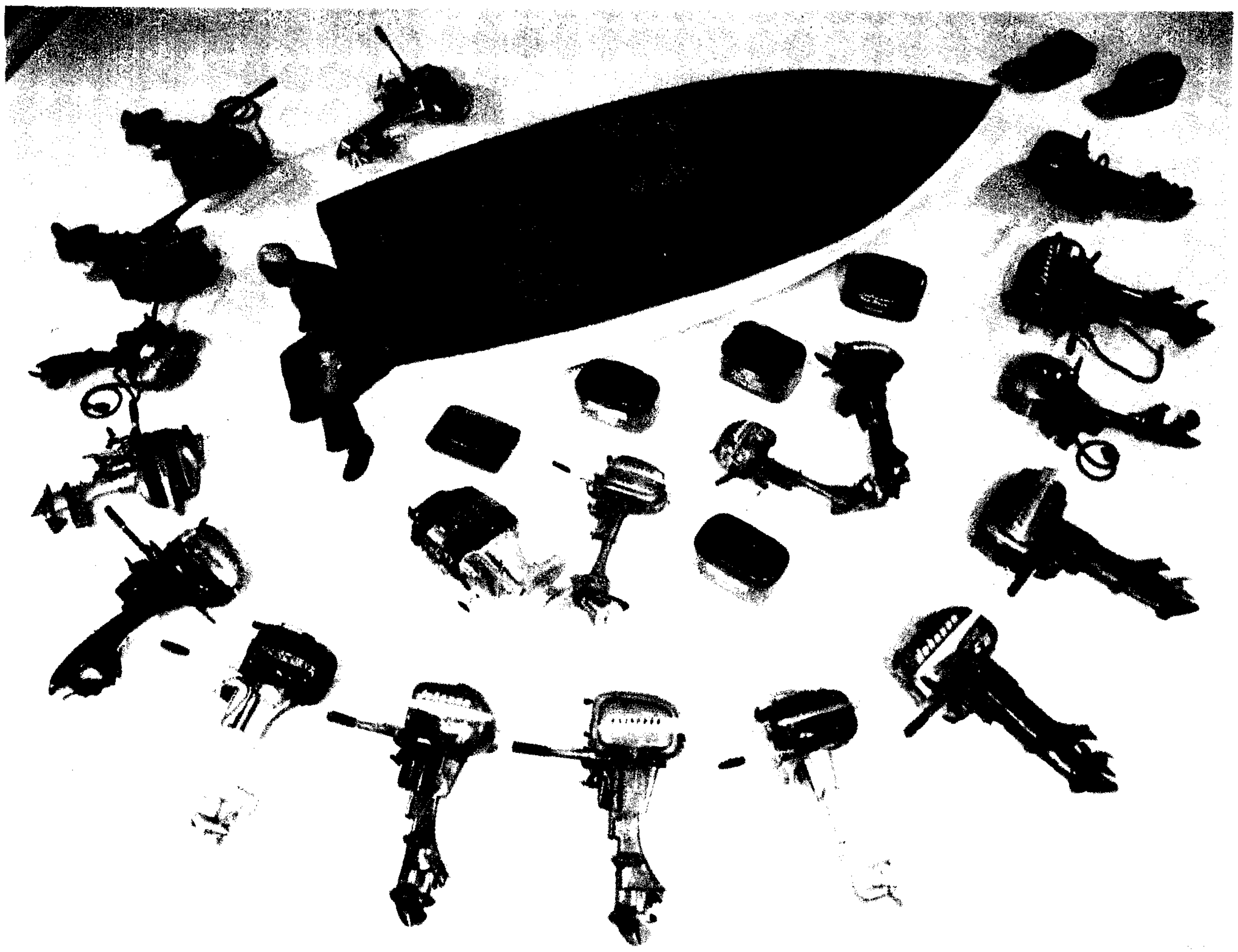


2:45 P.M. Bottom done, boat is flipped over. Packing crate serves as jig during work

3:20 P.M. Fiero fits deck. Job was done in eight hours. Average man requires 50 hours



Man with a boat. Now comes the decision—which motor? Fiero, on stern of his finished 14-foot runabout, contemplates 19 outboards, from 3 to 25 H. P. Medium size would suit his boat best



Johnny won the Jack Pot!
Mary got all A's!

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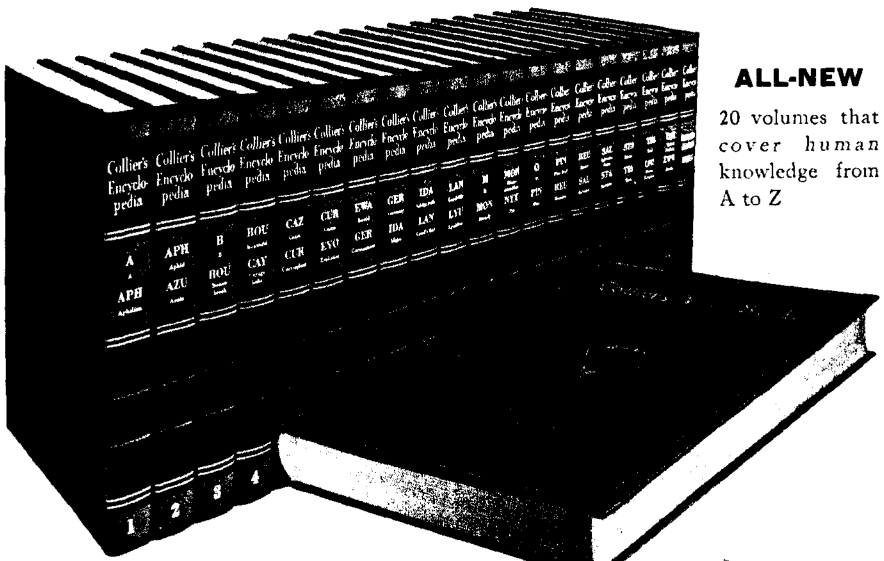
Mom keeps up these days!

Collier's Encyclopedia



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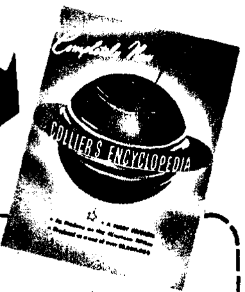


New outboards feature ease, comfort

TODAY'S outboard motor is a sleek, precision-built affair, engineered to start quickly, run smoothly and perform reliably for long periods. Actually, its fundamental operation hasn't been changed in 33 years—since 1921, when the two-cylinder, alternate-firing engine made its debut.

But, year by year, refinements have been made. Many were internal, such as more efficient valves and ignition systems. Other advances were immediately evident, such as the forward-neutral-reverse gearshift, and the plug-in fuel tank which supplies gasoline to the engine through a rubber hose and eliminates the messy operation of pouring fuel directly into a tank built into the engine itself.

But 1954 is a banner year for innovations. Outboard manufacturers produce motors with the needs of the average user in mind.

Take horsepower. In the 1930s and '40s, 50-horsepower engines were fairly common. Today there isn't a company in the country that makes them. Why? Because, for the average outboard user, a 50-horsepower motor on the back of his boat was as unnecessary as stirring cake batter with a concrete mixer. The 25-horsepower model provides all the speed the typical outboard fan wants. And if he has a big boat and hankers for more power, he can hitch up a second 25-horsepower model—a great many people do.

The advent of large cruisers, however, has created a demand for a big, one-unit power plant. It's now available. Mercury Motors this year brought out a four-cylinder 40-horsepower job that can shove a big cabin cruiser along at a wonderful clip. It also appeals to that group of outboard fans (1.1 per cent) who get a thrill out of racing.

What about noise, the characteristic sound of the outboard from which the nickname putt-putt comes? Well, comfort is an industry watchword, too. And noise and comfort are not compatible. It now appears that the days of the noisy outboard are numbered. Two firms this year introduced "quiet" motors (Johnson, a 5½-horsepower model, and Evinrude, a large 7½-horsepower unit). The power unit in both motors is mounted on springs which greatly reduce the transmission of operating vibrations to the hull of the boat.

The manufacturers of Scott-Atwater motors tackled owner-comfort in a different way. They decided to bail his boat for him. And so this year they marketed four engine designs equipped with an auxiliary pump. A rubber hose runs into the boat's bilge and, while the motor is running, it also sucks up whatever water collects in the bottom.

Finally, 1954 is destined to be a year of fewer sore backs and strained tempers. Evinrude, Johnson and Mercury all have put out motors with a self-starter. Touch the button and your engine's going. The old heave-and-haul rip cord is on its way out. . . .

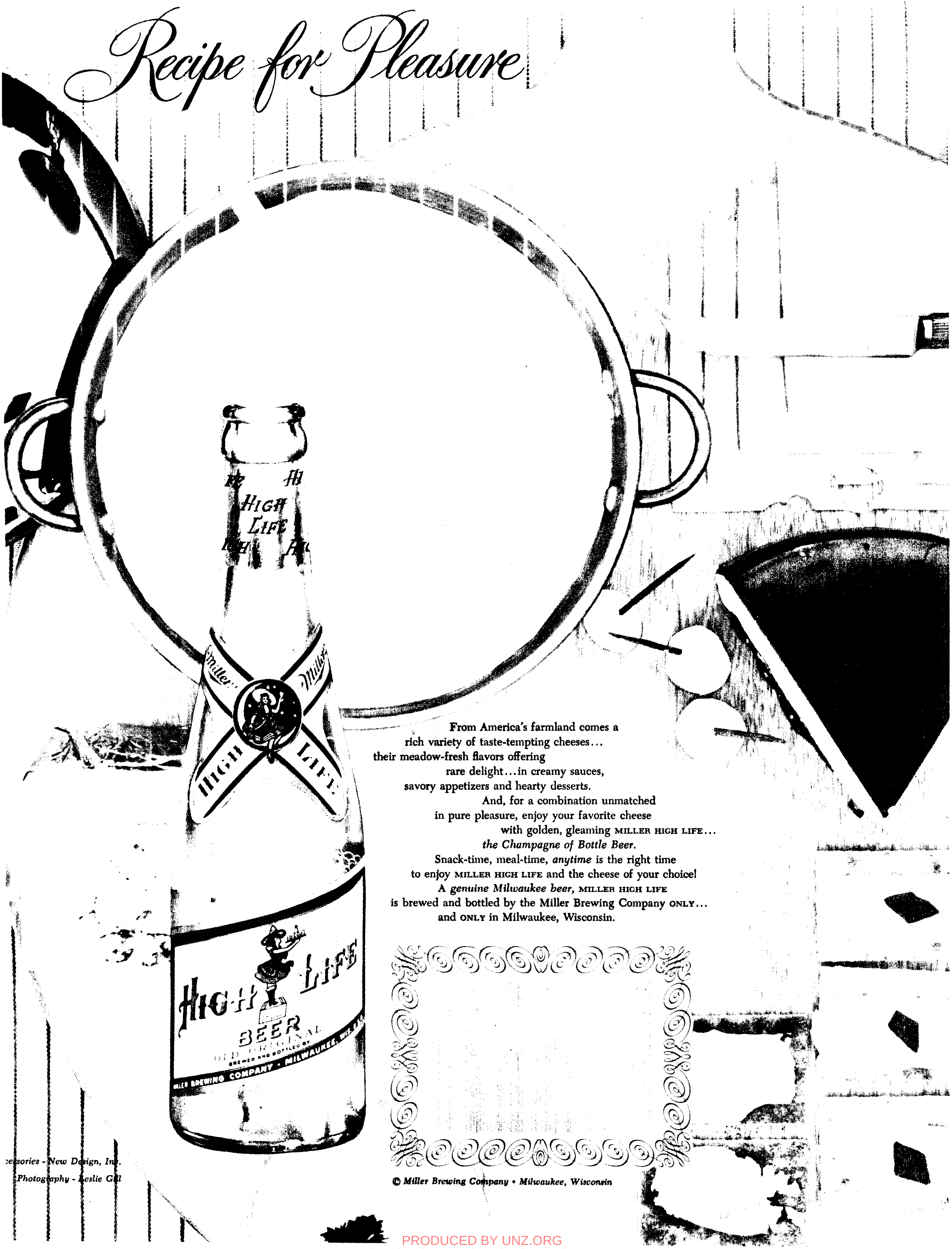
And so you're set. You're the skipper, with a boat at your command ready to take you wherever you set your course. What's your pleasure? Fishing, cruising, water skiing, exploring? Steady as she goes—and does anybody aboard recall the words to Barnacle Bill? (Remember, there are ladies present.) ▲▲▲

Slip clutch is an important innovation on many outboards. This log could severely damage old-type motors. But see what happens now . . .

. . . Wham! The propeller hits an underwater log. But slip clutch disengages the propeller shaft . . .

. . . The obstruction passed, motor churns on undamaged, powering boat forward in a haze of bubbles

Recipe for Pleasure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Snack-time, meal-time, ***anytime*** is the right time to enjoy MILLER HIGH LIFE and the cheese of your choice!

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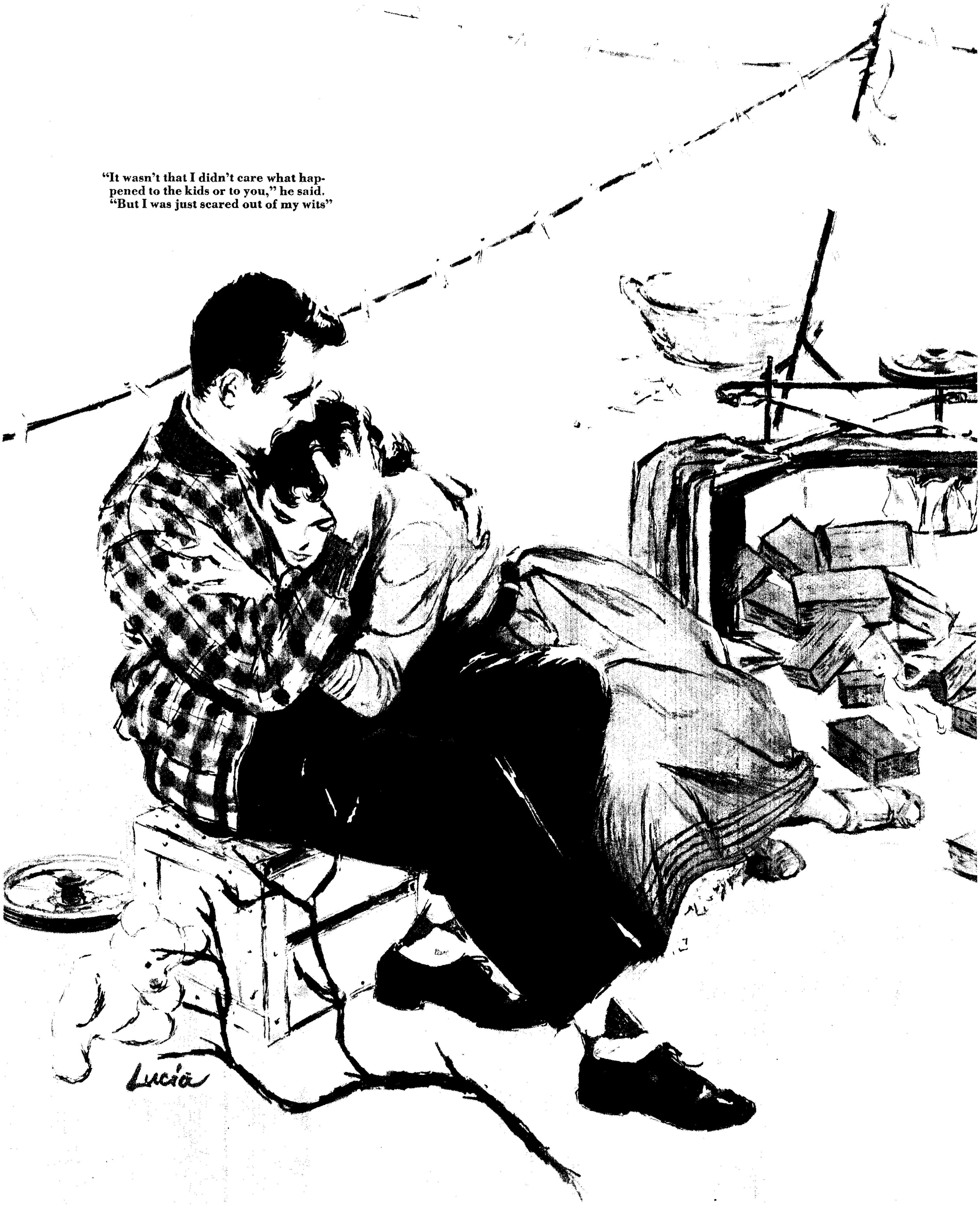
"It wasn't that I didn't care what happened to the kids or to you," he said. "But I was just scared out of my wits"



He might never get to see the world - but the world would remember him

Corbett Came this Way

[illegible] JONES

IT WAS nearly four o'clock when Dan Corbett got back to the office. He was tired, and he felt as if he had inspected half the roofs in the city for damage from last week's windstorm. He was an insurance claims adjuster, and he was thinking that there must be an easier way to make a living—like lying under a banana tree and just picking off bananas.

Miss Archer, the receptionist, turned from the switchboard when she saw him come in. "Oh, Mr. Corbett," she said, "somebody's been calling you for the last half hour. You're supposed to go to Grace Memorial Hospital right away. One of your children—"

Corbett felt a chill come over him. "What is it? Did my wife—? Which one of the children?"

"It wasn't your wife who called," Miss Archer said. "A baby sitter, I think. She sounded excited and said your wife wanted you to come the minute—"

Corbett dropped his brief case on Miss Archer's desk. He went out of the office and, without waiting for the elevator, took the stairs two at a time down to the street. He ran the block and a half to the parking lot where he had left his car.

The going-home traffic was heavy. Corbett had to fight his way all the way across town to get to Grace Memorial Hospital. It gave him plenty of time to think.

If he just knew what had happened, which of the children it was, then he would know what he faced. He could have called from the office, he thought, but that would have taken time. His wife, Virginia, needed him. If one of the children were hurt, he wanted to be *there*, not at the other end of a telephone wire, talking.

Visions of his children kept coming into his mind. Angie, aged nine, had only recently mastered the art of bicycle riding. Had Angie been struck down by a speeding car?

Or was it Hank, aged seven, the bug, toad and wildlife collector? Had Hank, in his zeal for science, met up with a king cobra? It hardly seemed possible. In the Magnolia Acres development—where Corbett, in partnership with the bank and the Veterans Administration, owned a house—there was hardly a blade of grass, much less a snake to hide under it.

Maybe young Bruce, aged five, had finally succeeded in shinnying up the gutter pipe. Had he made it to the roof at last, and fallen off?

Most likely, Corbett thought, it was the baby. The baby's name was Timothy, but they all called him Baby. Baby, aged two and a half, still wore diapers and took a bottle and was everywhere when you didn't want him, and nowhere when you wanted him. Anything could happen to a toddler, Corbett knew, and he shuddered to think of all the disastrous possibilities. Baby could have chewed on a light cord and got a full charge. He could have pulled something heavy down onto himself . . .

At last, Corbett turned his car out of the stream of traffic and into the drive at Grace Memorial Hospital.

At the main reception desk, he tried to stay calm. "I'm Dan Corbett," he said. "Is my—where do I—"

The bright expression on the receptionist told him nothing. "Oh, Mr. Corbett," she said. "Your little boy's in the emergency room. Just take the elevator to your left—fourth floor. Your wife is there."

When Corbett stepped out of the elevator on the fourth floor he saw Virginia, huddled on a bench in the corridor, her hands clasped around her knees. Her expression was tense, frightened. He wished he could spare her whatever it was they had to face.

She looked up as he walked across the tiled floor toward her. "Dan," she cried, jumping up and running to him. He took her in his arms and she began to cry. "Oh, Dan, Dan," she sobbed. "It's my fault, it's all my fault. I never should have—"

He held her off at arm's length. "Virginia. What happened? Who's hurt? Tell me, darling!"

She was crying too hard to talk. Corbett held her close again. This was his wife, the mother of his children, and he loved her. Whatever it was, he wouldn't let her blame herself.

A DOOR marked *Emergency* swung open and a nurse stepped out. She was carrying Baby. Baby's face was fire-red, as though he had been screaming for weeks, but his body was limp. He looked as if he had been through a couple of washing machines.

The nurse said, "Anybody want a little boy?"

Corbett and Virginia both held out their arms. Corbett took him, and he looked down at his son and there was a large lump in his throat. The relief was so great that his knees began to tremble.

An intern in a white coat came out of the emergency room. "Some kid you've got there. Muscles like John L. Sullivan. He sure objected to the stomach pump. But he's all right now. He's okay. You can take him home."

Corbett looked at Virginia. He said, "What was it? What happened?"

But before Virginia had a chance to speak, the intern said, "Just a suggestion, but you might sign him up for Alcoholics Anonymous. You never can tell in these cases." And then he laughed.

Very funny, Corbett thought, looking at Virginia again. Her face was suddenly as red as Baby's.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Dan, you're going to want to shoot me for all this. It—it was denatured alcohol. I use it in the chafing dish. I had it in a soda-pop bottle because it pours better that way—"

Corbett stared at her for a moment. He could smell the alcohol now. "Virginia," he said finally, "even the kids would have better sense than to put something like that in a pop bottle! That's just asking for trouble."

He carried Baby into the elevator and Virginia followed him. It seemed to him that the laughter of the intern and the nurse trailed them down the elevator shaft.

ALL the way home to Magnolia Acres, Corbett maintained an injured, half-angry silence. Virginia was quiet too, and Baby, sitting on his mother's lap, was the quietest Corbett had ever seen him.

At the last stop light, Virginia spoke. "Dan, I'm awfully sorry. I really am. I know it makes me look like a careless mother. I try to think of everything, and I know it wouldn't have happened if I'd been there. But I thought sure Susie would watch—"

"Susie?" Corbett asked. "Who's Susie?"

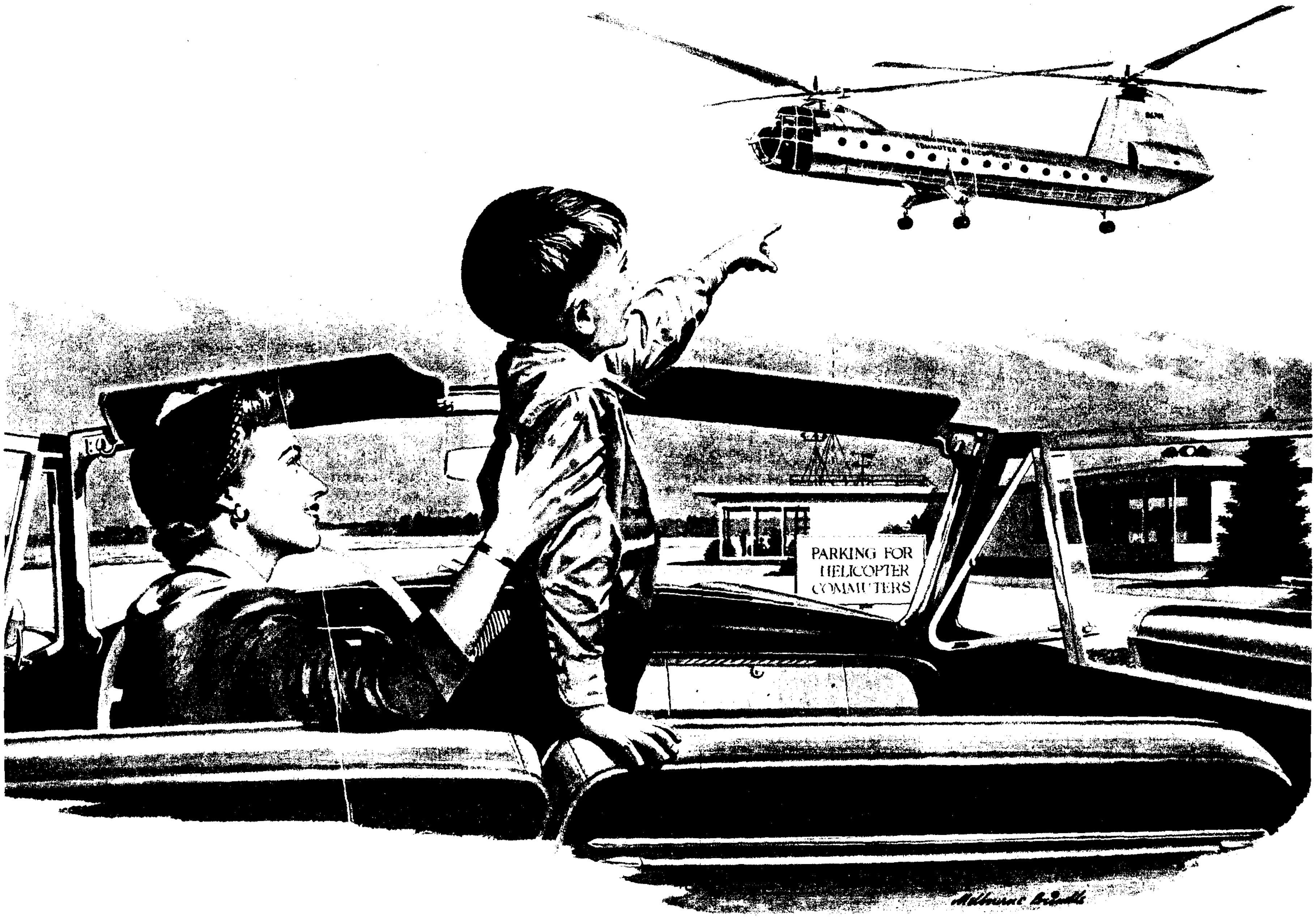
"She's the daughter of that new family that moved in down the street last week. She's fifteen. I—I had her sit with the children a little while this afternoon, while I was out."

"Out?" Corbett said, shifting gears. There were strange goings on in his household—not that he objected to Virginia going out, but she usually told him. This was the first he knew that she had had plans for today.

"Yes," Virginia said. "I had to go downtown for something." She took a deep breath. "Anyway, when I got home, Susie was reading a comic book in the living room and Baby was in the dining room. He was lying on the floor, and I thought for a moment he was dead. Then I saw the empty pop bottle. That's how it happened. Susie's still there, with the other children. I called the hospital and they said he'd better get it out of his stomach fast, so I had Susie call you and I took Baby to the hospital in a taxi. I was scared, Dan, but I told Susie not to say what it was because I knew Miss Archer always listens in, and—"

The gravel of the not-quite-finished streets of Magnolia Acres crunched under the tires. They were almost home. Corbett wished that he were Humphrey Bogart floating down an African river in a boat that was all his. He wished that the green stretches of the African veld were spread

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIA



The 'copters are coming—

and thanks, in part, to Nickel they're stronger and safer than ever

HELICOPTERS can take off and land in a space not much bigger than their rotor blades.

Largely because of this, these whirlybirds are going to be called upon to handle a great deal of short-haul traffic between cities 250 miles or less apart, in the next decade or so.

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out on either side of him. He longed to hear the shrill cry of a hyena, or the roar of a hungry lion.

It wasn't that he didn't love Virginia, that he wouldn't lay down his life cheerfully for any one of his children. It wasn't that he didn't want to be a husband and father; it was just that he was so awfully *much* a husband and father.

He turned the car into their own drive, and Baby sat up in Virginia's arms. "Hungry," he said. "Hungry. Want supper."

Virginia hugged him. "You'll get supper, darling. We're home, Baby."

CORBETT got out of the car. He took Baby from Virginia and they went inside. A girl in blue jeans, who he knew must be Susie, came into the hall. She looked pale and frightened. She said, "Is everything all right, Mrs. Corbett? I—I hope you're not mad. I didn't know—"

Corbett noted that she was still carrying a comic book. He took over. He said, "It's all right, Susie. How much do we owe you?"

Susie rolled her eyes as she did the mental arithmetic. "It's sixty-five an hour, Mr. Corbett, and I've been here since two. But I don't know if I should—"

Corbett held out a bill and some change to her. "This all right?"

"Oh, thanks, Mr. Corbett," Susie said. "And I'm really awfully sorry. I thought he was playing with his blocks. I never dreamed—"

A baby playing with blocks makes a different noise from a baby drinking denatured alcohol that didn't have any business being in a soda-pop bottle, Corbett thought, but there wasn't much use saying so. Susie might learn someday, and then again she might not. All he knew was that this was the last time Susie was going to stay with *his* kids.

Virginia had gone on out to the kitchen, and Corbett followed her there, not because he was hungry, but because in their house, with a family like theirs, the kitchen seemed the most important place.

The children had wandered into the kitchen too. Angie was eating peanut butter with a spoon, licking the spoon and then putting it back into the jar. Virginia had put Baby in his high chair, and without looking at Angie, she said, "Don't *do* that, Angie. It isn't sanitary and, besides, it's almost suppertime."

Virginia would have known the baby was into something he shouldn't be, Corbett thought. She took care of the children by sound as much as by sight. Many a time, he had seen her cock her head, when the children were out of sight, and call sharply, "Bruce, stop climbing on that chiffonier." It was almost as if she could see through walls.

But she had to get out once in a while, Dan knew. She was awfully much a parent too—he realized that. What made him feel so righteously injured now was that he didn't know why she'd had to go out so suddenly this afternoon—so suddenly that she couldn't get Mrs. Miggs, their regular sitter, and had to take Susie. If that girl ever married and had children of her own, Dan thought, she'd need a Geiger counter and radar to keep her children out of trouble.

Bruce had come into the kitchen too. He was pulling out the drawers of a cabinet, making a series of steps, so that he could reach the top shelf where Virginia kept the cookies. Corbett lifted him down and said, "Not now. They'll spoil your supper."

Hank was sitting at the kitchen table admiring an empty mayonnaise jar. Suddenly, Corbett noted that the jar wasn't empty. There was a black, coiled, wiggly object inside, about six inches long and as big around as a pencil.

So there *were* snakes in Magnolia Acres. "Get that out of here," Corbett commanded. If Virginia realized—

"He's going to keep it on the back porch," Virginia said. "It's only a baby garter snake. I looked it up in a book. Maybe Hank's going to grow up to be a great explorer." She was spooning cereal into Baby's mouth and after every spoonful or so she would go to the stove and stir something in a pan.

Yes, Corbett thought, maybe Hank would grow up to be a great explorer. Well, his father could give him some advice. He could say: Now, son, take it from one who knows. If you want to see the African veld, take a look at the Taj Mahal, watch the moon come up over the chimney pots of Paris—well, son, make up your mind you'll never get married. You can't seem to have both—unless you marry a lady explorer, of course.

"Dan," Virginia said, suddenly putting her hand up to her head, "Dan, could you take over for a minute? I—I feel a little sick."

"Sure," he said. He had helped take care of so many babies that he could do it in his sleep. Virginia went in the direction of their bedroom, and Dan finished giving Baby his cereal. "Son," he said, as he wiped Baby's mouth afterward, "you sure smell like a lost week end. I hope you learned a lesson you'll never forget. Women can't be understood. They never learn they're the only ones who seem to be able to judge the contents by the bottle."

Virginia came back in a few moments. Angie was persuaded to set the table, and Corbett helped Virginia serve the plates. They ate spaghetti and applesauce and chocolate cookies, and Corbett thought about those magazine advertisements that show explorers, having killed a lion or two, sitting down to a meal at the campsite—a meal of lion steak and Scotch-on-the-rocks.

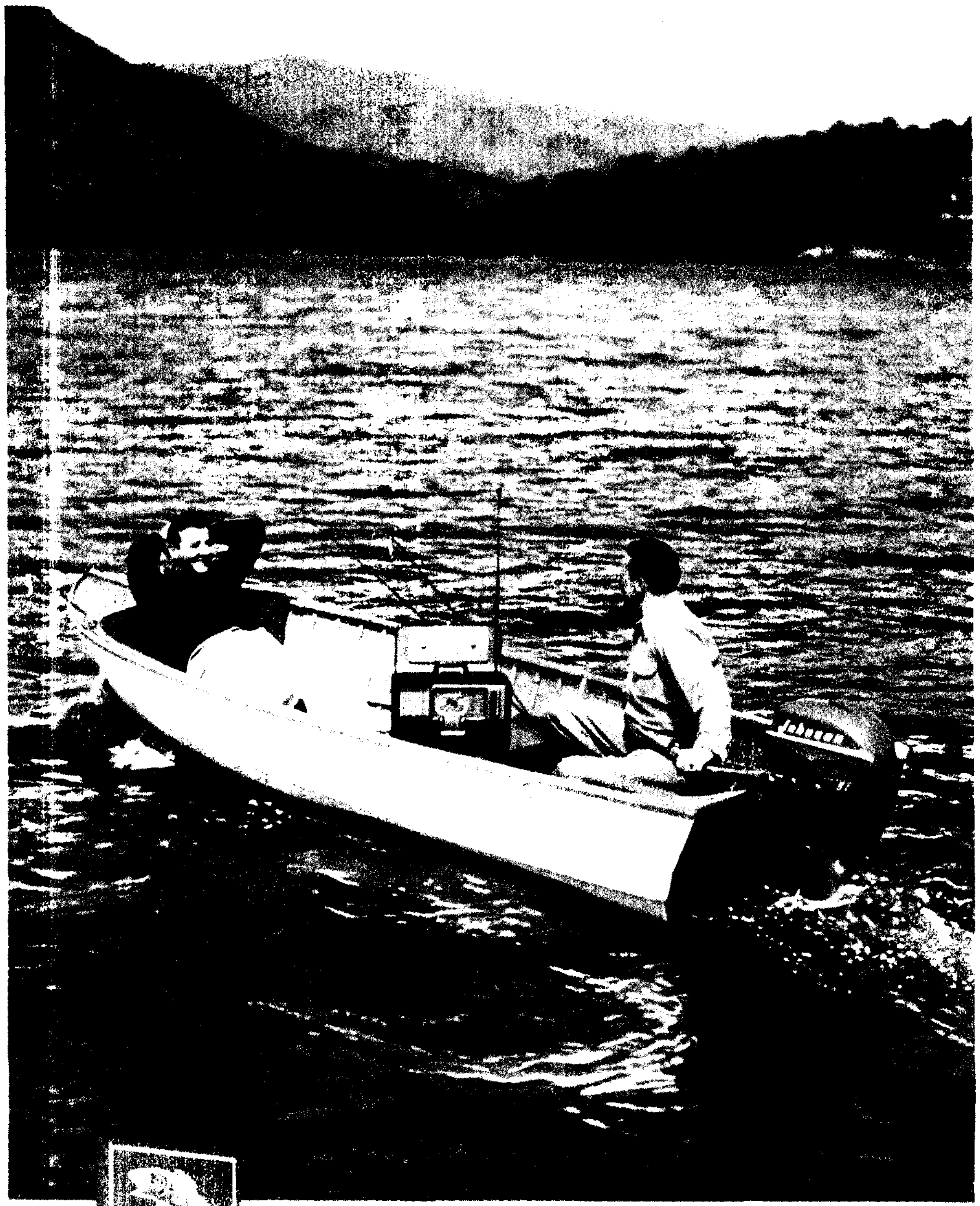
AFTERWARD Angie gave Virginia reluctant assistance with the dishes while Corbett bathed Baby and put him to bed. Hank and Bruce went outside to play until bedtime.

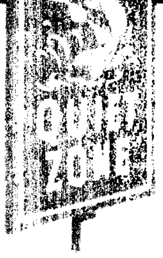
Baby went right off to sleep. Usually he was a last-ditch fighter, but tonight he was too beat to argue. Corbett stood for a moment looking down at his youngest son, remembering how scared he'd been before he found out that Baby was all right, and how mad he was when he'd discovered what it was that Baby had drunk. Did all the guys here in Magnolia Acres go through days like this sometimes, he wondered—days when they felt that they were sinking in a bog of applesauce and spaghetti, suffocating under layers and layers of diapers?

He went back to the kitchen and found that Angie had gone outside to play too. Virginia was just finishing up. She said, "The trash is ready, Dan."

He took the trash container outside, to what in the Magnolia Acres prospectus was termed "a spacious outdoor living space." It might be spacious for a mouse, Corbett often reflected, but for a family of six . . .

The trash burner was at the outer





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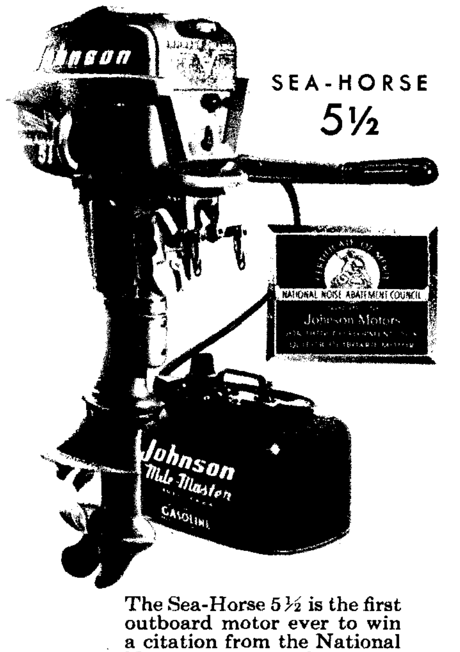

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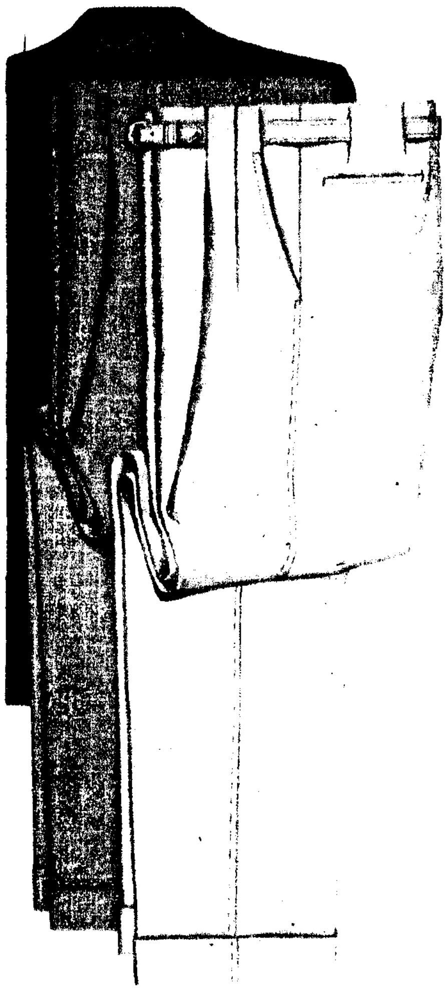


Diploma-Time Gift Tip . . .

Eddie Mathews says: DOUBLE THE GRADS SUMMER WARDROBE

Mix and Match Haggar Slacks with his Sport coats and Sport shirts.

EDDIE MATHEWS, sensational young Milwaukee 3rd baseman.

HAGGAR Slacks

For dress-up, two pairs of Haggar Slacks, plus a sport coat, gives the Grad two smart outfits for the price of one. For leisure ease, he'll enjoy wearing them with sport shirts — have still more outfits!

Illustrated: Haggar Slacks in Shanghai weave (Rayon Linen-like fabric) $6.95
Other Haggar Slacks . . . . . . $6.95 to $15.95

HAGGAR COMPANY, DALLAS

edge of the yard. Corbett dumped the trash and set fire to it. The papers caught and illuminated the Corbett lawn as if with powerful searchlights: the sandpile, strewn with empty coffee cans and mixing spoons; the clothesline, with diapers fluttering bravely; the old baby carriage, which Baby was too big for now, on its side and spilling bricks that Bruce must have put in it; an orange crate that the kids had used for playing store.

Corbett upended the orange crate and sat on it. He always watched until the trash fire was safely out.

The sun was down now, and in the half-light the houses of Magnolia Acres had a flat, cardboard look. They stretched as far as the eye could see, and Corbett knew instinctively that in each one, practically the same situation existed. The dishes were cleared, the children would soon be sent to bed, and the wife and mother, faced with her first real leisure of the day, was too tired to enjoy it. The husband and father—to whom the days of the calendar were but due dates of mortgage payments, insurance premiums and household bills—was discouraged by the treadmill of domesticity.

Corbett was thirty-three. By the time Baby was through college, he would be fifty-three. Maybe then, he thought, he and Virginia could take off and explore the world a little—if they had any money, if they were not too tired to move their feet.

Virginia came outside then. Corbett got up off the orange crate and turned it sideways, so they could both sit down, if they sat gingerly.

IN THE light from the trash fire, he saw that Virginia's face was white and tired. Her hair, which she'd worn long and shiny and waved when they were married ten years ago, was cut short, not for fashion but for expediency. His heart seemed to turn over when he looked at her; he had meant to give her so much: mink coats and convertibles, theater dates, and dinners by candlelight in the right kind of restaurants. He felt inadequate.

Virginia said, "I'll just sit down a minute before I call the children in. It stays light so long . . ." She rubbed her hands on her knees. "Dan, I—I'm sorry about today. I know it seemed unnecessary to you, but I guess it's just one of those crises that come up, no matter how careful you think you are."

Corbett gazed into the fire. "I know," he said. "I guess I acted kind of unsympathetic or something. But it wasn't that, Virginia. It wasn't that I don't care what happens to the kids or to you. I care plenty—you know that. I was scared out of my wits when I got the message. I got there as fast as I could."

He took a breath. The Taj Mahal was very beautiful in the moonlight, they said. Africa gave a man a sense of timelessness, of being part of the mystery of life.

"But this is how it was, Virginia. I'd been out looking at roofs all day. Every damn' roof in town, almost, is minus a shingle. Some of them came off in the storm, some of them didn't. You get tired of arguing, of trying to find out the truth. It seems such a crummy way to try to cheat. And then I came back to the office and got the scare of my life. I got to the hospital and found my kid was having his stomach pumped. It could have been lye or bug killer or permanent-wave lotion. But it was alcohol that shouldn't have been in a soda-pop bottle, for crying out loud!"

Virginia sighed. She sounded as if she were just about to cry. "I know," she said. "It seemed so—so unnecessary. It's a little late, I guess, but I promise I'm never going to put anything in the wrong bottle, ever again."

They were silent a moment. The fire was about to die down. And then Virginia said, "I haven't told you why I wasn't here this afternoon. What happened just makes it harder—"

Corbett shook his head impatiently. "Listen, Virginia," he said, "I'm not your jailer. You don't have to account—"

"I have to tell you," she said. "I went to the doctor. I was hoping that maybe—well, anyway, what I mean is" —she pointed to the baby carriage with its load of bricks— "I wasn't wrong. We're going to have to use that again." She began to cry. "No sense buying a new one. They never stay in it very long."

It really should have been no surprise, Corbett thought. He looked down at his hands and flexed them absently. He wouldn't be fifty-three when he got the last one through college; he'd be fifty-five at the earliest. And you never could tell . . .

He raised his head. Beside him, Virginia was sobbing quietly. He laughed a little, experimentally, to see how it felt. "We're going to have to stop calling Timothy Baby," he said. "It's time for him to move over."

And then he laughed, a real laugh. He turned to Virginia and put his arm around her. She leaned against him. "Why, honey," he said, "what are you crying about? I think it's wonderful."

Virginia stopped crying. She said, "You mean that. You really mean that. You really don't mind." And then she went on in a rush of words that he knew she had been waiting to say, waiting for him to let her say. "Oh, Dan," she said, "I know how hard everything is these days. I know you get tired, and it seems never to end, the worry and the money and the tiredness, and I was going to try to break it gently. I thought maybe you and I would have dinner later, by ourselves, after the children were in bed. But then when all that happened this afternoon, I didn't have time. I didn't feel like any extra effort . . ."

Corbett held her closer. He kissed her, and then he looked up and over her head. He saw the roofs of all the houses exactly like theirs, the flat, treeless back yards where grass seldom grew because so many children walked on it; and suddenly, he felt powerful and strong and ten feet tall. He kissed her again.

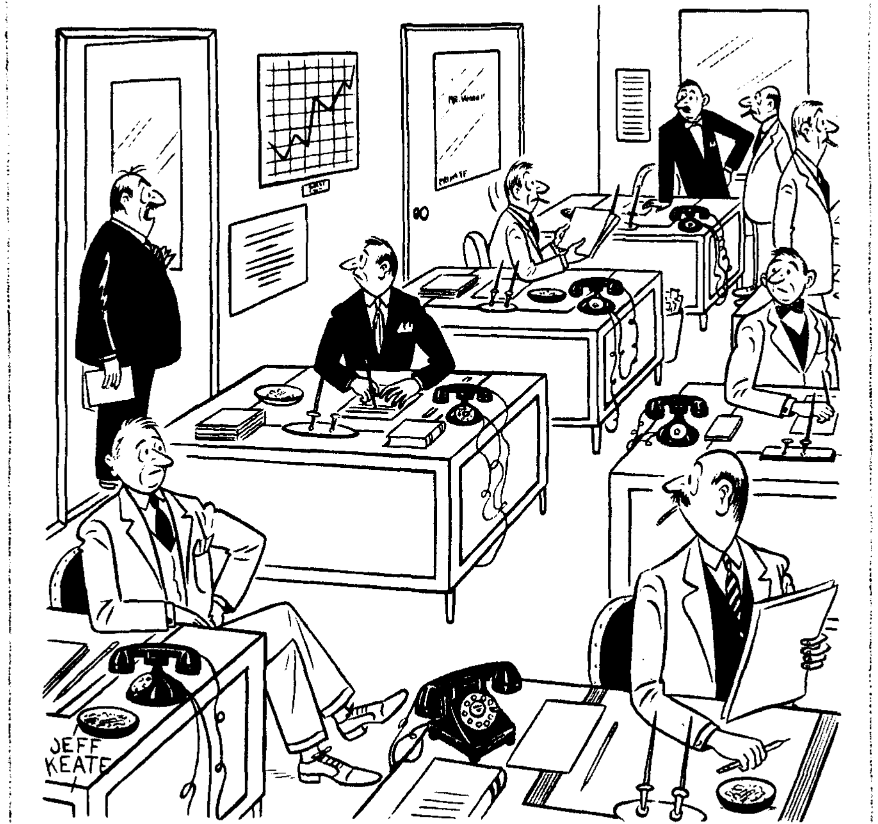
WHEN he looked up, the lines and angles of Magnolia Acres' imitation-ranch-style houses had all the design and beauty and ageless mystery of the Taj Mahal, and the worn dirt and sand of his own back yard was every bit as soft, as inviting as the African veld.

He said, "Well, what do you know —another one." He let his breath out through his teeth in a soft, awed whistle, and then he put his hand under Virginia's chin and lifted her face up to his. He had never seen her look so beautiful.

He would never eat lion steaks, he thought, and drink Scotch-on-the-rocks and wear a pith helmet in the Congo, and he would never watch the sun come up over the chimney pots of Paris. He would never go anywhere—he would stay here. But an awful lot of people would know he had been here: the grocery stores, the doctors, the hospital; the schoolteachers, the shoe merchants, the people who sold children's clothes; the life-insurance companies and the Department of Internal Revenue, the milkman and the laundryman —to say nothing of the as yet unborn and nameless children who would someday point to his, Dan Corbett's, picture and say, "Look at Grandpa Corbett. Isn't he wearing a funny suit?"

"Yes, sir," he said, as if he were talking to one or to all of them. "Yes, sir, Corbett came this way."

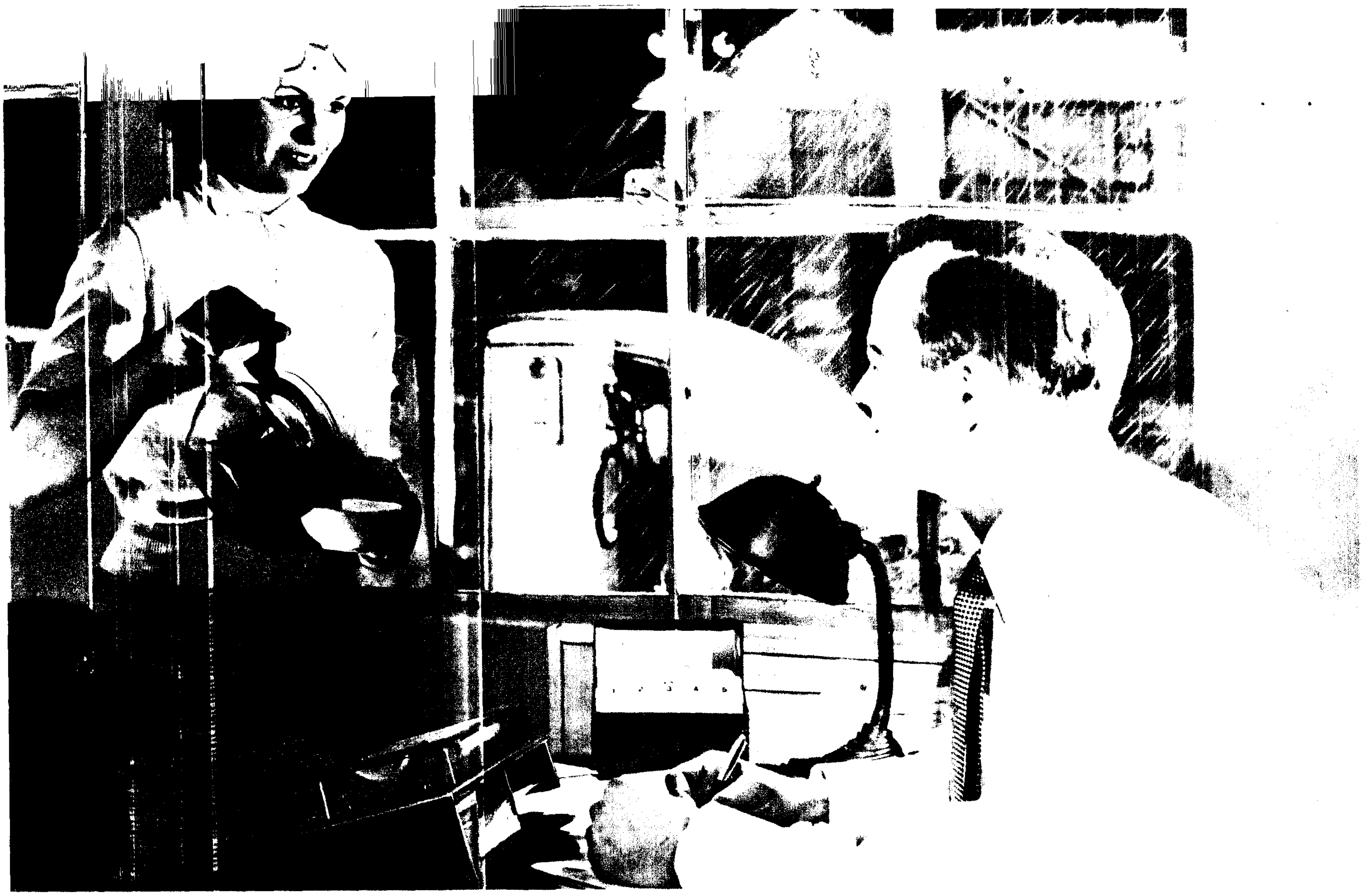
—MARY LANGE JONES



COLLIER'S

"While the others are out for their coffee, Watkins, I'd like you to stick around to move out some desks we won't need any more . . ."

JEFF KEATE



TO WIN NEW CUSTOMERS Lee Woodruff and his wife work far into the night sending out postcards, reminding customers that their cars are due for a check-up at his station. With 20 service stations competing for motorist's business in his community, Woodruff must always offer services that attract new customers—keep old ones happy.

EX-PARATROOPER MAKES GOOD

Lee Woodruff Shows How to Succeed in the Competitive Business of Running a Service Station

ee Woodruff is a 27-year-old war veteran of Bellefontaine, Ohio, who made a ife-long dream come true in 1949 when e started a business of his own—investng every penny he had in a small ervice station.

Service station competition in Belleontaine is keen, as it is everywhere lse in the U. S. (Count the service staions in your own neighborhood.) But ee Woodruff has found that for those ho don't mind hard work and long ours the oil business is alive with pportunity.

Starting almost from scratch, in 5 ears he has been able to build up a highly successful service station business in Bellefontaine.

There's probably an oilman like Lee Woodruff right around the corner from where you live. Actually 9 out of 10 of America's 188,000 service stations are operated by local dealers who are in business for themselves.

Most people take for granted the outstanding products and services they get from their local service stations every day. But it's worth remembering that these benefits don't just happen—they are the direct result of the keen competition for business that goes on constantly in America's oil industry.

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SOME REASONS FOR WOODRUFF'S SUCCESS:

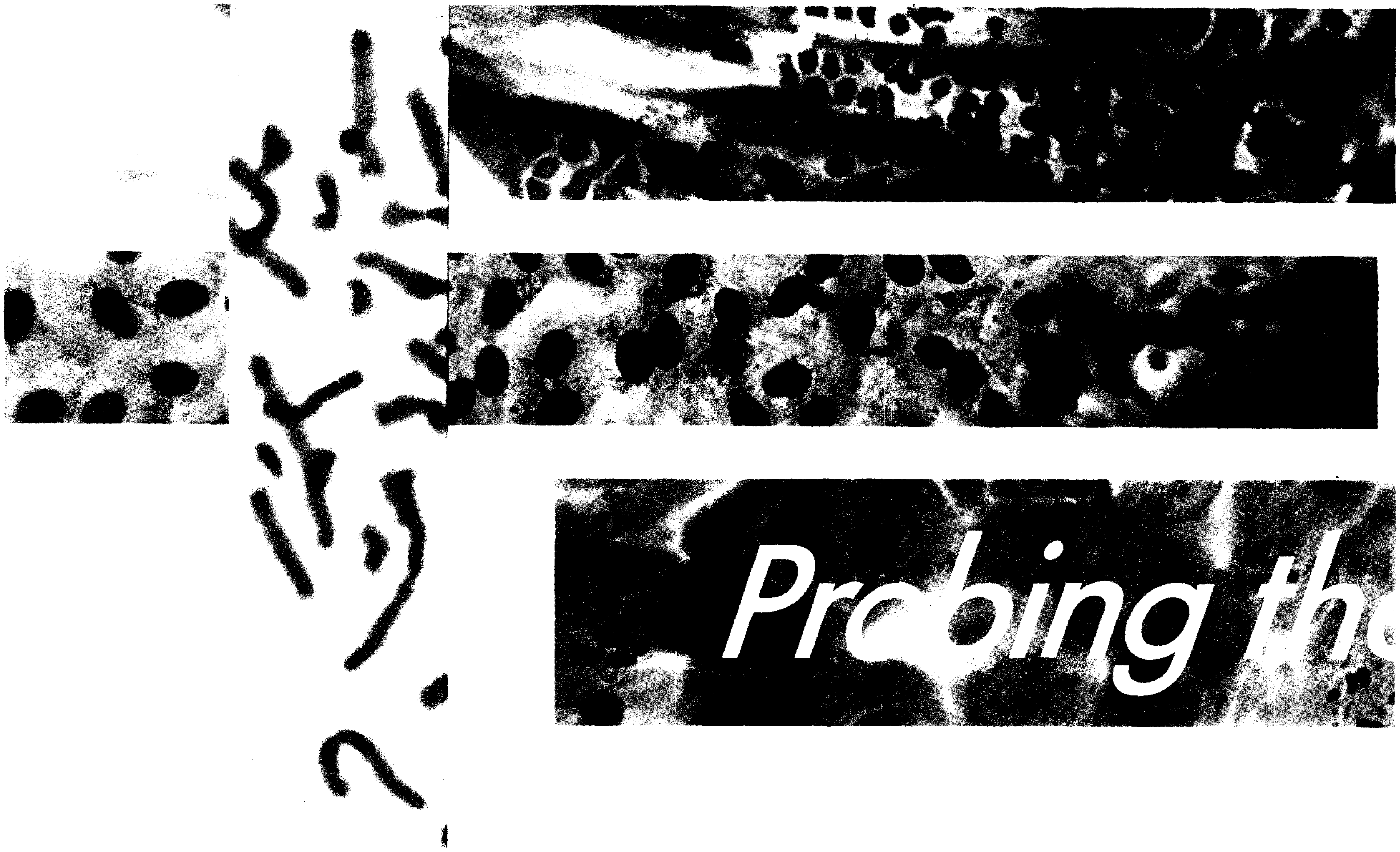
PENSIONED RAILROADER Harry Kafader: "Lee Woodruff won my family's gasoline business with his friendly grin and a lot of service. He's always ready to help out in an emergency."

SCHOOL TEACHER Maxine Webber: "I'm not very mechanically-minded. But since the first time I drove into Lee Woodruff's station, I just haven't had to worry about my car."

HOUSEWIFE Mrs. Ray D. Messner: "I asked Lee why he worked so hard on my car. He said: 'I have to keep you satisfied. Nineteen other service stations in this town would like your business.' "

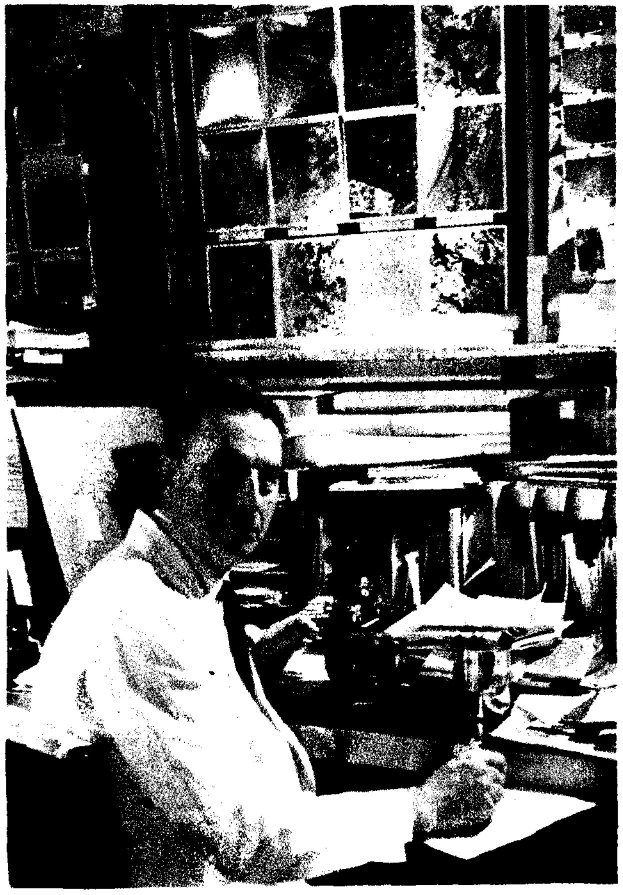
SALESMAN Dick Kinnard: "When I leave my car with Lee, I know it will get thorough care—like the time he saved me from a possible accident by noticing a loose tie-rod while he greased the car."

Human tissue cultures, shown on magnified color slides, are kept alive as long as science needs them



Probing th

RALPH ROYLE



Dr. George Gey, Johns Hopkins U.

A LITTLE more than a decade ago scientists unraveled the mystery of the atom and began the atomic age. Today an equally basic mystery is being solved—that of the living human cell, indeed the secret of life itself. As a result, we may be on the threshold of a hopeful new era in which cancer, mental illness and, in fact, nearly all diseases now regarded as incurable will cease to torment man.

The key to the secret of the cell is within the reach of a group of highly trained scientists called tissue-culture specialists. A discouraged, discredited and depleted group a decade ago, they have made remarkable progress in the last few years.

Their work already has led to development of a drug that can delay death in leukemia and of several chemicals—now nearing the clinical test stage—that may defeat other forms of cancer.

Behind these drugs lie laboratory achievements that may pave the way for even greater medical discoveries. These achievements include the ability to remove the tiniest segment from any part of a living body and make it grow—absorb nourishment and reproduce—in test tubes and other containers, just as it does in the human body. The tissue culturists can keep tissue alive indefinitely—long after the person from whom it was taken has died.

Several months ago, for example, a brain tumor was removed from a young man named George S. at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York. Scientists of the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons dissected sections of his tumor and made them grow in the laboratory in an attempt to learn more about the disease that later killed him. That tissue is still alive today, and it can be kept alive as long as scientists think it worthwhile. Dr. George O. Gey of The Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine in Baltimore still has live cancer tissue taken from a woman who died of the disease in Philadelphia more than 23 years ago.

How can these seeming laboratory tricks lead to the conquest of, say, cancer? The answer lies in the process of life itself. Within the human body, countless millions of cells are constantly renewing themselves by reproduction. One cell dies and another splits in two. So long as the process continues uninterrupted and there are no other complications, the body remains healthy.

But inexplicably and suddenly, a cell may become malignant—diseased—and run amuck. The result: cancer.

Because tissue-culturists have learned how to keep detached segments of the human body alive, they can study the mysteries of both healthy and malignant cells under ideal laboratory conditions. When they find out what causes a healthy cell to turn malignant and, once it is malignant, how to stop it from reproducing, they will have discovered the key to ending the threat of malignant diseases for all time.

I saw a dramatic demonstration in Dr. Gey's laboratory of the problems confronting the tissue-culturists. It was a movie of human cells, taken through a microscope and magnified 100,000 times.

The movie was breathtaking and a little frightening. It was like a glimpse at immortality. There on the screen before me, big as a close-up of a movie star, was a cluster of turbulent disk-shaped living cells. As I watched, the undulating wall of a cell reached out to enfold and absorb globules of food. I saw the food pass into the interior of the cell. And deep inside the cell I saw the nucleus, the seat of life itself, with its chromosomes—rod-like little organs which control heredity. All the time, there was constant unfathomable movement within the cell as it prepared for the greatest mystery of all—cell division. I watched the normal cell split in two.

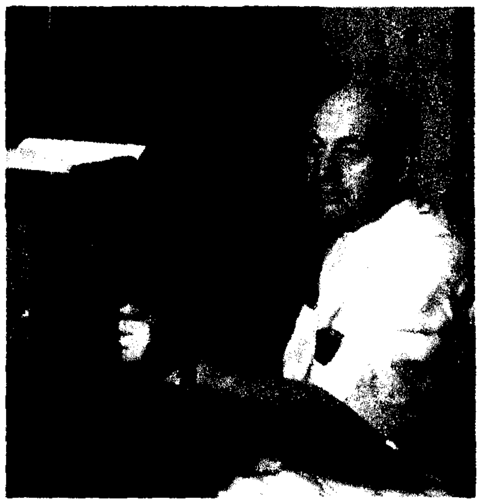
A young man died of a brain tumor several months ago. The *living* tumor now is being studied by researchers. A woman died from cancer in 1931. Cells from her body are still alive in Philadelphia. Laboratory tricks? No! They're part of an amazing science which may someday conquer disease

By BILL DAVIDSON

Secret of Life

IKE VERN

Dr. John Biesele, Sloan-Kettering



WITWER STUDIO

Dr. Charles Pomerat, U. of Texas

HARRIS & EWING

Dr. Wilton Earle, Nat'l Cancer Inst.

Then the villains appeared—the malignant cells. Instead of clustering together as firmly as their healthy cousins, they moved about more freely in the culture liquid. They voraciously gulped their food and many had several nuclei rather than one. When they divided, some ominously split into five unequal new cells.

Standing beside me, Dr. Gey said: "We've seen some normal cells turn malignant like that right in the test tube. If we could only find out what made it happen. The key to cancer is right at our finger tips—if we could only reach out and grab it!"

The tissue-culture people are trying various methods of seizing that key. One of the most important steps was taken by Dr. John J. Biesele in 1949 in his laboratory at The Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research in New York.

Dr. Biesele was working on a project that ran completely counter to a then commonly accepted principle in the war against cancer. The principle was: you can't fight cancer with a chemical because malignant cells are essentially the same as the normal cells from which they spring; if the chemical kills malignant tissue, it also will kill normal tissue—and the patient, as well.

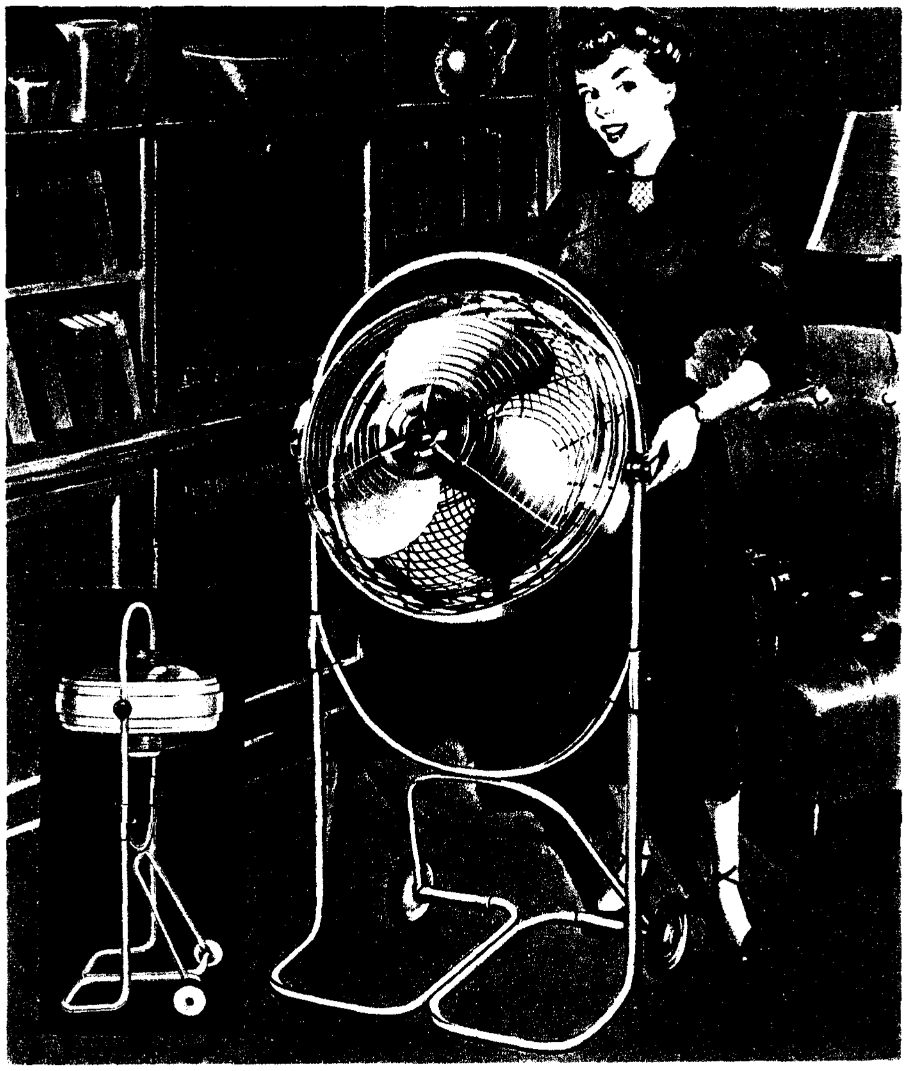
The young researcher refused to accept that theory. He believed that there were certain substances which would be absorbed by malignant cells and rejected by their healthy cousins—therefore, perhaps substances that would kill cancer cells and not affect normal tissue growing at the same rate. Testing his belief, he added chemicals simultaneously to normal tissue taken from a mouse and cancer tissue from a mouse, then studied their effect on both tissues through a microscope.

The methodical quest finally led Dr. Biesele to a compound called 2,6-diaminopurine. The moment he looked through the microscope at cultures treated with it, he knew his theory had paid off. The cancer cells were dead; normal cells were still alive. He triumphantly photographed the two tissue cultures.

The photographs became a scientific milestone and opened up a whole new frontier of cancer research. Dr. Cornelius P. Rhoads, director of The Sloan-Kettering Institute, says they are as important to the cancer field as Albert Einstein's relativity theory was to the development of the atomic bomb. "Those photos proved," he told me recently, "that you can attack cancer with drugs, the same as other diseases." The Biesele tissue-culture work helped in the development of the drug that can delay death in leukemia and of several cancer-killing chemicals now approaching the clinical trial stage.

Another triumph of the tissue-culturists involves an unsung heroine of medicine named Helen L—. Mrs. L. was a young woman in her thirties when she was admitted to The Johns Hopkins Hospital with an incurable cancer of the cervix (mouth of the womb). After the malignancy killed her in 1951, Johns Hopkins scientists kept her cancer alive in tissue culture.

At first the culture seemed like most others. But then Dr. Gey, who is assistant professor of surgery and director of the Johns Hopkins' tissue-culture laboratory, noticed Mrs. L.'s cells grew remarkably fast and reproduced many times as rapidly as most normal living tissues. He also found that they were unusually stable: they did not change their character in the test tube. An equally important discovery was made by two University of Minnesota doctors collaborating with Dr. Gey—Drs. William F. Scherer and Jerome T. Syverton. They found that Mrs. L's cells were extraordinarily susceptible to the polio virus. A virus cannot exist and reproduce by itself, but must attack a living cell and live in it as a parasite. When polio viruses were put in contact with Mrs. L.'s cancer tissue, they rushed to take up residence in the cells like homestead-



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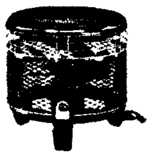

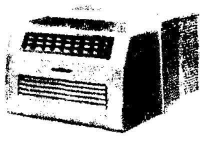

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ers swarming into the promised land.

Dr. Gey named the culture "the HeLa Strain" (using the first two letters of Mrs. L.'s first and last names) and has since sent samples to laboratories all over the world. Today the strain is used as a standard in tissue-culture studies; since it is a stable strain, it enables scientists to compare and assess their work. Scientists as far away as Japan and Turkey have adopted the HeLa Strain, and a commercial company, Microbiological Associates, of Bethesda, Maryland, is shipping out thousands of test tubes of it every week. Thus, Mrs. L. has attained a degree of immortality she never dreamed of when she was alive, and her living tissue may yet play a role in conquering many diseases in addition to the cancer which killed her.

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, for example, is sponsoring the use of the HeLa Strain for quick diagnostic tests when polio epidemics break out. There are three major types of polio, and when cases are reported in a community, research teams will be able to move in immediately with test tubes of the strain.

The researchers will take test swabs from the polio patients and put them into three test tubes containing polio antibodies—nature's immunization agents—taken from the blood streams of animals which have been vaccinated against the disease and are now immune. Each tube will contain the known antibody of one of the three types of polio. The HeLa Strain will then be added to each of the tubes. Within 48 hours the cells will be destroyed—*except* in the tube containing the antibody of the virus type that has struck the locality. In other words, the known antibody will neutralize the unknown virus—and the type of polio will be identified.

Attacking Medicine's Enigmas

How about other diseases? Actually there is scarcely an enigma of medicine that is not being attacked today by the tissue-culture method. At the State University of Leiden in the Netherlands, Dr. Peter Gaillard, one of the world's top tissue-culture specialists, became concerned over the fate of people with damaged or missing parathyroid glands. When the parathyroid is removed or stops functioning, the victim suffers excruciating pain in all his muscles and finally dies—unless he receives injections of extremely scarce parathyroid hormones.

Dr. Gaillard took parathyroid tissue from the bodies of stillborn babies. He grew the tissues in test tubes and was gratified to observe that they continued to thrive and exude the parathyroid hormone. Then he selected 26 patients suffering from parathyroid hormone deficiency and planted a small colony of the cells under the skin of their arms. Most of the patients continued to suffer and finally died. But in patients under thirty, the tissue seemed to take hold and feed its hormones into the blood stream. The pain disappeared, and the patients no longer showed the calcium and phosphate deficiencies that characterize the disease.

Today, ten years later, all of the younger patients are still alive and well. Dr. Gaillard will not be able to get positive proof that the implants are functioning, however, until one of th patients dies and he can perform a autopsy. The experiment nevertheles opens up new horizons. If the para thyroid can be grown and implante from tissue culture, why not other or gans? It is not unreasonable to assum that pituitary tissue can be grown t save the lives of people who have los this all-important growth-controllin gland; or that a bit of live pancreas tis sue slipped under the skin one day ma relieve thousands of diabetics of th need for daily insulin injections.

A New Approach to Mental Ills

These are fairly obvious application of tissue culture, but even mental dis ease—that most elusive of medica problems—is beginning to give up it secrets to the researchers. For years scientists studied brain tissue by firs killing it and then observing it unde the microscope. So far as they coul see, it was made up of a networ of nerve cells held together by othe cells called glia—literally, glue. The thought the glia were inert, that the served no function other than to act a connective tissue for the nerve networ which controls thinking and all the im pulses of the body.

But in recent years tissue-cultur specialists have begun studying liv brain tissue under the microscope. distinguished pioneer in the field—D Charles Pomerat of the University o Texas Medical Branch—made a sta tling finding: the glia are *not* iner Each glial cell pulsates continuously. is a tiny pump, probably feeding nutri ents from the blood stream into neigh boring nerve cells. In reality the brai contains millions of pumps supplyin the nerve network with food. The dis covery raised new questions that migh affect the whole field of psychiatry.

Dr. Pomerat says, "We now thin that when a man gets old and his mem ory and reasoning power decline, may be that the glia are becoming rig and are not pumping enough nutrien to the nerve cells or adequately remov ing the wastes. The same may be tru where there are psychoses and othe mental disorders. It could very well b that some chemical change has inter fered with the pumping action of th glia. So we are taking barbiturates— chemicals that we know can cause psy choses when they are used in heav concentrations—and observing thei effect when we add them to the glia i our human-brain tissue cultures. Late we will try to find other chemicals tha will reverse the process and restore th glia in the tissue cultures to their ful pumping powers. In that way, we ma find that we can treat mental diseas with a drug, the same as we now ca cure pneumonia with penicillin."

The U.S. Public Health Service, con cerned over the fact that half of th nation's hospital beds are now occupie by mental patients, is deeply intereste in these tissue-culture experiments. has given Dr. Pomerat's laboratory substantial grant to look into the mys tery of the glial "pumps."

When you consider this grant—plu the fact that Dr. Pomerat also has larg grants from the American Cance Society, the Damon Runyon Memori Fund for Cancer Research, the U. Army, the Office of Naval Researc and the Air Force's School of Aviatio ledicine—it is difficult to believe that ssue culture was in a decline 10 to 15 ears ago.

The first major tissue-culture experiient was performed by a famous biolo-ist, Dr. Ross Harrison, at The Johns lopkins University in 1907. The medal world was in the midst of a bitter ontroversy then over whether nerve ber is the product of a single nerve cell r is formed by a chain of many cells. he treatment of wounds and other imortant aspects of surgery were inolved in the dispute.

Dr. Harrison decided that the only ay to resolve the question was to try grow some living nerve tissue. He ok a fragment of spinal cord from the mbryo of a frog and transplanted it a culture slide. He kept the tissue live in natural frog body fluids long ough to see, under the microscope, erve fibers growing from single cells. lis finding decisively settled a historic edical argument—and founded the ience of tissue culture.

All over the world, biologists, physlogists and physicians were electried by the news that Harrison had cceeded in maintaining living tissue utside the body. Soon researchers in e United States, France, Russia and ther countries were making contribuons to the exciting new field. They iscovered that bird tissues could be ept alive, then mammalian tissues, inuding those of man. They replaced arrison's original frog fluid with cher nutrient solutions of various anial-embryo extracts and blood serum eef, horse or human).

By the 1920s, the acknowledged ader in the field was Dr. Alexis Carl, a French-born member of New ork's Rockefeller Institute for Medal Research, who is best remembered r his historic experiment with a sliver f chicken heart. He transferred the iver to a flask in 1912 and it kept owing for nearly 35 years—some two ears after Dr. Carrel himself died.

Career of a Famous Doctor

A brilliant man (he was awarded the obel prize in medicine in 1912 for his ork on surgery of blood vessels), Dr. arrel made valuable contributions to e science of tissue culture. But many f his contemporaries criticized him on rounds that he treated tissue culture as occult art (he insisted his assistants ear flowing black robes and hoods in e laboratory) and promised all kinds f advances in the conquest of disease -promises he was never able to keep ecause of the limited techniques then sed. The whole tissue-culture field ffered in the 1930s because of his ecentric behavior. He retired from the ockefeller Institute in 1938 on reachg the age of sixty-five and two years ter returned to his native France, then ccupied by Germany. He died there 1944 while awaiting trial on a charge collaborating with the Nazis.

The late 1930s and early 1940s arked the low point for the tissue-lturists. But a handful of men and omen kept plugging away at what ey *knew* was a great research tool— d World War II brought a change in eir fortunes. It inspired widespread emands for an all-out attack on disse based on wartime scientific disveries. Would some of the thousands chemicals developed for poison gases, for example, contain a cure for cancer? Scientists decided the quickest way to find out was to study diseased cells, the agents producing diseases and the effects drugs had on them in live tissue cultures.

In June, 1946, the National Research Council and the American Cancer Society called together in Hershey, Pennsylvania, the country's top tissue-culture specialists. It was a depleted group; just 12 scientists attended. But they demonstrated what they could do and suddenly they found themselves being asked to take up key posts in the war on disease.

Researchers Make Progress

Money began pouring in. The researchers formed their own society, the Tissue Culture Association, and set up classes to train new specialists. Recruits came from the finest universities, and by 1953 the association had grown to more than 300 members.

Today, tissue culture is moving in three main directions. The first is the study of the living cell in quest of the secret of life itself. Although it has been known for years that humans and all other animals are made up of millions of cells of varying types, little has been learned about their composition and how they work.

Perhaps the most important work in this vital area is being done by Dr. Wilton Earle and his staff of scientists at the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland. They have started the painstaking process determining exactly what cells eat—what makes them grow.

The Bethesda researchers are attacking the problem from several angles. One group, under Dr. Benton Westfall, is attempting to analyze the chemical content of the standard solution of chicken-embryo extract and horse serum in which the cells grow so prolifically. The task is staggering because there are more than 50 substances of tremendous complexity in this medium—and the proportions in which they occur are as important as their identity.

The other attack is being led by Dr. Virginia Evans and Dr. Katherine Sanford. They and their colleagues are putting together various substances they think should stimulate cell growth. After killing billions of cells with their early recipes, they recently passed a milestone in their search. They found a solution—all the chemicals have been identified—which keeps the cells alive. The cell colonies grow hardly at all, but they do not die. Synthetic cell-growing solutions also have been developed in Canada by Dr. Raymond Parker, of the University of Toronto, and other tissue-culturists. Neither their solutions nor that of Dr. Evans and her coworkers are the final answer to growing large masses of cells, but never before have scientists been so close to finding it. When they do find the precise chemical or chemicals that promote the growth of animal cells, a cheap synthetic medium may be manufactured to take the place of the expensive solution of chicken-embryo extract and blood serum now needed to nourish the tissue.

The second major field in which tissue culture is playing an important role involves simpler, more direct attacks on disease. I was in Dr. Margaret Mur-

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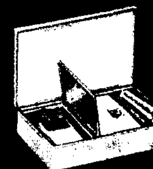

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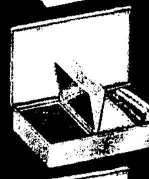

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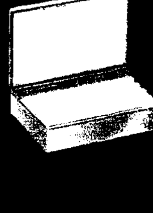

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Scientists freeze skin cells, t

ray's laboratory at Columbia University in New York City, for example, when a pathologist, Dr. Meyer M. Melicow, arrived from a nearby operating room carrying a grim object—a malignant tumor. It had just been removed from a woman who was still on the operating table.

Drs. Murray and Melicow quickly donned surgical robes and masks and took the cancer into a glass-enclosed, bacteria-free "culture room." I watched them cut into the cancer and remove slices of it to begin their tissue cultures. When she emerged, I asked Dr. Murray what she was going to do with the malignant cells. She said, "Once the cultures take hold and start growing well, we'll add drugs of several kinds to see if they will kill the malignant cells and not harm the normal cells. It's as simple at that."

Thousands of potential anticancer drugs have been tested by this direct approach in laboratories all over the country—and several have shown enough promise to be tested in animals and human patients. Dr. Murray herself has found three drugs which inhibit certain malignant brain tumors in tissue culture and do not affect normal brain cells. At present, the only treatment for such tumors is surgery combined with radiotherapy—and the tumor is usually not discovered until it is too late to save the patient's life by these means.

The direct approach also is used by Dr. Alice Moore at the Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York. Aware that certain viruses attack and kill cancer cells, she began a search for one that would not infect the patient with some other fatal disease like polio or encephalitis (a violent inflammation of the brain). She finally found a rare specimen called Egypt Virus 101, which causes only a mild influenzalike disease.

At Memorial Hospital in New York, a large group of patients with advanced
cancer, which had failed to respond t
other treatments, volunteered for th
virus experiments. While the injection
did not cure any of them, there wa
definite, though temporary, shrinkag
of the cancer in six of seventy-tw
patients and signs of regression in 1
others. Dr. Moore reasoned to hersel
"I now have a 'living chemical' th
attacks cancer cells and does not caus
severe virus disease. The next ques
tion is: 'How can I make these viruse
more virulent to cancer cells so th
they will seek out and destroy every la
one of them in the body?' "

She decided that tissue culture wa
the answer. She set up tissue culture
of living cancer cells and planted th
viruses in them. They have been livin
in the cancer cells since last Jun
Countless generations of viruses hav
come and gone, existing on nothing bu
malignant tissue. It is known that suc
prolonged contact with a single env
ronment changes the basic nature c
the viruses to make them much mor
deadly to that particular host. Actuall
Dr. Moore is trying to *train* viruses t
kill cancer cells more efficiently.

A variety of diseases and other ai
ments is under attack by the direc
approach tissue-culture method in D
Charles Pomerat's laboratory at th
University of Texas Medical Branch i
Galveston. He and his associates ar
singeing human skin cells for the Arm
and trying various drugs on them in a
attempt to improve the treatment c
burns. They are freezing human ski
cells for the Air Force and trying var
ous drugs on them in an attempt to fin
a better treatment for frostbite. The
are using radioactive gold and phos
phorus to damage cells in the way a
atomic blast would damage them, an
then trying to find drugs or hormone
that will repair the damage. They ar
investigating the effects of smog an
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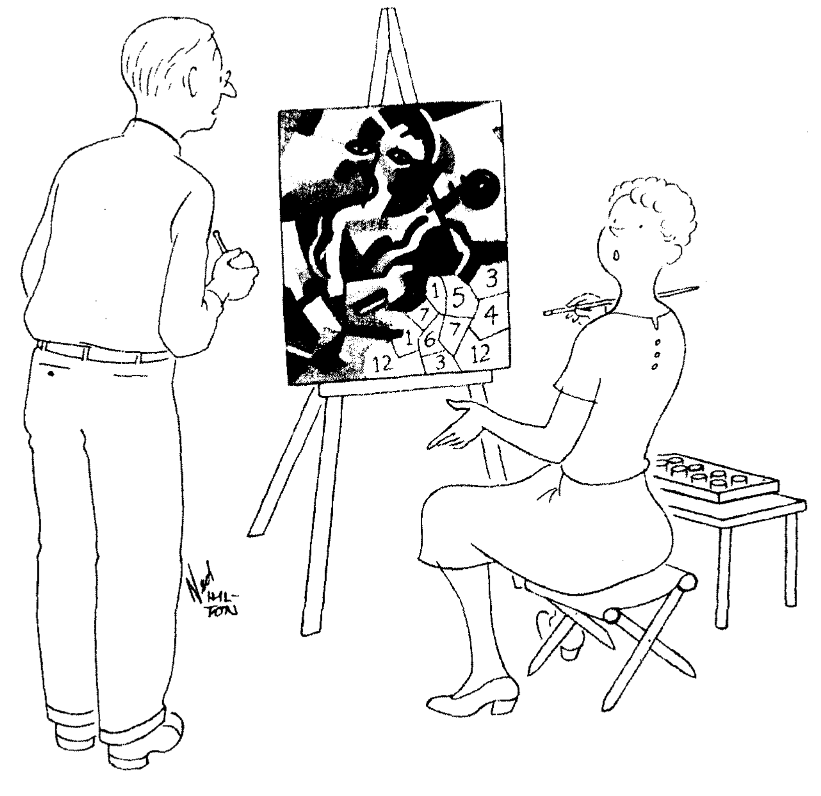
using tissue cultures from chickens i



COLLIER'S "The man in the store must have given me the wrong numbers" NED HILTON an attempt to find a cure for an animal virus disease that is decimating the poultry population of South America.

But perhaps the most unusual direct application of tissue culture of all at Dr. Pomerat's laboratory is in the identification of the true sex of hermaphroditic children—unfortunate youngsters who apparently possess the organs of both sexes, or who seem to be of one sex but actually are of the other. The Texas researchers started with the known fact that every cell in the human body contains 48 chromosomes. All females have 24 perfectly matched pairs; all males have 23 matched pairs, plus two odd chromosomes, one large and one unusually small. The scientists developed a technique for painlessly removing a small patch of skin from the arm of any infant whose sex might be in doubt and growing the cells in tissue culture. After the cells spread out in the culture, a solution with a low salt content is used to enlarge the nucleus so that the chromosomes can be plainly seen and counted under a high-powered microscope.

The third major field of tissue-culture research is devoted to finding ways to mass-produce the cultures. Most of the work in this field is being done by Dr. Earle's National Cancer Institute group, and it already has developed mass cultures of hundreds of millions of living cells.

Mass cultures are obtained by allowing the cells to float free in the feeding fluid in a vessel that is constantly agitated, so that each cell is exposed as often as possible to the nutrient. Similar methods are used in the antibiotics industry to obtain huge vats of penicillin- and streptomycin-producing molds.

Facing the Last Major Problem

"Once we solve our last major problem—finding a cheap synthetic fluid in which the cells will grow—we should be able to use the antibiotics equipment and methods to produce living human cells in large quantities," Dr. Earle said to me.

Think what that means. If you need vast amounts of a certain hormone to save people's lives, it may be possible to start a tissue culture from a single cell taken from the human gland that produces the hormone in the body. Before long, you may have great tanks of cells, all manufacturing the hormone exactly as they do in the body. One example might be insulin, which must be injected into diabetics daily to keep them alive. "The number of diabetics is increasing faster than our stocks of insulin, which we obtain from sheep or cattle," one scientist told me. "If a shortage ever occurs, thousands of diabetics may owe their lives to tissue culture, for we should be able to put pancreas cells to work turning out insulin in large quantities."

Much closer to realization is another project at the National Cancer Institute—a project that to some extent overlaps work being done at the University of Texas on the treatment of burns and the aftereffects of exposure to atomic radiation. Faced with the possibility that great patches of skin might be burned off its men in an atomic attack, the Navy asked Dr. Earle's group: "Can we grow live human skin by the tankful? Can we save men's lives by covering their burned flesh with new skin out of a bottle?"

A task force under Dr. Virginia Evans—working with Dr. Wallace Bedell and Dr. Robert Kindred of the Navy—was assigned to find out. They soon learned that the answer to the first question was yes—they could grow quantities of skin cells in tissue culture. Question number two has not been so easy to answer, but the results of their work to date at least are encouraging.

Experiments with Skin Grafts

Dr. Evans and her co-workers produced skin which Navy surgeons have tried on small wounds—on men, injured in hunting accidents and the like, who were patients at the Navy's Bethesda Medical Center. The researchers ran up against the same problem that always has plagued the medical profession in skin grafts: transplanted skin will not grow unless it comes from the patient himself or from an identical twin of the patient. Tissue-culture skin remained on the wounds for a few weeks, then died and peeled off. Dr. Evans feels, however, that it might be possible to alter the cells to the point where they would be accepted by the patient's body.

"At the very least," she says, "we hope we can ultimately grow quantities of the patient's own skin cells in tissue culture and then apply them to his open wounds. This would be a great advance, since the grafting of actual skin from other parts of the body is a painful, time-consuming process that requires many operations—and in case of bad burns, the patient sometimes just doesn't have enough skin to go around." Dr. Evans also thinks that, in an emergency, patients' lives could be saved by applying skin cells other than their own to their severe burns. "The body eventually might reject this tissue," she says, "but it could possibly provide a covering to prevent the loss of body fluid and ease the terrible pain. It could be an effective 'live surgical dressing' to enable the patient to survive and become strong enough so that his own skin can be used."

The work has progressed to such a point that the Navy's Dr. Bedell already is trying to devise the best technique to apply the tissue-culture skin cells. One promising method is to remove the free-floating cells from the bottle in the form of a paste and smear them on the burn or wound. Wet dressings are then kept on the cells until the cells adhere to the wound and assume their natural sheetlike state. Another method under consideration is to let the cells grow into the wound from a tissue-impregnated sponge temporarily sutured to the body. "All in all," Dr. Evans says, "I believe tissue culture is making a real contribution here."

I heard that statement time and time again as I visited researchers all over the country. The science of the living cells has come a long way since the 1930s, when it was derided as nothing more than a laboratory toy.

As Dr. Rhoads, director of The Sloan-Kettering Institute, has put it: "These tissue-culture people have more than proved themselves. They have brought us a valuable tool which is saving lives. No one knows how many lives will be spared tomorrow because some dedicated researcher is peering into a living cell today." ▲▲▲

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FRANK LANE

The White Sox General Manager Says:

Casey Stengel Is Wise – Bu

Stengel is loaded with talent, Lane admits. He's a fine con

By FRANK LANE with BILL FAY

IT WAS a few minutes past noon at Comiskey Park in Chicago and the New York Yankees were coming out on the field to warm up. Mickey Mantle shouted, "Who's got the baseballs?"

"Casey's got 'em today," Billy Martin hollered back. "Come on, Casey, hurry it up."

Casey Stengel, the Yankees' manager, hopped out of the first-base dugout. In his right hand, he carried a canvas bag containing approximately three dozen baseballs. He walked slowly to the pitcher's mound, dropped the bag of balls and clapped his hands together twice.

"Okay," yipped Casey, "let's get goin'."

Then, while the Yankees crowded around home plate to start batting practice, Casey walked slowly back to the dugout and sat down.

This leisurely incident, which transpired last August, was duly noted by one of our loyal White Sox fans. "Why don't you go back to the hotel, Stengel?" our loyal fan inquired in a loud voice. "You're through for the afternoon anyway."

Now that was unfair comment. It was based on the supposition that Casey's work is done when he supplies the Yankees with a quantity of baseballs sufficient for practice purposes. Actually Casey was acting above and beyond the call of duty that day; toting the ball bag is usually coach Frank Crosetti's responsibility. Casey's real job is clapping his hands. But he does have other managerial accomplishments. For example, Casey also is very good at handing line-ups to the plate umpire; and he can autograph a baseball with rare legibility.

However, there is no point in listing all of the skills and aptitudes which have enabled Casey to mastermind the Yankees to five consecutive American League pennants and as many World Series triumphs. Stengel's record speaks for itself.

Since 1949, he's been the most successful manager in the history of baseball. But the same record also reveals that he was one of the least successful managers in the business *before* he joined the Yankees. Over a 23-year span (1925-'48), Casey was associated with only three pennant winners—Toledo (1927) and Milwaukee (1944) in the American Association, and Oakland (1948) in the Pacific Coast League. Before joining the Yankees, Casey made two attempts at managing big-league clubs with disastrous consequences. In three years at Brooklyn, Casey directed the Dodgers to sixth place in 1934, fifth place in '35, and seventh place in '36; when Casey tried his managerial luck at Boston for six years (1938-'43), the Braves finished fifth, seventh, seventh, seventh, seventh and sixth.

What magic transformed Stengel from a chronic second-division manager at Brooklyn and Boston into a pennant-winning wonder with the Yankees? That's an interesting question. I wonder if the answer could be a plump, genial, fiftyish fellow named George Weiss?

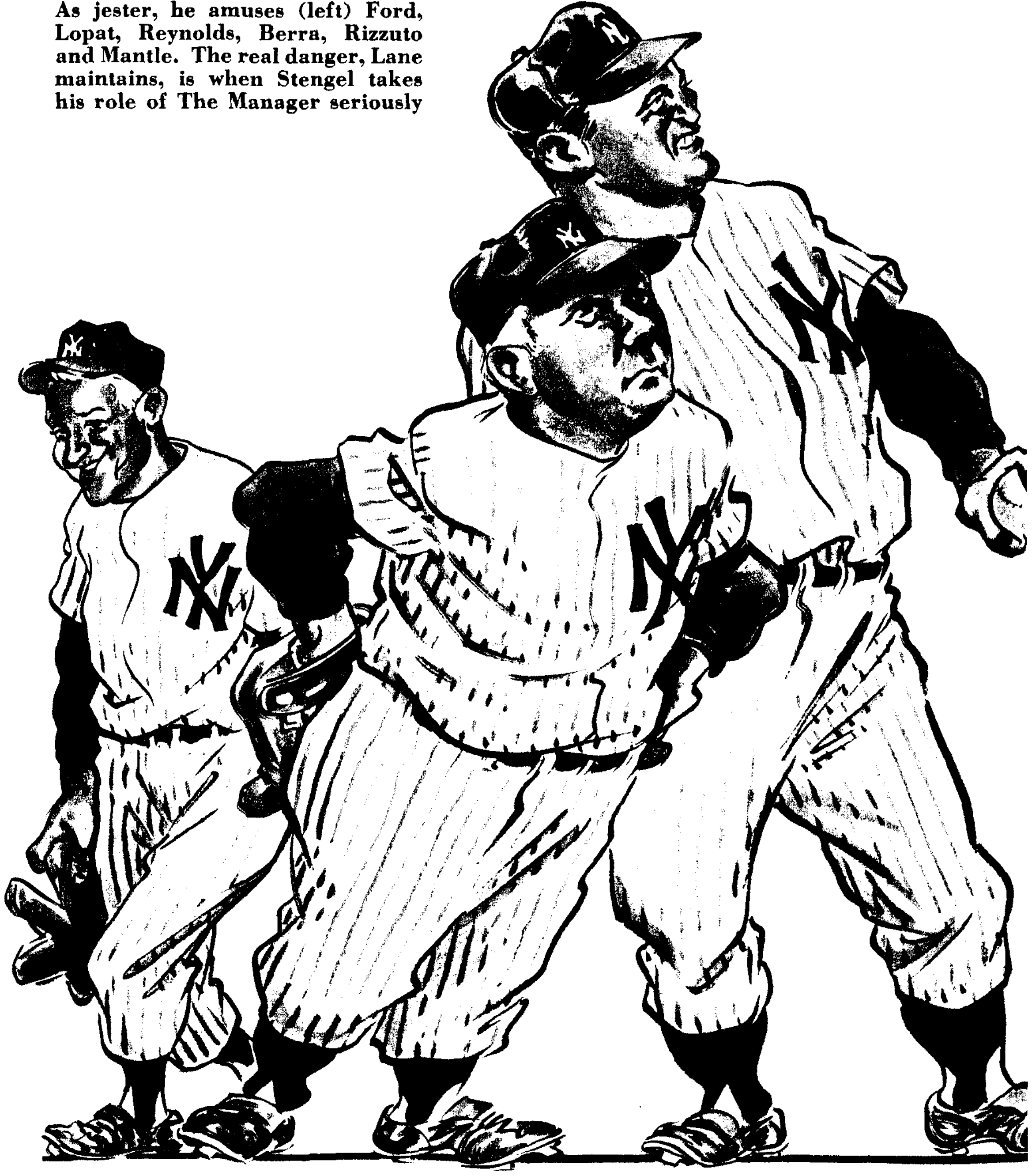
Weiss is the general manager of the Yankees. He directs the Yankees' fabulously productive farm system which has kept Casey (and several of his predecessors) plentifully supplied with pennant-winning ballplayers. As a matter of fact, since Weiss organized the Yankees' farm system 22 years ago, the Yankees have won 14 American League pennants and 13 world championships.

Actually, Weiss assembled nine pennant winners and eight world championship teams before Stengel joined the Yankees. He also either developed or dealt for all the players who have won five straight world titles for Stengel. So, it seems strange that Weiss hasn't been mentioned as prominently as Casey in stories about the Yankees' recent pennant successes. Maybe Weiss needs a press agent. Somebody like Stengel, for instance.

One thing about Casey, he never overlooks a chance to talk up a headline. Look what happened last winter. In my capacity as general manager of the White Sox, I queried Weiss about making a trade for Andy Carey, one of the Yankees' utility infielders. Weiss, a mild, soft-spoken gentleman, replied that Carey wasn't on the market. This routine exchange should have concluded the matter, but next day Stengel started screaming to the New York baseball writers in his usual incoherent manner. Cried Casey: "That guy (Lane) is tampering with my third baseman (Carey). Sure, I know he (Lane) needs my guy (Carey) because he (Lane) tried out about 17 different guys at third base in the last five years and none of them could do the job. Why doesn't he develop some guys like we do?"

When Chicago reporters requested my version of the Carey affair, I explained how I had merely contacted Weiss through routine channels. Then I added: "All this stuff about tampering sounds like Stengel. He's getting too big for his britches. He thinks he's the biggest brain in baseball. Actually, Weiss is the brain behind the Yankees' success. He

The author likens Stengel to the clown who wants to play Hamlet. As jester, he amuses (left) Ford, Lopat, Reynolds, Berra, Rizzuto and Mantle. The real danger, Lane maintains, is when Stengel takes his role of The Manager seriously



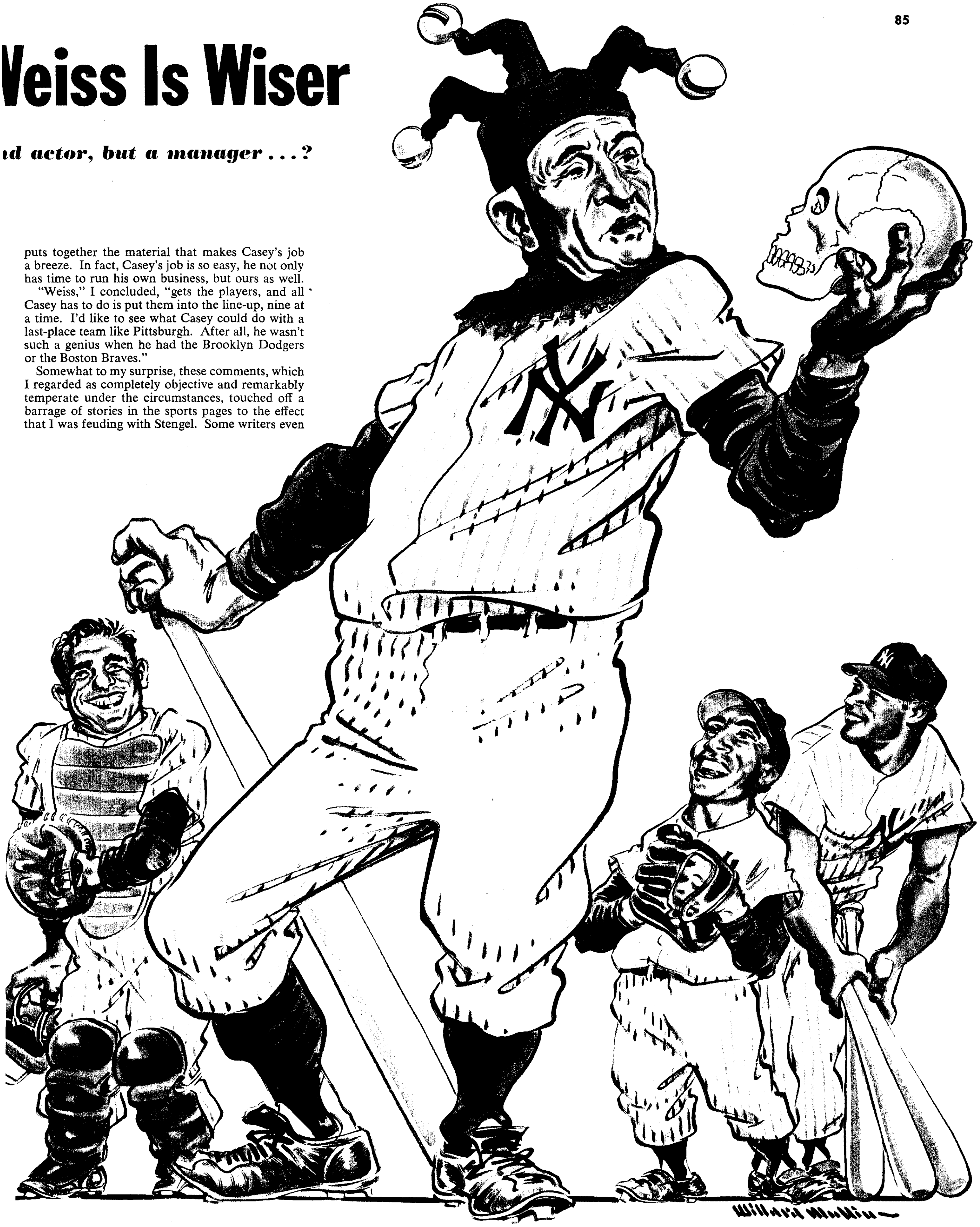
Veiss Is Wiser

d actor, but a manager . . . ?

puts together the material that makes Casey's job a breeze. In fact, Casey's job is so easy, he not only has time to run his own business, but ours as well.

"Weiss," I concluded, "gets the players, and all Casey has to do is put them into the line-up, nine at a time. I'd like to see what Casey could do with a last-place team like Pittsburgh. After all, he wasn't such a genius when he had the Brooklyn Dodgers or the Boston Braves."

Somewhat to my surprise, these comments, which I regarded as completely objective and remarkably temperate under the circumstances, touched off a barrage of stories in the sports pages to the effect that I was feuding with Stengel. Some writers even



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intimated that I didn't like old Casey and thought he was blessed with more baseball luck than brains.

Nothing could be further from the truth. I may not share Casey's conviction that he is baseball's most profound and devastating thinker; but, on the other hand, I am the first person to admit that he is a very funny fellow and an actor of consummate skill. In fact, Casey is my favorite comedian.

In many respects, Casey reminds me of Arthur Treacher, the hilarious British Thespian who has been cast as a butler in scores of Hollywood movies. Treacher knows nothing at all about the mechanics of butlering, but he looks so much like the average movie fan's idea of a typical British butler that Hollywood producers have kept him busy acting the part.

Similarly, although it is debatable whether Stengel knows much more about managing a ball club than Treacher does about butlering, there is no denying that Casey *looks* like the average fan's conception of a baseball manager.

Since virtually everybody in the United States has caught Casey's act on television at one time or another, it may be superfluous to point out that his jaw juts magnificently, his lips purse pugnaciously, and his brow wrinkles sagaciously. These facial endowments undoubtedly make Casey the most picturesque dugout sitter since the fiery John McGraw was managing the New York Giants in the 1920s.

Gestures in the McGraw Manner

Indeed, Casey, who played under McGraw, has incorporated many of McGraw's mannerisms in his current portrayal of The Baseball Manager. Ever notice how Casey erupts from the dugout to protest an umpire's decision? That's pure McGraw. So is Casey's truculent trot to the mound when one of his pitchers gets into trouble. Also, the gestures which have become Casey's TV trade-mark—those frantic left-handed jabs at the air that punctuate his beautifully staged altercations with umpires—are another borrowed McGrawism.

Of course, you've got to watch Casey operate in several different ball parks to appreciate fully his TV artistry. This fact was brought home forcibly to me quite by accident one afternoon last summer when the White Sox were playing New York in Yankee Stadium. During a Sox rally, Casey trotted to the mound to remove Johnny Sain, the Yankees' starter, and welcome relief pitcher Bob Kuzava. On reaching the mound, Casey turned his back on Kuzava (who was walking in from the bull pen in right center) and gazed fixedly toward third base.

For a moment I was puzzled by Stengel's seeming rudeness in ignoring Kuzava. I recalled that several weeks previously, when Stengel summoned Bill Miller to quell a White Sox rally in Chicago, Casey had waited patiently on the mound and watched Miller intently as he strolled in from the bull pen in deep center field.

Why did Stengel ignore Kuzava's entrance in New York but pay particularly close attention to Miller's long walk from the bull pen in Chicago? The answer is perhaps obvious to anybody familiar with the location of the television cameras in both ball parks.

In Yankee Stadium, the main cameras are located in the upper tiers behind home plate. Consequently, by standing on the mound and facing third base, Casey presented what he considers his most photogenic side—his left profile—to thousands of enthralled video viewers. At Comiskey Park, however, a camera is spotted behind third base for angled coverage of dramatic on-the-mound conferences. So, by facing center field, Stengel kept his left profile to the camera.

As every baseball fan knows, it is standard procedure for managers to "keep a book" on the strengths and weaknesses of opposing batters and pitchers. However, it may be that Stengel is the only manager who keeps a book on the location of TV cameras in the various American League parks.

Casey's preoccupation with television may not be due wholly to the fact that he is one of those hams who always "want to get into the act"—to borrow a phrase from another well-known comedian, Jimmy Durante. Stengel may look upon his research into camera angles as a way to pass the time while the Yankees' superefficient coaches are directing the pregame practice drills.

Although Casey never has been known to belabor the subject at his daily press receptions, it is a fact that George Weiss has surrounded him with what most experts believe is baseball's finest coaching staff, including Crosetti, Bill Dickey and Jim Turner.

Frank Crosetti, a magnificent shortstop during his playing career with the Yankees, instructs the infielders. Frankie taught the Yanks' two splendid second basemen—Jerry Coleman and Billy Martin (now in the Army)—how to execute the double-play pivot. Actually, Crosetti made Coleman over in his own great image.

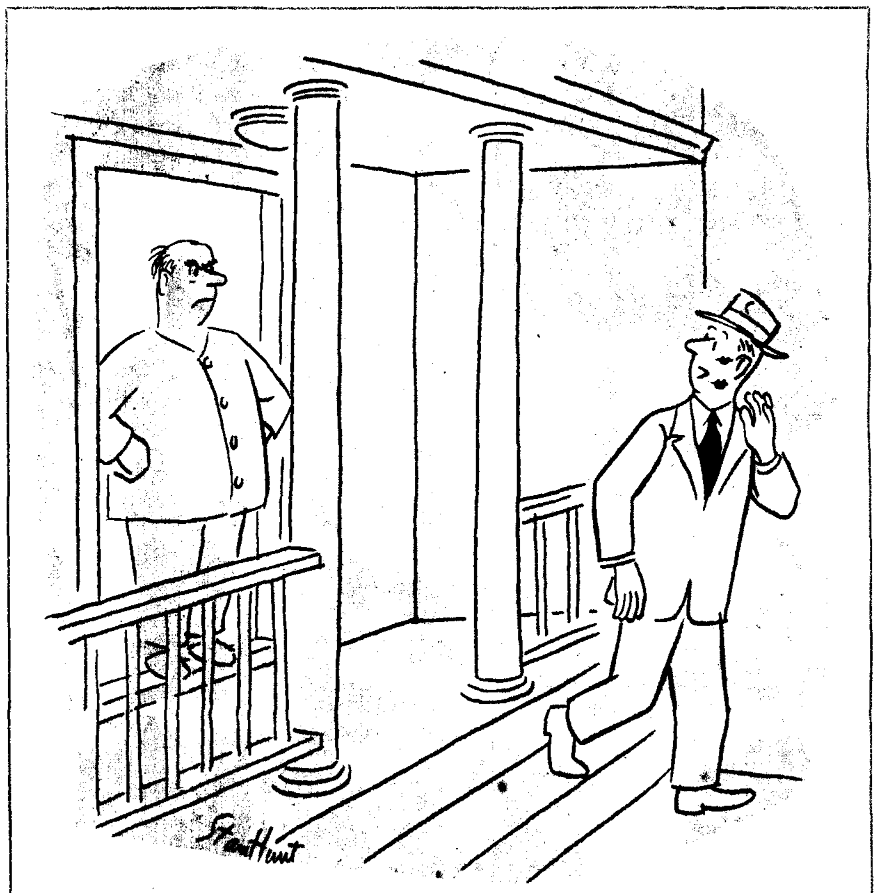
Dickey, another ex-Yankee and possibly the greatest of all catchers, could be described accurately as the Yankees' vice-president in charge of Yogi Berra. Dickey taught Berra two indispensable catching skills: how to throw to second base and how to catch pop fouls. Before Dickey became Berra's private catching tutor, Yogi's defensive lapses let in almost as many runs as he drove across the plate with his powerful hitting.

Raschi's Tribute to Turner

Turner runs the Yankees' pitching staff. After Vic Raschi was sold to the St. Louis Cardinals last winter, he confided to sports editor John Carmichael of the Chicago Daily News: "Turner knows *everything* about pitching. You can't give him too much credit for the success of the Yankees' young pitchers like Whitey Ford and Tom Gorman." During a game, when the Yankees are in the field, Jim hunches forward on the bench and studies the pitcher intently. When a New York hurler shows the first sign of weakening, Turner alerts Stengel, and Casey signals for a relief pitcher to start warming up in the bull pen.

With Turner handling the pitchers, Crosetti instructing the infielders and Dickey tutoring Berra, Stengel doesn't have much to worry about except the make-up of his outfield and the subject matter to be discussed at his daily press interviews.

Every other manager in the majors would like to have Casey's outfield worries. Thanks to Weiss's prodigal approach to the development of talent, Casey can pick his fly chasers this season from a group which includes



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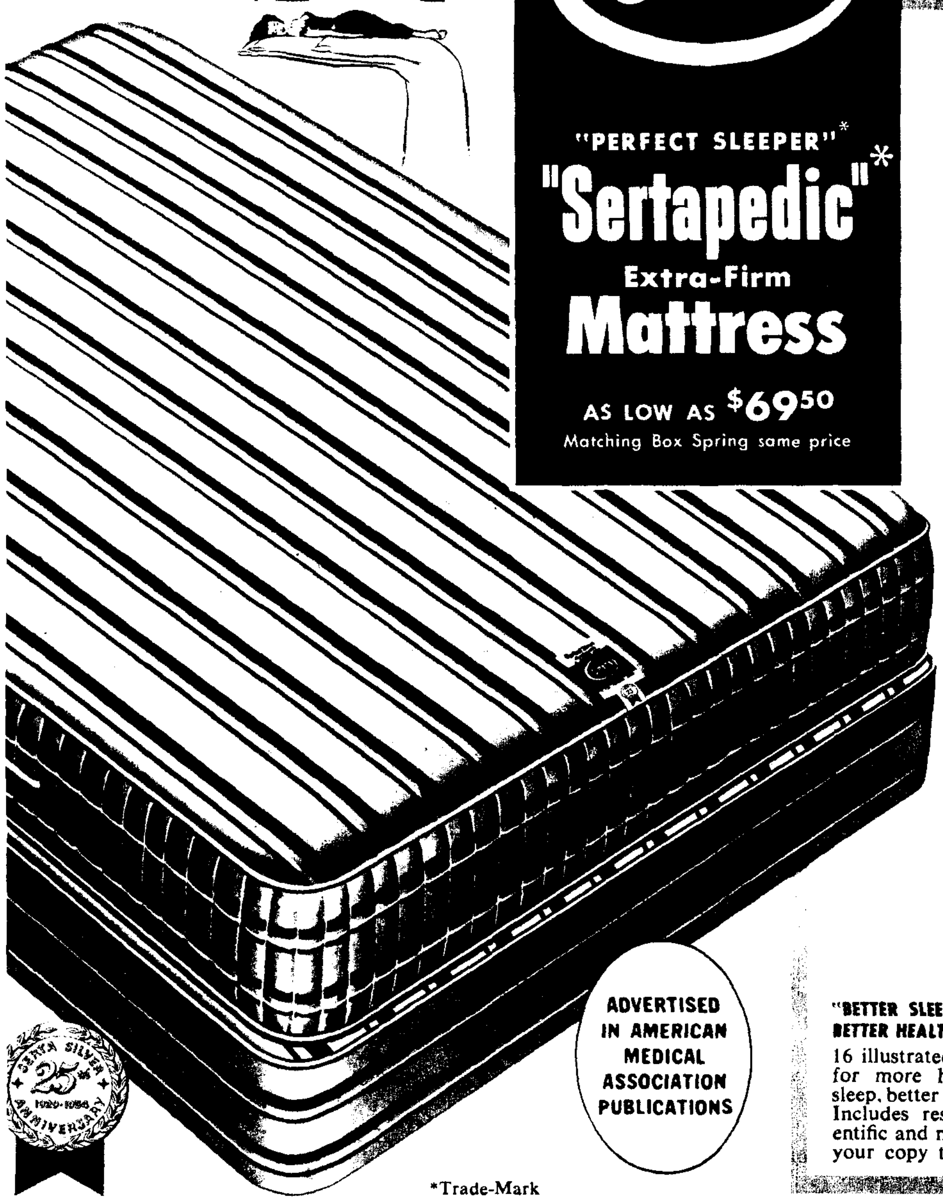

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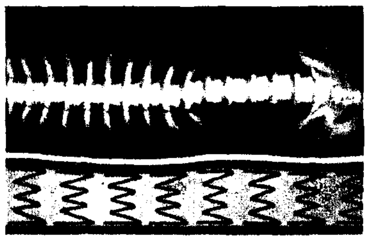

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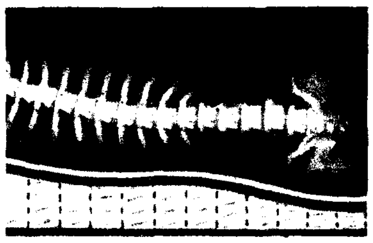

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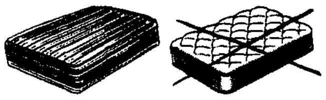

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Lane says Casey's top manage

Gene Woodling, Mickey Mantle, Hank Bauer, Irv Noren, Bob Cerv and Enos Slaughter. No matter how Casey juggles those fellows around, he comes up with one of baseball's best outfields.

However, Stengel reaches his greatest heights as a manager during his daily press conferences. These sprightly monologues, which seldom last longer than an hour, usually commence innocuously enough. A reporter may ask, "Who are you pitching tomorrow?" And Casey's off and running.

Memories of His Rookie Days

There is a story about a sports writer who once asked that question of Stengel. Instead of answering, Casey launched into an anecdote harking back to his debut as a nineteen-year-old rookie outfielder with the Maysville, Kentucky, club in the Blue Grass League in 1910. In those days the grounds of the state lunatic asylum lay just beyond Maysville's center-field fence, and Casey was the inmates' favorite ballplayer.

From Maysville, Stengel skipped to a detailed discussion of the life and times of John McGraw and the New York Giants; then, inevitably, Casey swung into a rehash of the game played the day before, with special emphasis on his own invaluable mental contributions to the Yankees' victory.

". . . I've got my old guy (Johnny Mize) up there with a two-and-one count and I figure their right-hander (Sandy Consuegra) got to come in there with his fast ball, so I signal my guy to swing away and their right-hander comes in like I figured and my guy hits it good and that's the ball game . . ."

Naturally, Casey never did get around to answering the writer's original query.

When the reporter returned to the press box, a colleague inquired: "You ask Casey who's pitching tomorrow?"

"Uh-huh," the writer nodded. "And near as I could figure out from what Casey said, it's going to be Christy Mathewson."

Stengel, in his role of comedian-manager, often resembles the clown who traditionally wants to play Hamlet. Casey seldom gets into trouble with his entertaining TV skits or his hilarious press-conference monologues. But real disaster threatens when he tries to play his manager's role straight.

Take what happened in the fin game of the 1953 World Series, for e ample. Going into the top of the eight the Yankees enjoyed a seemingly sa 3-to-1 lead. Whitey Ford, the Ya kees' starter, had yielded only six hit Whitey was breezing along.

So, what happened? Stengel staged dramatic change of pitchers—bringi in the right-handed Allie (Big Chief Reynolds to replace the left-hand Ford. This switch violated a cardin managerial tenet: never remove pitcher when you're ahead and he's g the game under control.

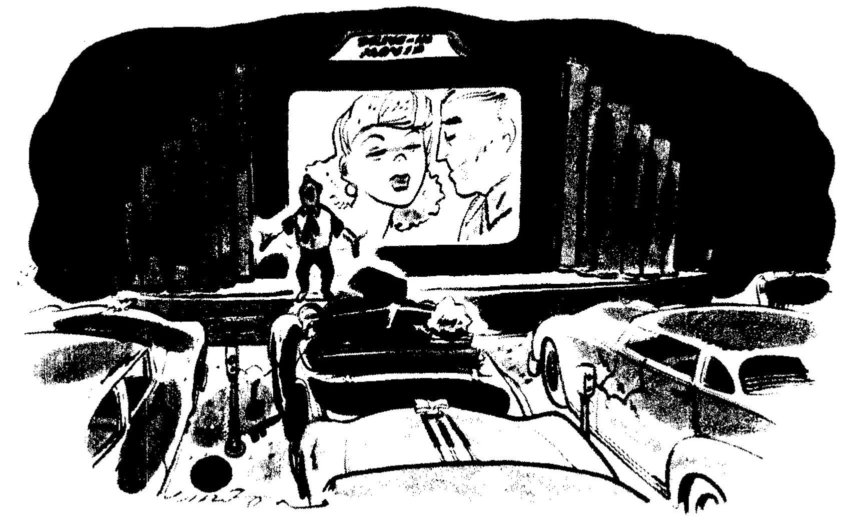
Nonetheless, Stengel could not shak the belief that right-handed batte can't hit right-handed pitching; an since Brooklyn's right-handed pow hitters were coming up, Casey decide that the presence of the right-hande Reynolds was urgently needed. (T left-handed Ford had been bafflin Brooklyn's right-handed sluggers a afternoon, but Casey apparently di regarded this fact.)

The result of Casey's spectacular di play of thinking was that in the nin the right-handed Reynolds gave up base on balls to Duke Snider; then Ca Furillo, a right-handed batter, sock one of the Chief's right-handed fa balls for a home run to tie the score 3-all. However, despite Casey's ou burst of thinking, which transform almost-certain victory into possible d feat, the Yankees finally won, 4 to 3, o Billy Martin's dramatic single with tw on in the last of the ninth.

In the wake of Martin's hit, whic clinched the Yankees' fifth straig World Series triumph, Stengel devote several press conferences to nostalg recollections of the good old days whe he was managing Oakland in the Pacif Coast League and grooming a rook infielder named Billy Martin for eve tual stardom with the Yankees.

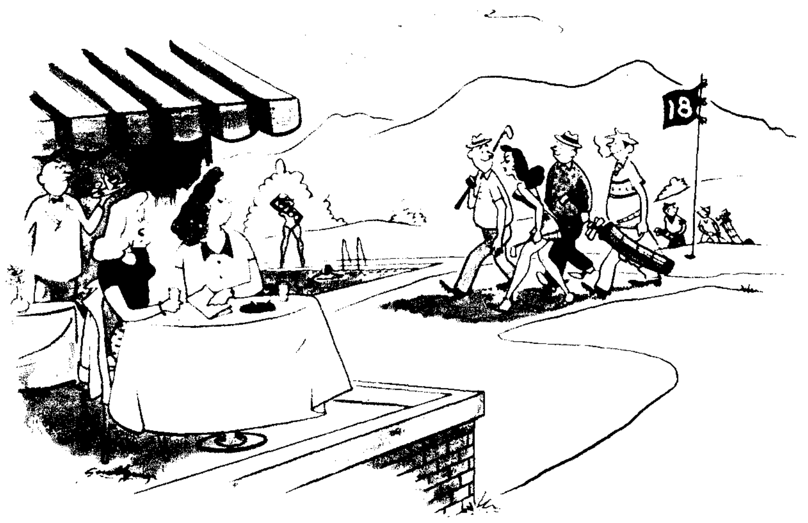
Actually, Stengel had nothing to d with sending Martin to the Yankees. number of big-league clubs, includi the Yankees and the White Sox, trie to deal with the Oakland manageme for Martin's services. Eventually, Oa land decided on the Yankees, simpl because Weiss was in a position make the best offer. Weiss, as usua had a surplus of good ballplayers. exchange for Martin, Weiss promis to send Oakland half-a-dozen playe of proven top minor-league caliber.

The White Sox would have matche any cash offer the Yanks might ha



COLLIER'S "Is there a mechanic in the house?" FRITZ WILKINSON

t is his daily press monologue



"She's smart. She can play golf, tennis, violin, piano and dumb"

COLLIER'S GERALD GREEN

ıade for Martin, but we couldn't ıatch Weiss's offer of six players. Oakınd, fighting for the No. 1 spot in the 'acific Coast League, wanted players ıore than cash.

The acquisition of Martin demon:rates the all-important part Weiss's bundantly stocked farm system plays ı the Yankees' success story. He al'ays has a number of players available ɔr trading purposes, and, when necesıry, he outbids every other major:ague club.

Look how Weiss grabbed off pitcher Iarry Byrd and first baseman Eddie .obinson from the Philadelphia Ath:tics last winter in what may turn out ɔ be the most important deal of the 954 season. The White Sox despertely wanted Byrd—a right-handed ıst-baller who figured to become a 0-game winner in our commodious 'omiskey Park. We offered the Ath:tics $150,000 for him.

The Offer That Swung the Deal

But Weiss jumped right into the bidıng with an offer of eight high-grade layers—among them outfielders Bill :enna and Vic Power, infielder Don ollweg, pitcher John Gray and catcher ıl Robertson—in exchange for Byrd nd Robinson. In accepting Weiss's roposal, the A's acquired three playrs, Renna, Bollweg and Power, who ould play regularly on virtually any ther team in baseball except the Yanees. Gray is a promising right-handed itcher and Robertson could be one of ıe finest catchers in the American .eague within two years.

So long as Weiss is on the job, the 'ankees (who were years ahead of ther American League clubs in deeloping their farm system) are going ɔ be mighty tough to beat—with or 'ithout Stengel. This season, for exmple, Weiss has put together a typ:ally powerful pennant contender for tengel's managerial use. Without at:mpting to analyze the team player by layer, you can glean some idea of the ower in Weiss's '54 Yankees by reıembering that:

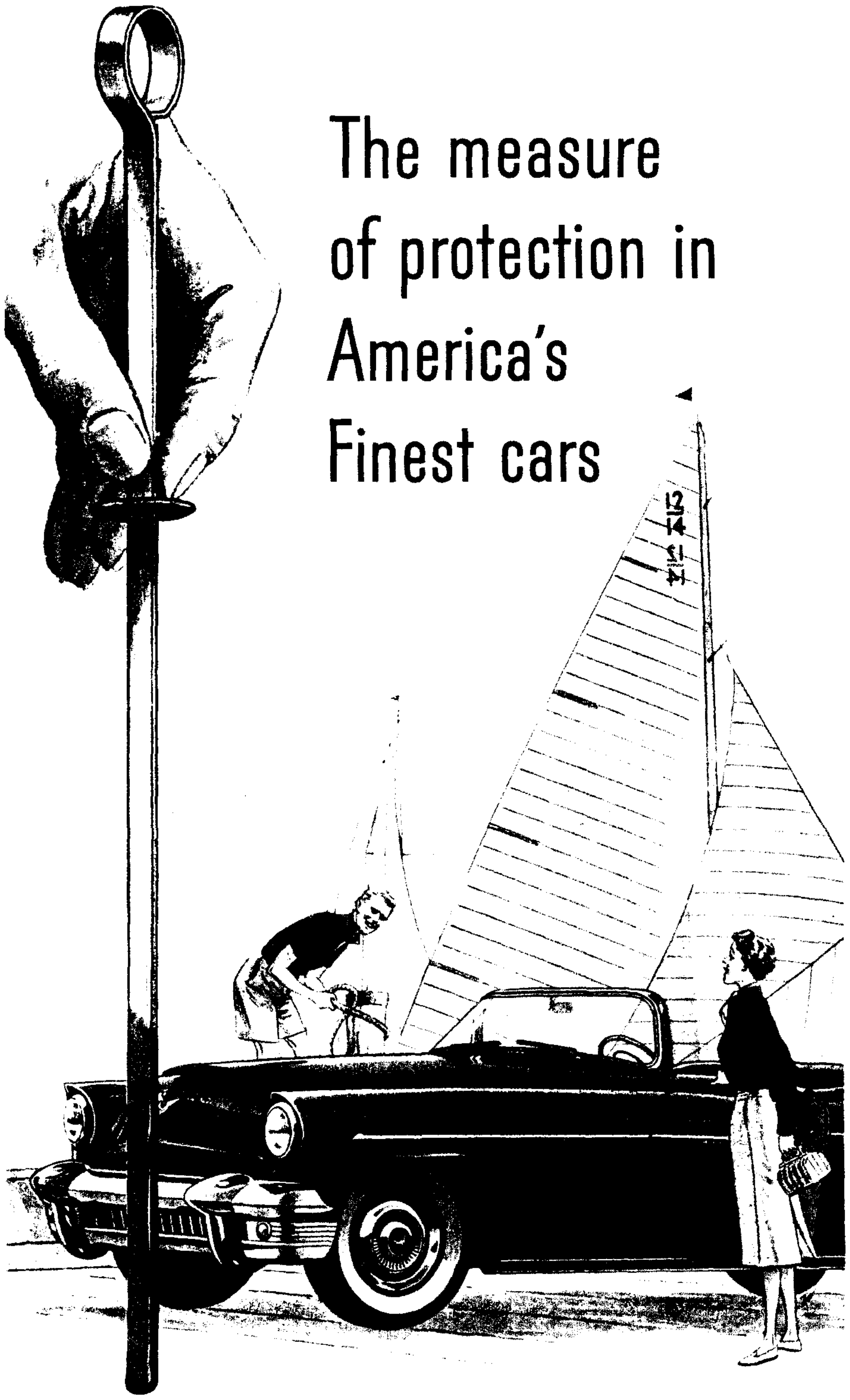
- Irv Noren, listed behind Mantle, Voodling and Bauer, would probably e a regular outfielder on any other lub. (All this and Slaughter, too.)
- Andy Carey, rated behind Gil McDougald at third base, would be a regular on every American League team except Cleveland (Al Rosen) and Boston (George Kell).
- Charley Silvera, who seldom gets an opportunity to spell the durable Berra behind the plate, would be a first-string receiver in at least five other American League line-ups.
- Jerry Coleman, who replaces Billy Martin, is (with Billy) one of the four best second basemen in baseball. The other two are Nellie Fox of Chicago and Red Schoendienst of the St. Louis Cardinals. And even with Martin gone, the Yanks still have Jim Brideweser for insurance.
- Eddie Robinson and Joe Collins, who probably will be used interchangeably at first base, could play regularly on at least a dozen big-league clubs. If that's not enough, young Bill Skowron has been bidding for that position too.
- Phil Rizzuto is still one of the three best shortstops in the majors—on a par with Pee Wee Reese of the Dodgers and Chico Carrasquel of the White Sox.
- And even with Vic Raschi gone, the Yanks still have a solid pitching staff topped by Eddie Lopat, Allie Reynolds, Whitey Ford, Harry Byrd and Jim McDonald. What's more, Tom Morgan, a fine right-handed fast-baller, is back from military service.

However, despite the Yankees' depth and power, the '54 pennant race shapes up as a four-club battle with the White Sox, Cleveland Indians and Boston Red Sox in strong contention.

I expect the White Sox to win. We've now got better pitching than the Yankees—and pitching is still the most important consideration in winning ball games.

In addition to our immediate aim of capturing the 1954 American League pennant, the White Sox also have a long-range objective. By 1956, we hope to have our expanded farm system (which has now been in operation for five years) producing topflight players as consistently as Weiss's Yankee organization.

And once we get our farm system straightened out, we may also challenge the Yankees' current monopoly in the amusement field. One thing's sure: if we decide to hire a comedian, say one like Stengel, we won't settle for anything but the best. Offhand, I'd say that either Jimmy Durante or Jackie Gleason would be ideal.



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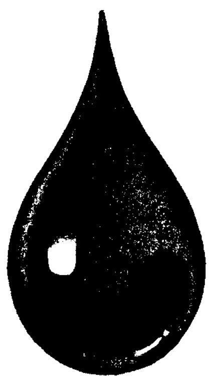

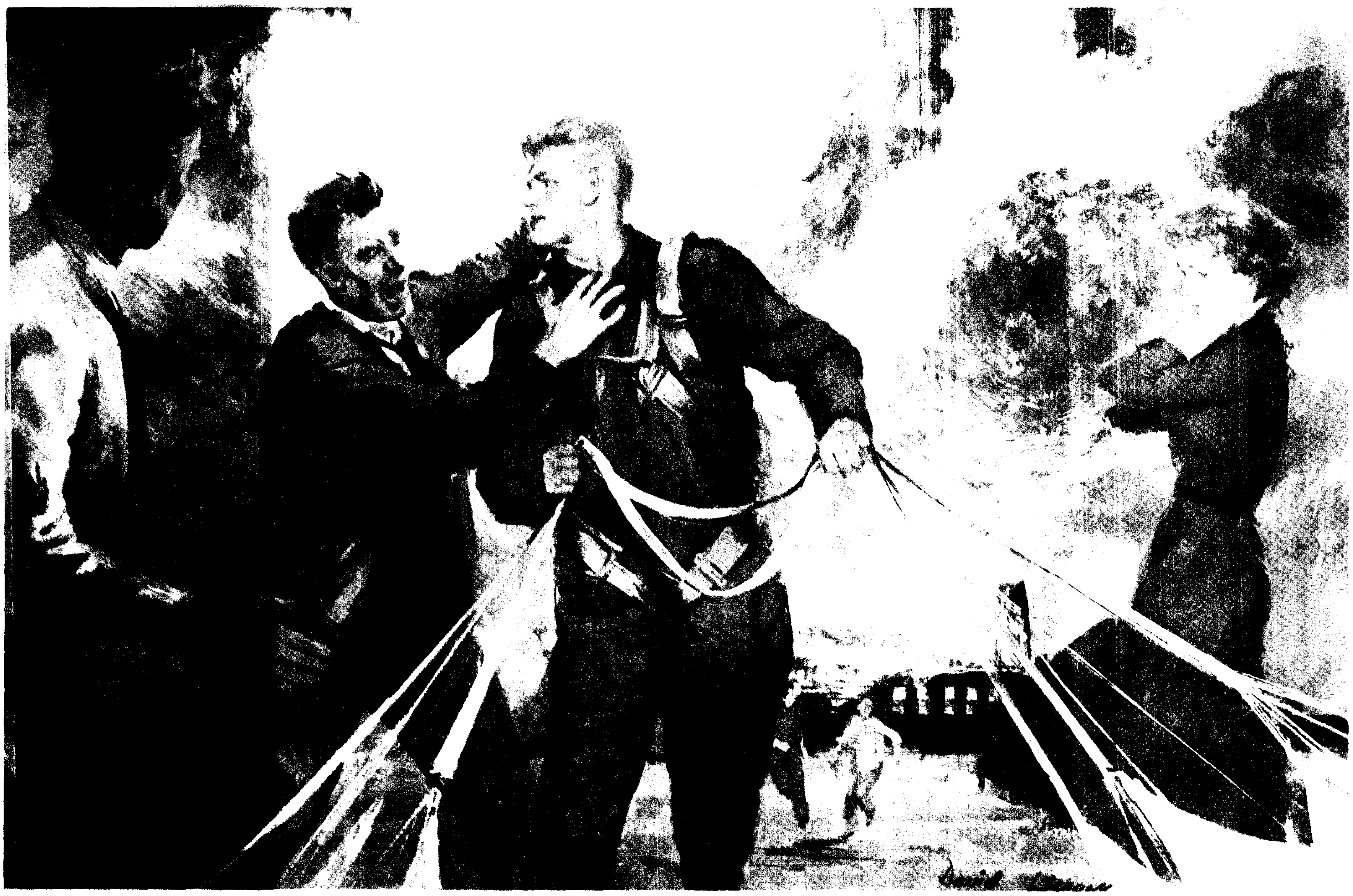

Several persons ran forward to help the pilot. Osborn was the first to reach him, and he began beating him with uncontrolled rage

DARK DOMINION

By DAVID DUNCAN

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In a matter of hours we would either launch the ship and escape to outer space—or be bombed to extinction

The Story: For five years, I, PHILIP AMBERT, had directed the building of the Black Planet—the world's first space station—at the Magellan Project, a secret base in central California. This space station, when launched, would revolve around the earth, policing it, to ensure peace. As our work neared completion, tensions within the Project grew. WARREN OSBORN, a brilliant but jealous man in charge of rockets and fuel, had accused me of mismanagement. GAIL TANAGER, a research assistant, had become involved in a hopeless love affair with AARON MATTHEWS, who was to command the space station—and would never return. TOM HERNANDEZ, our nuclear physicist, had discovered a new element, which we named Magellanium. It had incredible density and a varying weight; it was a liquid and it was attracted by some unknown but tremendous force. Then, while my wife, SUSAN, and I were exploring a secret cave I had found, enemy observation planes flew over the Project. When I returned to my office, GENERAL HUMPHREY, our security officer, arrested me, charging me with treason. He believed Osborn's past complaints against me and thought that I had contacted some enemy during my unaccounted-for absence from the Project. Hernandez sent some samples of Magellanium to my cell and with these I not only proved Osborn wrong in claiming the element was a hoax, but discovered it was the white dwarf of the star Sirius that attracted Magellanium. When I was finally cleared and released, I found that evacuation had begun, but Susan refused to take our children and go. Tom then told me that he had produced two more types of Magellanium, which he called B and C. Particles of each were attracted to each other but were repelled by the other types, and all three types were attracted by different outer forces. Osborn, now convinced that we had found a new element, had begun to compute the forces attracting the two new types of Magellanium. Tom also told me that the United Nations were in extraordinary session, protesting against the Black Planet, and preparing to send investigators. And then we heard planes overhead—the Project was under attack.

THE LAST OF FOUR PARTS

THE first sound we heard was the distant crackling of antiaircraft fire, and that was followed immediately by the wailing of air-raid sirens. The patrol planes over the Project were leaving their circling patterns now and formation after formation went off to do battle.

Although we could not see the enemy planes, ours were flying toward the ocean. I stood looking up at them a moment, feeling I ought to be doing something, but aware that there was nothing anyone on the Project could do except to protect himself. Very few people seemed inclined to do this. The volunteer air-raid wardens were attempting to herd their co-workers to shelters, but no one went. It wasn't that they were foolhardy or ignorant of the danger; they simply couldn't grasp the reality of what they heard and saw. It was also true that our shelters—the basements of several buildings—didn't inspire much trust. The Project was never intended to be a fortress. Finally some of the people started toward the port of entry—hoping, I suppose, to find room on the first evacuation train. The train, however, had already left.

It occurred to me that the point of greatest danger was at the site of the Black Planet and that it was therefore my duty to be there, to see that the work kept going. Osborn insisted on coming with me, even though he was obviously on the point of nervous collapse. Before we reached the Black Planet we saw a couple of planes shot down far to the west but there was no particular solace in the distance. At present speeds, any aircraft that can be seen is only a few seconds away. But still no enemy plane had broken through to drop bombs on the Project.

I went straight to the office of the Black Planet and Osborn took the elevator up to the cone, where the fuel tanks were beginning to receive the propellant. This was in two parts: the fuel proper and the oxidizing agent that would permit the fuel to continue exploding after the ship had left the earth's atmosphere. The liquid fuel was going in

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER

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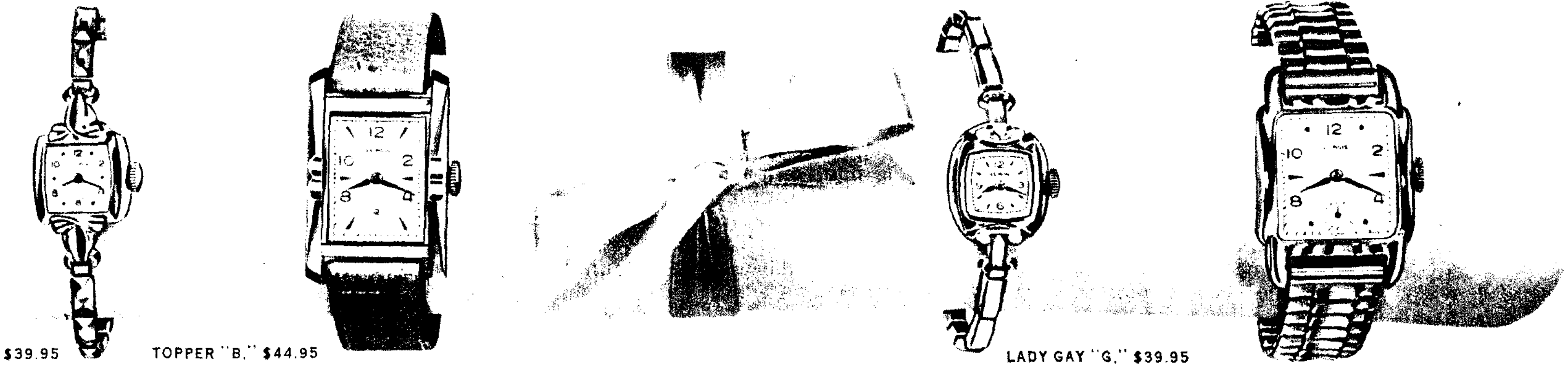

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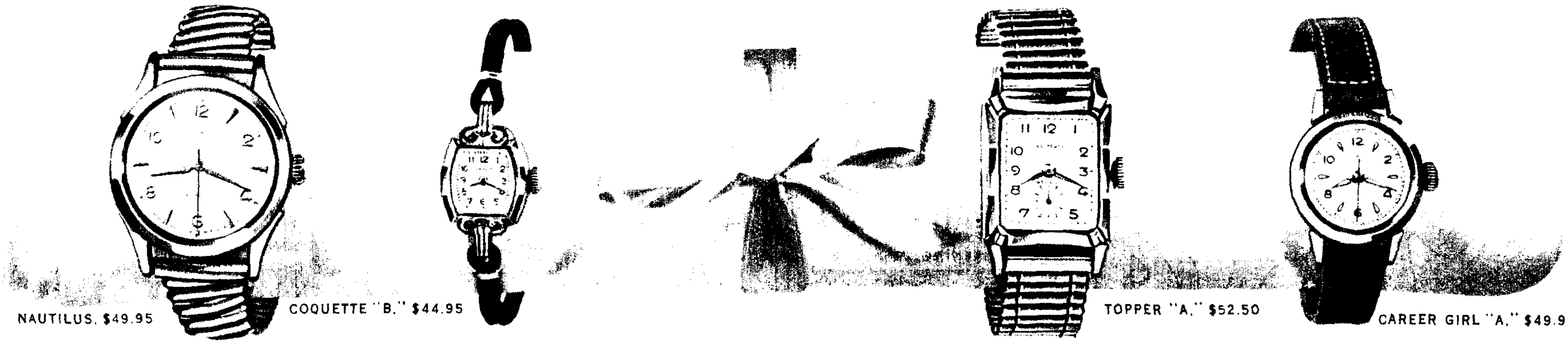

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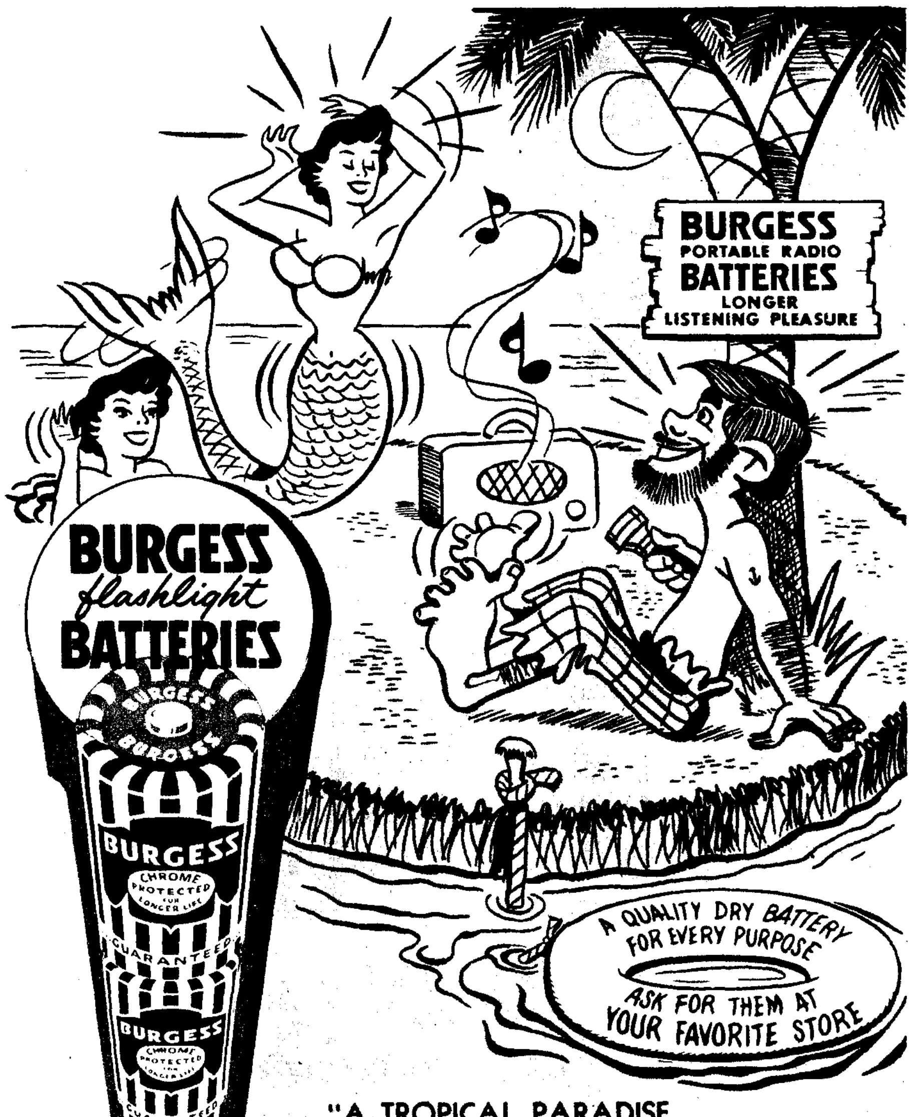
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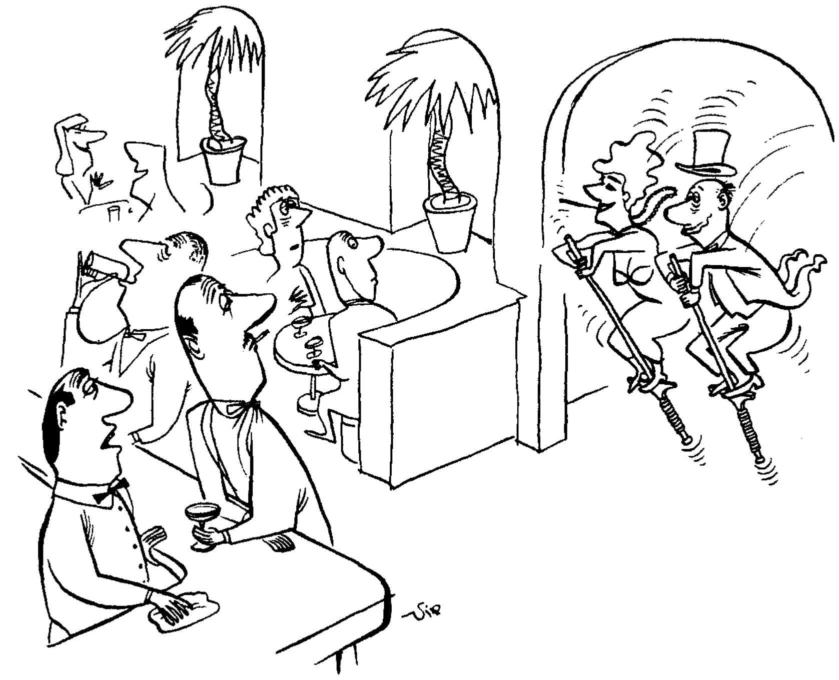


COLLIER'S "Here comes a couple *real* bar-hoppers" VIRGIL PARTCH

now, and everyone in the vicinity knew that if an incendiary bomb or even an explosive shell should pierce the cone, the whole head of the ship would be blown apart.

Matthews wasn't in the office, but I finally found him standing beneath the outer perimeter of the space ship where he could see both the air battle and the trucks bringing supplies to the Black Planet. He was watching the sky through a pair of binoculars when I joined him, and for several seconds he didn't notice my presence. Never have I seen so many planes at one time. They flew in a series of majestic circles around the ship they were guarding. The inner circle of planes was probably no more than a mile from the space ship itself, and beyond it—at regular intervals as far as eyes could see—were others. Only along the western and southwestern circumference of the circles was the regularity disturbed. In that section the sky had become hazy with smoke, but it was possible to make out the attacking planes driving straight forward like a swarm of insects, their ranks thinning as they attempted to penetrate the wheeling lines of defense. Matthews lowered his binoculars.

"What do you think?" I said.

"Who knows?" he said. "They can't come on forever and they're vastly outnumbered. The planes we see have probably been under attack for five hundred miles, and yet they still come."

WE STOOD there another fifteen or twenty minutes, sometimes watching the battle, sometimes making decisions for the foremen who were at work around us. Osborn came down out of the ship and started toward me, then saw Aaron and changed his mind. He went over and stood near the pump that was transferring the fuel from the tank trucks to the ship. His face was still a pasty white, but his manner with the men around him was controlled.

"Look," Aaron said, "they're falling back." He was using binoculars, but I could see that the attacking planes were in retreat. Where the enemy would retreat to, I didn't know, but it was certain their time in the air was limited. I asked Aaron about this.

"I suppose the pilots will have to ask permission to give themselves up and
come in at one of our airfields—eith
that or die in the ocean." We were st
talking as though victory was w
when the sound of an explosion ma
us turn to the north.

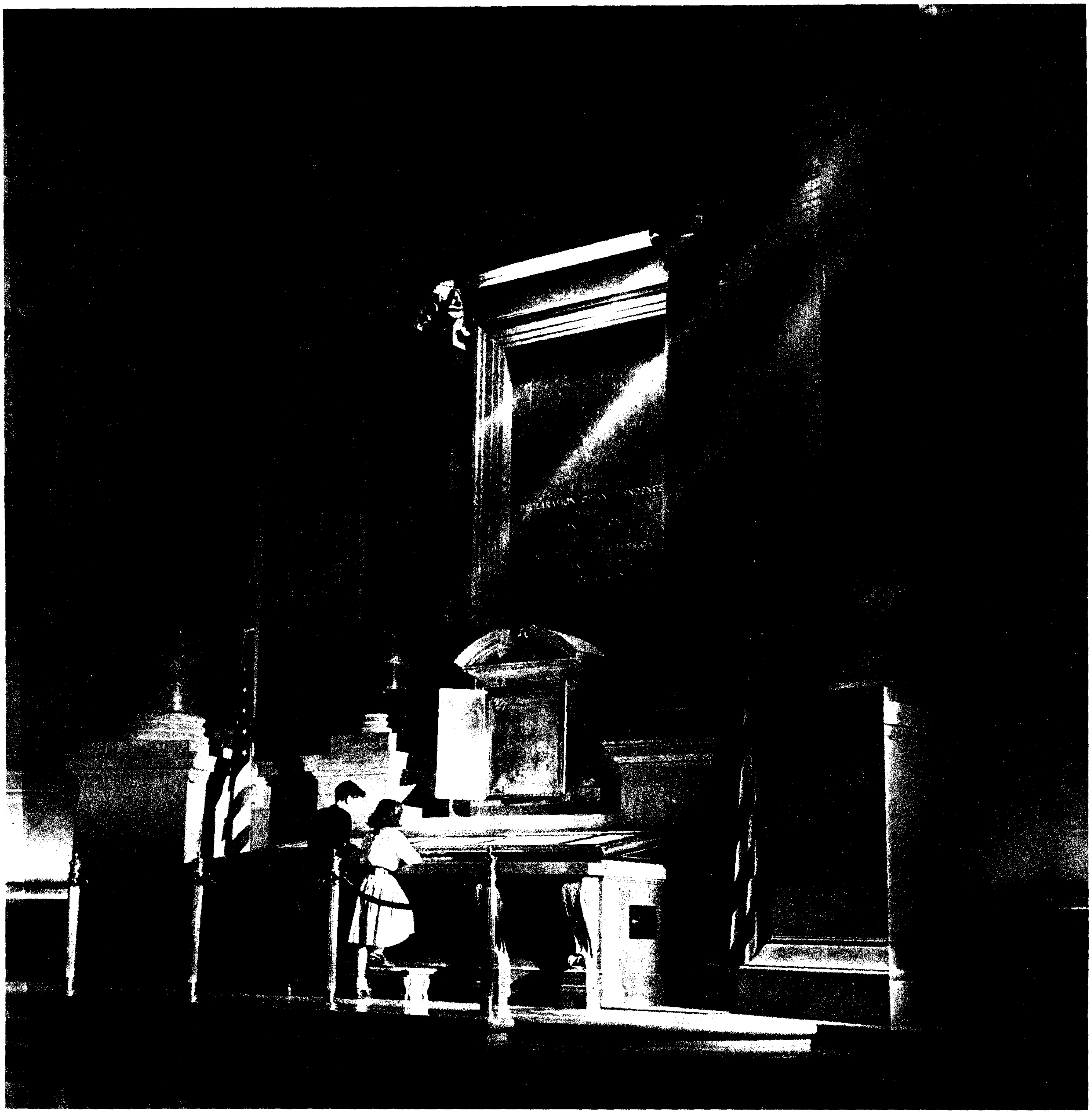
It was no new enemy. Two of o
own planes had collided in the air a
one of them, with a wing shorn off, w
falling helplessly a mile or more nor
of where we stood. The other plane
first seemed intact. It veered, right
itself for a few moments and th
headed earthward at a long slant in o
direction. It was one of the propell
driven patrol planes from the inn
ring, and as it came closer we cou
see that both motors had ceased
function. So, apparently, had the co
trols, because the pilot was unable
pull it out of its long dive.

We stood there breathless—no or
I think, concerned about himself
much as about the Black Planet, whi
at first seemed directly in the plan
path. There was something deadly
the plane's silence as it swept by, clea
ing the space ship by a good margin
safety. I watched the plane, weak wi
relief. But then, as it neared the ear
something—perhaps an ascending
current—lifted its nose slightly so th
it leveled off and glided directly towa
the surrounding hills. From behi
me I heard Osborn cry out in rage a
terror, and a moment later I knew wh

The plane skimmed the roadw
where the fuel trucks were moving t
propellant from the storage tanks a
crashed into one of the big reservoi
The explosion was instantaneous.
vast blossom of black smoke unfold
in the air and then, in quick successic
there were others as the adjacent tan
exploded also. The sound and sho
waves hit us a few seconds later, sha
ing the concrete beneath me and ma
ing the columns supporting the Bla
Planet shudder like taut strings. Acro
the valley blood-red flames began r
ing through the black smoke.

I seized a field telephone. It was
direct connection with the Secur
Office, and I got Humphrey at onc
He couldn't yet have seen what ha
pened; he could only have heard t
sound. "It was the Black Planet,"
said. "It's gone. Blown to bits; put th
on the line to Washington at once."

I felt Aaron grip my shoulder. '
only they'll believe it. That column



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smoke will certainly convince everyone within a hundred miles that something big has blown up. Why not the Black Planet? We'll be left alone. We'll have time to get it launched!"

Osborn shouted, "Get it launched! And what will you launch it with? We haven't pumped in enough fuel to lift it ten feet off the ground, and now the whole supply is gone! It will be months. And that means never!" He turned and started to run away, his face ashen. At first I thought the shock of seeing the fuel tanks explode had unsettled him completely, and then I saw that he knew where he was going.

WHILE we had watched the tanks exploding, we had failed to notice that the pilot of the ill-starred plane had parachuted safely and was now untangling himself from his lines not seventy-five yards from where we stood. Several persons ran forward to help him, Osborn among them. He was the first to reach the pilot, and he began beating him with uncontrolled rage. By the time I got to them, several men had already seized Osborn and dragged him away.

"The fool!" he shouted. "He should be hanged! Shot! He's destroyed everything!" There was no use trying to reason with him, so I told the men who held him to take him off to the tramline. Then I told Matthews to hold all the workmen at the Black Planet for at least another hour, in order to give the rumor of the ship's destruction the widest possible circulation before anyone had a chance to tell the truth. Then I joined Osborn in the tramcar.

He was slumped down, exhausted and silent. Neither of us spoke until we had nearly reached the end of the line near the laboratories. Then I said, "As one who's recently been unjustly accused of treason, I hate to level the charge at someone else. But when a man goes to irrational length to fix the blame for a catastrophe upon someone who couldn't possibly be responsible—as you did with that unfortunate pilot—it can only be because he's filled with an unbearable sense of guilt."

Osborn's silence was all the reply I needed.

"I think I know why you did it," I said. "Perhaps I even know how. You used a controlled rocket, didn't you?"

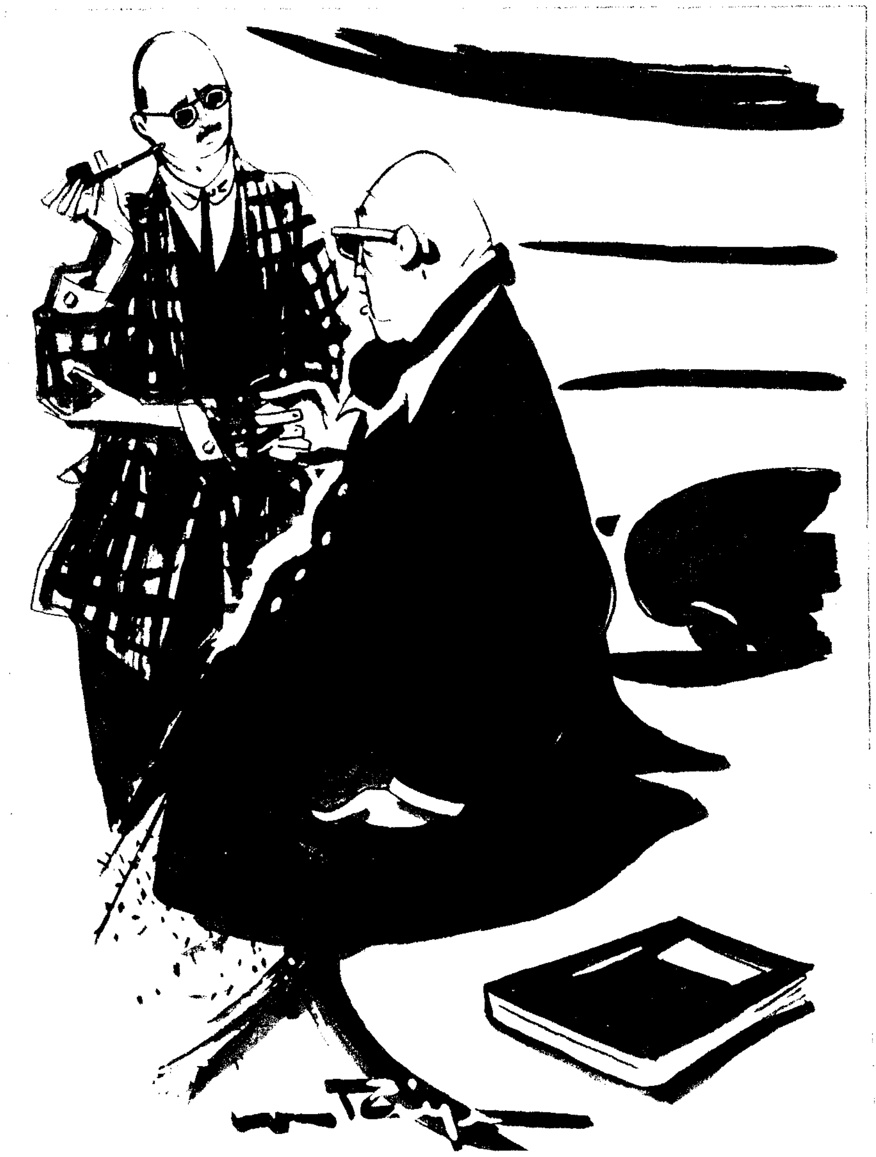
He nodded wearily. "Yes, it was a rocket. A map of the Project was in the head—a map and a warning. Apparently whoever found it refused to believe it, and so they sent an observation plane to verify the message. They had a reason to doubt"—the bitterness in his voice contained an echo of pride—"because I sent that rocket a good seven thousand miles before I brought it down."

As we got off the tramcar, the smoke hung in a dense cloud over the entire Project.

"What are you going to do with me?" Osborn asked.

"I don't know yet. Let's go to my office." When we entered my office, it was so dark outside I had to turn on the lights. I picked up the telephone and told the switchboard operator to hold all my calls. Osborn sat listlessly in the leather armchair.

What was I going to say to the man?



COLLIER'S

"I'll give him credit for one thing: no matter how big you are, he'll still double-cross you"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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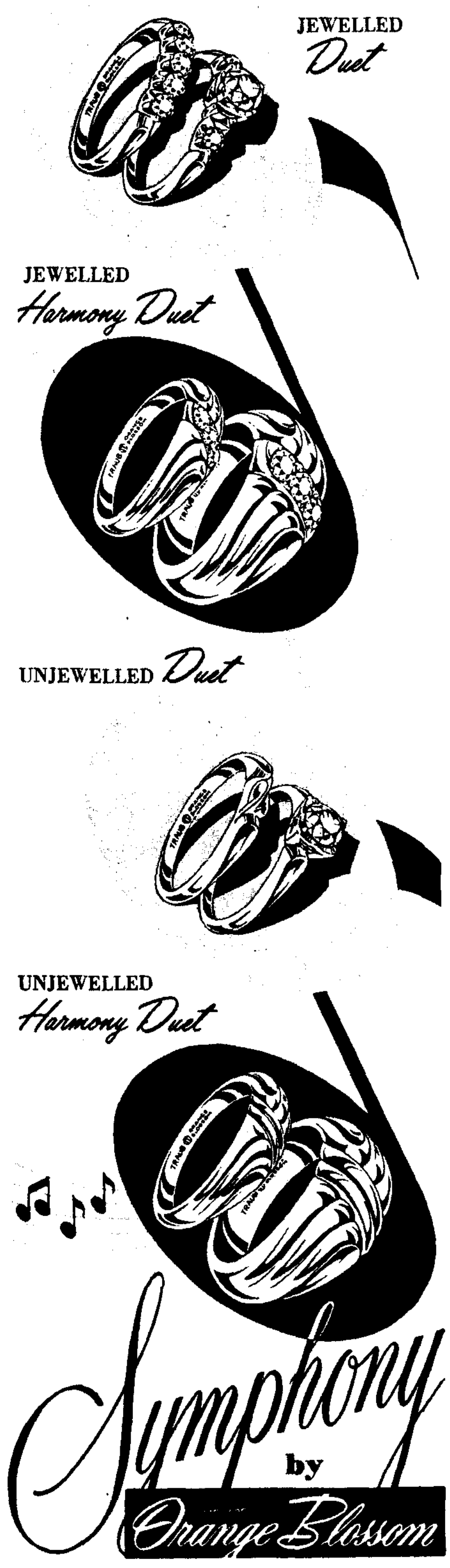

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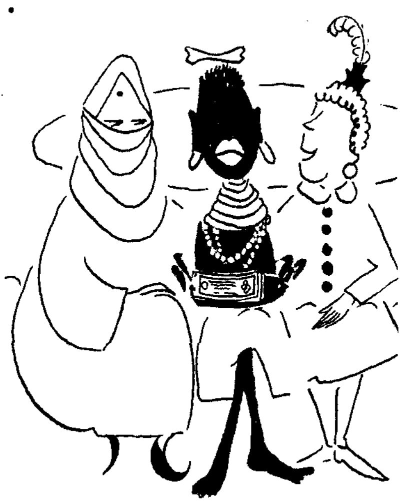

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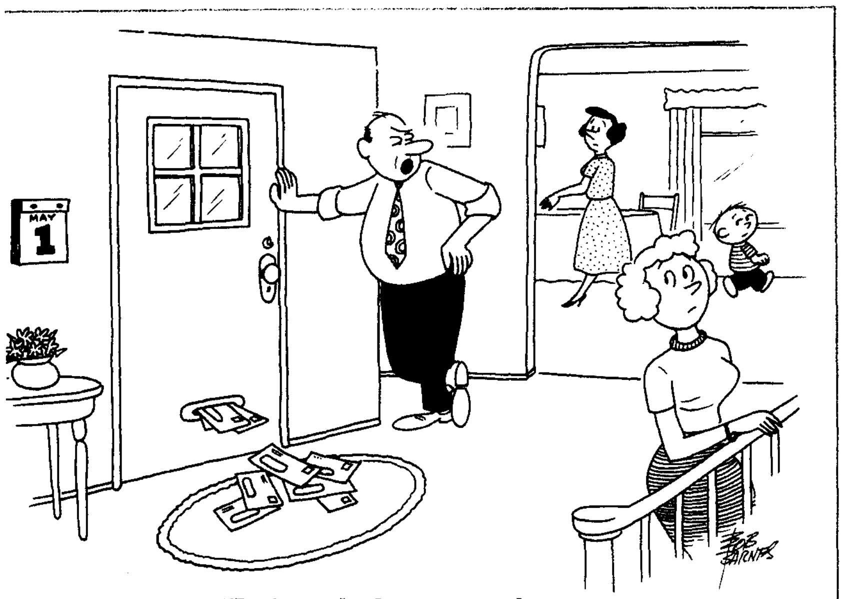

COLLIER'S "Isn't anybody interested in seeing who the mail's for?" BOB BARNES

would be executed as soon as his act treason was known. Besides, I had ood idea of what he had done. Had Black Planet been launched ac-ding to plan, the Project would then e been engaged in keeping it sup-ed with food, matériel and men from th, transported by controlled rocket riers. Osborn had been conducting liminary rocket experiments in an ort to solve this supply problem. He l evidently tampered with the mech-sm on one of his test rockets, nching it toward the nation where thought the government would be st alarmed by what we were doing.

'When did you send your informa-?" I asked him.

He rubbed his forehead as though ing to recall. "So much has hap-ed. Not long ago. The night after and Humphrey refused to co-oper- in getting me a release. But I could e betrayed the Project at any time vanted during the last five years." denly he shouted angrily, "I should e been released! Then this wouldn't e happened!"

'That's your only reason? Your unded pride?"

'Pride?" he said. "I've given years my life to my country. Who else ld have done what I've done? The nching principle was mine; without ou had nothing. And in return what my country done for me? Trans-red the credit for my work to others. Made a prisoner of me, denied me a reward I've won in my own right—the honor of becoming director of a great foundation!"

I looked at him a moment, trying to understand how a man could care so much for personal honors, care so little for mankind. But what did it matter; he would be executed. He had acted in full consciousness of what he was doing and why he was doing it. Osborn's fate was no longer my responsibility. I must turn him over to Humphrey.

BUT just as I was reaching for the telephone to do this, Humphrey himself charged into the office, his face flushed with anger. He pounded on my desk with his fist. "Why don't you answer my telephone calls?" he shouted. "You lied to me, Ambert! The Black Planet is not destroyed. I drove down there. I saw it. You lied to me and made me send a false report to Washington. This time I'll skin you alive!"

The desk shook under the force of his blows, and I had to grab his wrists to make him listen. "Certainly, I lied. I had to lie to you. You're incapable of lying for yourself, and this is the only opportunity we'll ever have. Let Washington think the ship is destroyed. Let the whole world think it!"

He saw what I was getting at. He stared at me with narrowed eyes, then clamped his hands behind his back and started pacing back and forth across the office, not yet aware that Osborn was present. Finally he said, "Just how long do you think I can keep this a secret?"

"The longer the better."

He shook his head. "Won't work," he said. "Won't give us even twenty-four hours."

"Why not? Close the Project boundaries again. Don't let anyone leave. Those already gone think the ship was destroyed and will spread the rumor. Every newspaper in the country will carry a full story of the Project and the destruction of the Black Planet. It will be repeated until everyone believes it."

He still shook his head. "Won't work. Best we'll get is a short breather. The whole world is too concerned. Washington has probably already announced in the United Nations that the ship is gone."

"That's exactly what we want."

"Sure. But do you think those delegates are going to sit there and accept what anyone says? They're going to want to see the evidence with their own

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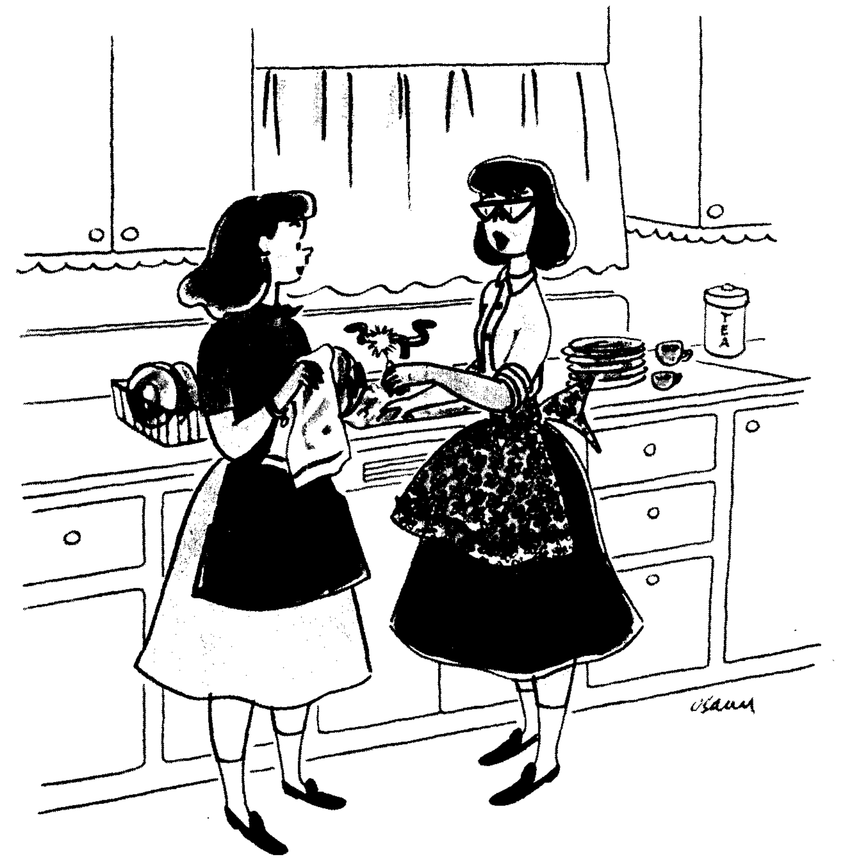

"Why, Woodrow is just a child. He's the same age as we are"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

eyes. They'll have a committee out here by this time tomorrow."

"All right then," I said, "we have just twenty-four hours."

"Will that do us any good?" Humphrey asked. He turned and saw Osborn then. "What do you think?"

"No," Osborn said. "You need at least a month—or more. It takes time to manufacture that propellant."

Humphrey shrugged. "Well, you've got twenty-four hours," he said, and marched out.

"You didn't turn me in, Ambert," Osborn said.

"No, I didn't. There's something you have to do first. On your desk I noticed an equation you were trying to solve. Go back to your office and solve it. But if you so much as stir from your office, I'll turn you in."

"And what happens after I solve the equation?"

"Then I'll turn you in anyway."

The idea seemed to amuse him. "Everything's over for me anyhow. Very well, I'll solve your problem for you. I know what you're thinking, and it might even work. At least the theory is fascinating. So I'll do it." He got up and strode out of the office.

I HAD lunch with Susan, Aaron, Tom, Gail and Humphrey. We discussed our situation, rather fruitlessly, but Aaron made one useful suggestion: "In spite of the Black Planet's being the object marked for destruction, its interior is still the safest place on the Project," he said. "It's bulletproof, invulnerable to atomic radiation, and virtually bombproof. A bomb could ruin it as a space ship but it wouldn't destroy it as a shelter. So, let's open the first two tiers to house the women and children who are still on the Project. If it's to be a matter of weeks, that's the best place for them."

At the end of the luncheon I explained part of the idea I had to Tom. He listened without comment and returned to his laboratory.

When I got back to my desk, I called Osborn's secretary. She told me Osborn had asked not to be disturbed and had said that he'd get in touch with me as soon as he'd completed his task. Then I called the superintendent of the machine shop and told him to come to my office.

When he arrived I showed him a rough drawing I had made and explained to him what I wanted and how it had to function. I needed a circular metal plate that would exactly fit into the base of the Black Planet's cone. The plate had to contain several thousand individual cells—something like the plate of a waffle iron on a tremendous scale—and each cell was to have a volume of about a cubic centimeter. The cells had to be arranged in three groups, and then there was to be some sort of lid arrangement that would allow all the cells in any given group to be opened simultaneously.

The superintendent wanted to know how soon I had to have it.

"In about three hours."

He whistled and shook his head. Then he said, "How strong do the walls of these cells have to be?"

"Strong enough to contain a pressure of about fifteen pounds each. Even thin metal will do that. The plate itself will have to be stronger."

"The plate is no trouble. We can cut it out of sheet steel. But the cells—" He thought a moment. "We have some honeycomb grating. If I put a layer of that across the plate and welded it down, you'd have"—he paused to calculate—"about one hundred and fifty thousand cells. Is that enough?"

"More than we need, but go ahead." The superintendent left and I called Tom. "Are you still in production?"

"Still going. And I think I've located the source of attraction for types B and C. B is near Antares in Scorpio, very

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ve right now. The origin of the C action is somewhere in the constel- on of Andromeda."

How much of the stuff do you e?"

I haven't counted but I know we've to use everything in the place for tainers to keep it separated."

I'll be over very soon."

telephoned Aaron at the space ship l told him to drain out what little pellant remained in the cone of Black Planet.

Ie sounded dubious but he said he'd a crew to work immediately.

Then Osborn telephoned. "I've fin- d," he said. "What do you want to do with the result?"

Leave it on your desk and I'll come for it. How did it work out?"

I think you'll be satisfied. What do now? Give myself up?"

You won't need to. I've told Hum- ey and he's ready to take you into tody."

Ie laughed sharply. "That's what hought when I heard two guards ing outside my door. But I won't it, Ambert."

You haven't any choice."

Yes, there's always one choice. sorry I won't know what finally pens to the Black Planet. Good- " I heard the report of a gun over telephone.

SBORN was dead when I got to his office. On his desk, held neatly to- ner by a clip, were the equations and r application to the specific prob- . I took these and left.

t had grown colder outside and a idy rain was falling. Most of the oke had been washed from the air the oily scent of the fumes had n replaced by one of wet earth. I ried on to Q Building.

Tom's laboratory looked more like a ory than a place for experimenta- . The consumption of uranium con- trate was tremendous. It was being led up from the reduction plant in load lots. The three types of Ma- anium were separated from one other by as great a distance as the oratory permitted.

took Tom from his work long ugh to help me check Osborn's ations. There were two problems olved in replacing the rocket fuel n Magellanium. It was possible to it the forces operating on the three erent types of Magellanium as vec- . What then would be the direction he force on the whole? Also, how ch Magellanium would be needed to erate the power necessary to escape the earth's attraction? From Osborn's equations we concluded that a sphere of Magellanium A eleven inches in diameter would be sufficient. Osborn had not known of the relationship between the Magellanium and the white dwarf star. He was aware only of the attractive force between masses of Magellanium. His equations were generalizations from which the solutions to specific problems could be deduced.

TOM didn't have much Magellanium yet. He had hundreds of tiny specimens but their total volume was so far inadequate. He was producing more constantly, however, so I arranged for trucks to start carting what was already on hand down to the Black Planet. Then I went there myself.

Humphrey had been trying to locate me from his office and had a call waiting for me when I reached the ship. He told me that our time was much shorter than we'd hoped.

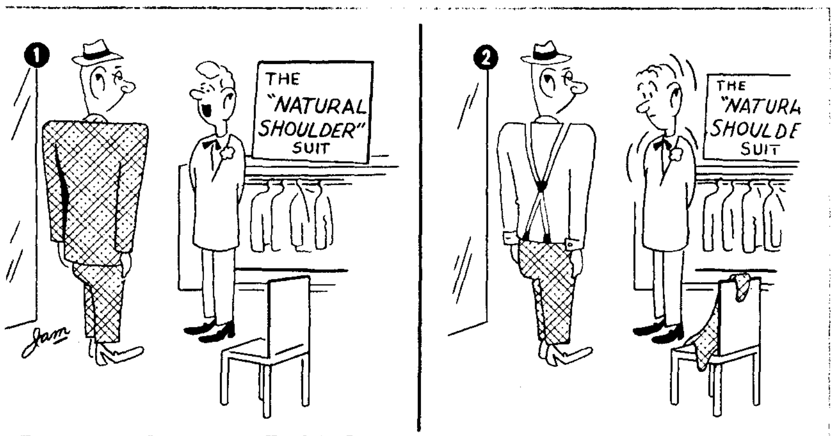
"The United States' delegate to the United Nations is on a plane with a committee of investigators right now," he said. "They'll arrive in four or five hours."

"And then we'll be attacked again," I said, half to myself.

We had four or five hours. But rain continued to fall, clouds lay in a thick blanket over the mountains and another night was coming. Night and rain might aid an enemy in getting through our defenses, but clouds and darkness wouldn't increase the accuracy of their bombers. Still, only one bomb was necessary and that didn't have to be a direct hit.

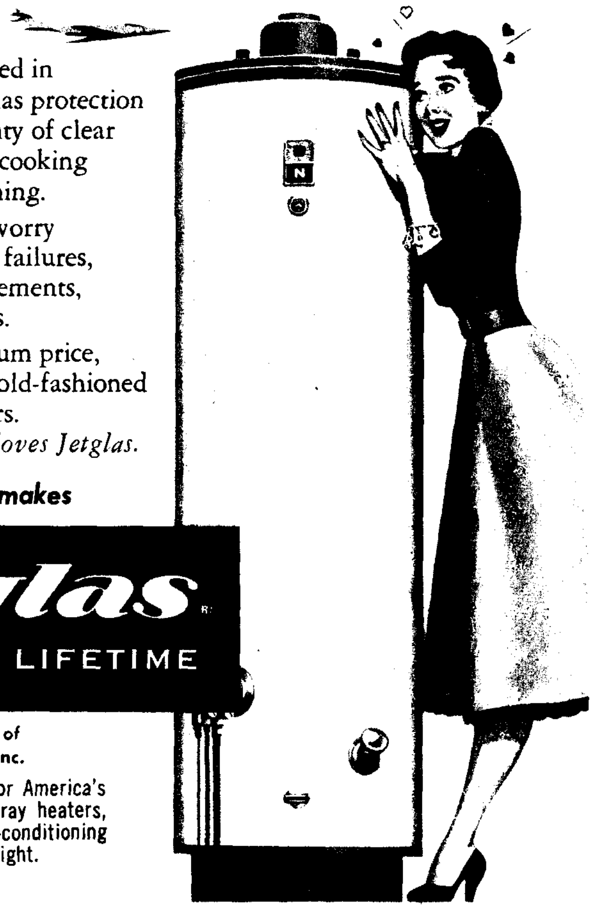
Fortunately there was little time to dwell on such unpleasant thoughts. I set a gang of men to work removing the fuel tanks from the cone, and then the plate I'd ordered arrived. It looked like nothing so much as a great circular piece of empty honeycomb. We moved it under the ship and then up through the core to the base of the cone. Here it was fixed in place. While the gangs of men worked, I took Aaron to the ship's office, gave him a copy of Osborn's equations and explained my plan. He listened attentively, and then made me stay with him while he went over Osborn's equations.

"Look," I said to him, "once the ship gets into space, it is independent. It has its own engines to put it into rotation; it is entirely self-contained. So, if there were a way to catapult it beyond the reach of gravity, that would be just as satisfactory as pushing it up with rocket fuel. The important job is to get the ship to the right altitude at the right



"The latest thing, sir. Padded shoulders, like you're wearing, are no longer in style. Just slip off your jacket and we'll try one on for size . . ."

COLLIER'S JAMES MURPHY



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speed. After that, you release the cone just as in the original plans."

He looked at me curiously for several seconds, then turned back to the equations. "But don't you realize," he said quietly, "that with these you can actually navigate. It's so simple you can calculate a course with a slide rule. And Magellanium isn't like rocket fuel; it doesn't burn up. What would happen if I don't release the cone?"

THE possibility startled me. "No one knows. It'll be loaded with three types of Magellanium trying to go in three different directions. As you say, those equations show you how to control it; that's why I had Osborn do the work. But you'll do better to watch your speed indicator and altimeter and release the cone just as though you were using rocket fuel. After that your operations will be familiar."

He laughed. "Familiar? What's familiar about space travel?" Then he became serious again. "I'll have the entire world's supply of Magellanium in the cone of the Black Planet, and yet you want me to release it!"

"We know how to make more."

"But what if the laboratories and personnel are destroyed? Magellanium would be lost forever!"

"What does it matter—if it gets the ship into space?"

He looked at the equations again, folded the pages carefully and slid them into his pocket. "When should my crew be ready?"

"Have them standing by at nine. We'll remove the women and children then. Remember, there's only one chance in a thousand, Aaron."

"At nine," he said and looked at his watch. "It's nearly eight now."

"I'm giving an hour's leeway. We won't be ready to attempt the launching until after ten."

"I see," he said. "I'll call the barracks and give orders to the crew."

I left him and went up to the cone. The Magellanium had continued to arrive from the laboratory in trucks, and men were up here putting it into the cells. Tom arrived to supervise the placement and told me the vault was producing Magellanium A again, probably influenced by the nearness of Sirius to the horizon.

I went down to the living quarters of the ship and told the women they'd have to get themselves and the children out by nine o'clock. There were about fifty children here, varying in age from infants to boys and girls in their teens. Some fifteen of the younger women were with them.

But before I could see the first of them on their way, I received a call from Humphrey. The committee from the United Nations had arrived and was now at the port of entry. From Humphrey's manner of speaking I knew that everything he said was being overheard by the committee members themselves. He was talking to kill time, asking me meaningless questions such as where he should start the tour of inspection and if the committee could approach the burning space ship in safety. The time we had left was a matter of seconds now.

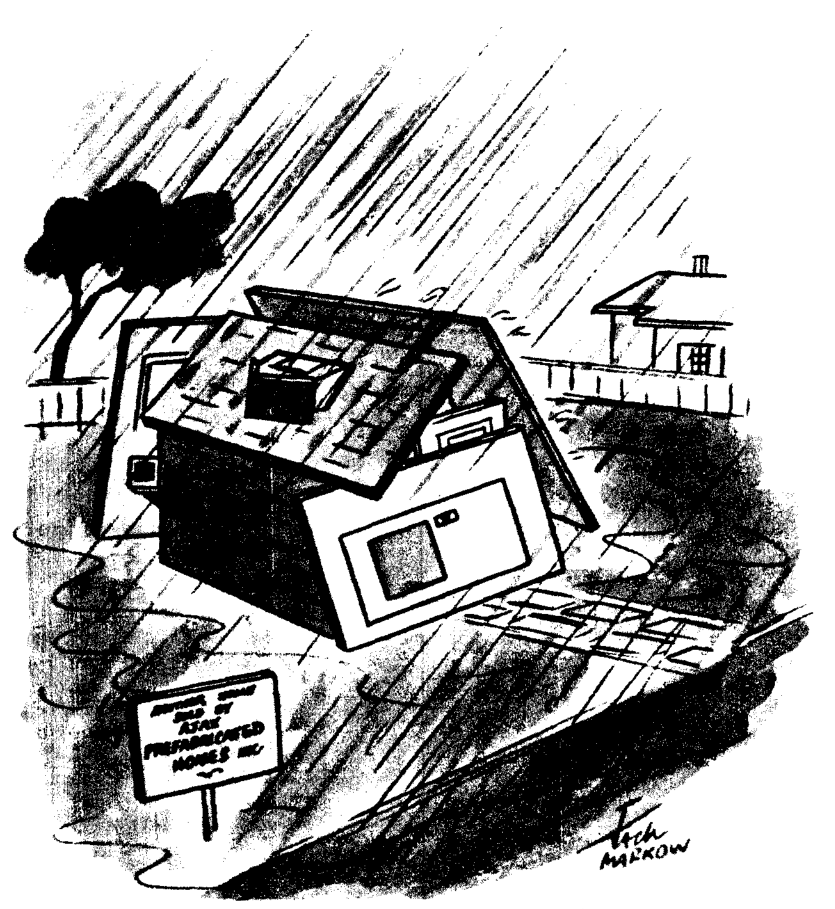
"Can they communicate with their own headquarters?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes," he said guardedly. "It won't be necessary for us to assist them in that. They're in direct touch by radio and so the quicker we dispel their apprehensions, the better."

"Conduct your guests to the end of the tramline. I'll meet you there."

Humphrey blustered, having no intention of letting them past the port of entry. "But you know my orders. I must take them immediately to the site where the ship was destroyed."

This stalling couldn't go on. With every second, additional beads of Magellanium were being transferred into the cells in the ship's cone and so every second was important, but Humphrey and I were not good enough actors to



COLLIER'S "You didn't expect me to stand there in a driving rain trying to read the directions, did you?" JACK MARKOW

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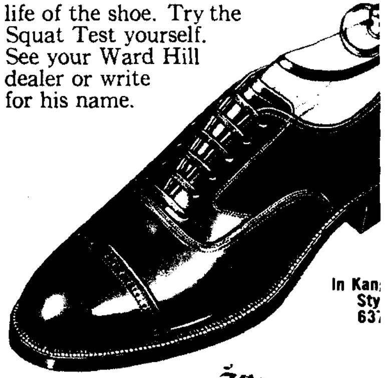

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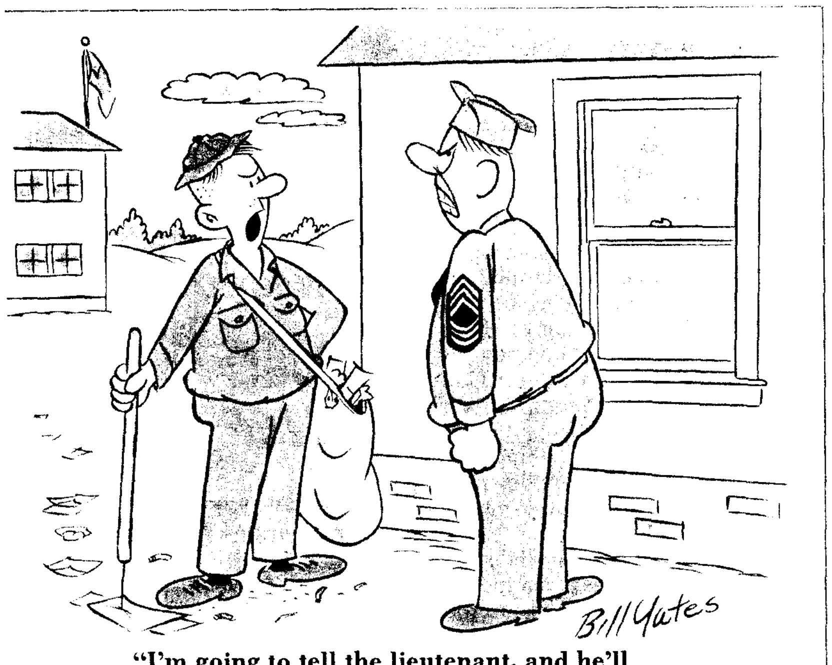

"I'm going to tell the lieutenant, and he'll tell the captain, and the captain will tell the major, and the major will tell the colonel, and the colonel will tell the general, and the general will tell the Chief of Staff, and he'll tell the Secretary of Defense, and he'll tell the President, and the President will get time on radio and TV and take it to the people—and the people won't stand for this sort of thing!"

OLLIER'S BILL YATES

ntain the pretense that we were nt to let the committee visit the . Suddenly there was a scuffling at other end of the line and a heavy ign voice spoke: "Dr. Ambert, you l pretend no longer. War is already ared!" The phone went dead for a nent, then Humphrey came back He sounded resigned.

That's it, Ambert. I'll take these s into custody, but that won't stop fireworks. We're in for it."

HAT was that then. Our respite was over; the Black Planet was still on ground. It would be the target of a attack, and yet we could not hope tempt a launching for another two rs. Even had our preparations been plete, we still had to wait until the attracting Magellanium A had n in the sky. So, rather than send women and children out into a of bombs, I told them to stay re they were until further orders. n I went up and got Tom and his stant, Kuka, and we went back to laboratory for the last time.

What we had to have was one sphere Magellanium A large enough to att and absorb all the other A pars. By absorbing them, this sphere ld grow, and as it grew, the attion between it and the white dwarf Sirius would increase according to square of the mass. Sirius was due lear the eastern horizon at 10:01 ., but it had to be given time to b in the sky. If Sirius wasn't well ve the horizon, the Black Planet ld be dragged across the surface he earth for a great distance. To eve an angle of inclination that ld carry the ship upward and clear hills bordering the valley, we would e to wait until 10:27.

he making of the sphere was a ple process because small particles Magellanium A joined just as drops iquid join. When we had built sphere up to a sufficient size, we led it onto a dolly, which we moved of the laboratory and onto a waittruck. We climbed into the rear of truck with it and started off.

During the five minutes it took to drive down the hill to the Black Planet I kept wondering why we hadn't seen evidence of an attack yet. We drove under the Black Planet, where red bulbs glowed through the darkness to mark the locations of entrances and elevators. A waiting crew moved the Magellanium into an elevator, Tom and I followed, and we ascended quickly through the body of the ship to the top tier. A block and tackle was waiting to lift the last of the Magellanium up into the cone. The honeycomb plate containing its myriads of Magellanium particles had already been covered, and I could hear the rustling movement of the A particles under the lid as we fixed our marble-sized sphere into place beneath the apex of the cone. I left Tom to finish there and went back down into the body of the ship. I found Aaron Matthews in his office. He had just put down the telephone as I came in.

"We're under attack," he said, quite calmly. "How much longer do we have to wait?"

I could hear nothing through the soundproof walls of the ship. The idea that bombs were falling outside and that at any moment the Black Planet might be jarred from its pedestals seemed impossible. I looked at Aaron. The calm with which he'd faced the long ordeal was still with him. He had mentioned the attack with sorrow rather than with anger, as though he sympathized with the brave men of both sides who would die in useless combat. "We'll have to unload the women and children," I said.

"We have perhaps twenty minutes," he said, but he made no move to leave his office. He sat gazing at me with an expression I couldn't understand. I turned and left to give the orders for disembarkation myself. He got up and followed me to the ship's living quarters, where the women and children waited. I gave the instructions and then descended the long stairway to the ground outside to see for myself what was going on.

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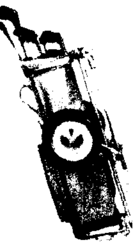

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beauty. Phosphorus and magnesium flares were being dropped on the Project. The distant buildings seemed to be no more than paper cutouts pasted against a flat background of rolling hills and mountains.

I looked toward the barracks on the opposite rim of the valley, expecting to see trucks bringing the crew down the winding road. There were no trucks. I ran up the long stairway into the first tier. "Your crew, Aaron!" I yelled. "Where are they?"

"I gave them their instructions," he answered.

"They aren't coming! Call them again!"

"Very well," he said, but he did not move. He stood staring at the controls. I ran past him to see if the women and children were leaving.

THEY were lined up in the living quarters. I saw my son Louis there, his eyes wide with apprehension as he held tight to his sister's hand. Susan was there, and Gail, and all the others; they were all watching me, but it was Susan's eyes that drew mine. Her expression was one of such sorrow it sent a chill of terror through my body. There they all stood and I knew I had to order them out. I did so, and then turned back toward the exit myself, hearing behind me the shuffle of footsteps as they followed. As I passed the door of the control room, the telephone rang and Aaron called to me. It was Humphrey asking for me.

"Submarines," he said. "Forty or fifty of them just off the coast. They're going to launch rockets."

I hung up. "Submarines," I said to Aaron. "Don't stand there. Help me get everyone off this ship!" I stepped out into the corridor.

"Wait," he called. "Philip, wait!"

"There's no time to wait!" I had to get the people off and the crew aboard, so I continued toward the exit. The light from the flares was still in the sky, sirens wailed through the night and there was an angry roar as the first of the rocket bombs screamed past, high above its mark. I stared toward the barracks on the valley rim. There were no trucks—no crew! *What had Aaron told them?* I looked back.

Blocking the exit of the space ship were Gail and Aaron, locked in each other's arms. Behind them I saw Susan staring down at me. I shouted as loudly as I could, but my voice was drowned out by the whining of shells and distant explosions. And then, as in a dream, I saw Aaron release Gail and push her back into the ship so that only he stood in the exit.

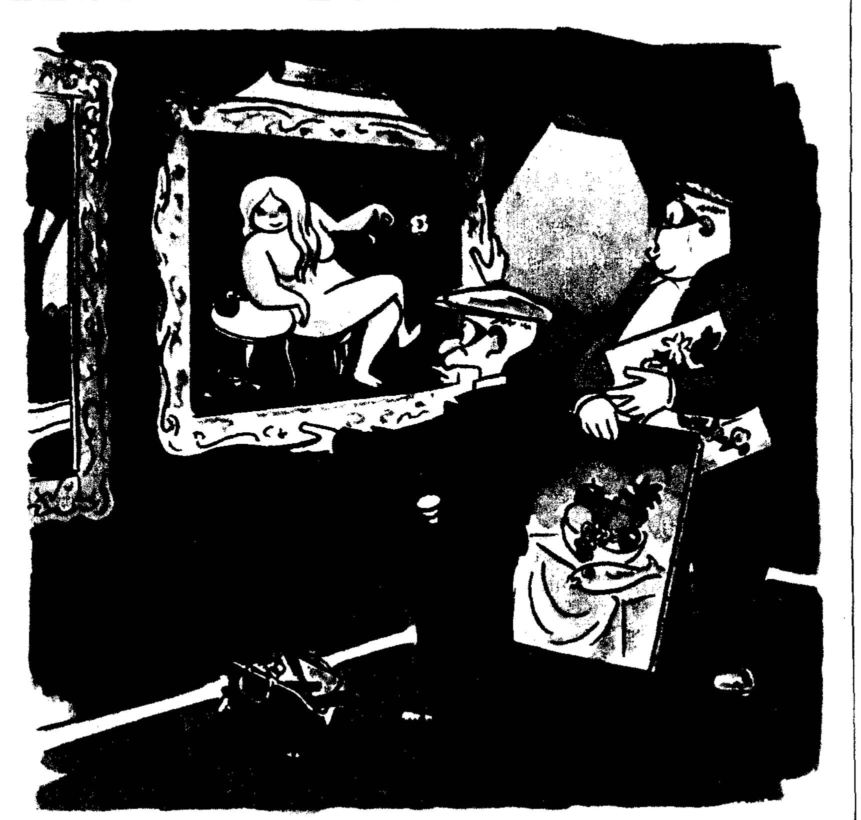
For a few seconds everything was quiet, and I heard him call down to me, "The instant won't wait, Ambert. I give you this world!"

The door closed! I ran up the steps and pounded on it. I beat frantically with my fists, unaware of the inferno that the incendiary bombs had made of the Project. I knew only what I'd seen in Aaron's eyes, cared only that Susan and my children were in there with him.

The ship moved! For an instant I forgot my loved ones; a sense of triumph overwhelmed me. Around me the pedestals quivered and groaned as the weight they had borne so long was lifted upward. Then I was alone, kneeling at the top of a stairway that led to nowhere. Drifting away from me through the fiery night was the majestic bulk of the Black Planet; it was set on its silent course toward infinity, drawn like a moth toward the star Sirius.

Swifter and swifter it flew. Three planes appeared out of the night and dived at the Planet. Their guns spat flames, but the Black Planet was moving too fast, and its speed was doubling by the second. It cleared the valley hills by a scant hundred feet, traveling faster and faster. Its bulk diminished in the distance and then it was obscured by the clouds.

BUTCH



"But until we kin find a buyer, where'll we store it? I know Maw won't let me keep it at my house"

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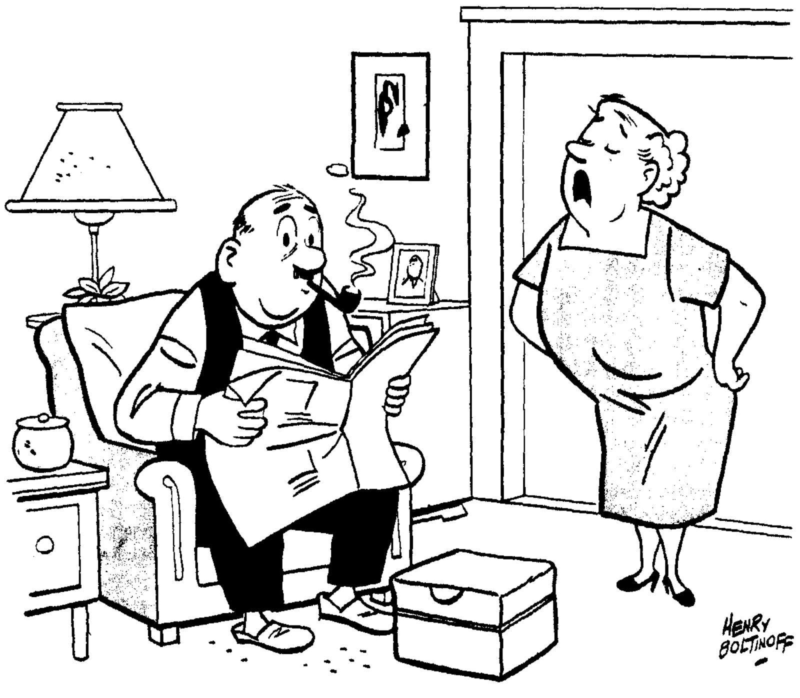

"You can do what you like this evening, dear—wash the dishes, clean the furnace, or tidy up the attic!"

:OLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

ıll of the Project buildings were in ıes, but I no longer cared. I ran ʼn the stairway and out toward the ı, heading for the safest place ıew—the cave I had discovered. I ıght only that I must live to learn ːther the Black Planet reached ːr space safely. If it did, there was e—for myself, for all on board.

found the cave exactly as Susan I had left it—even to the supplies ndoned in our hasty return to the ject two days before. Later that ıt the attacking planes returned to Project. Having failed to destroy space ship, the enemy was deter- ed to do away with every means vhich it could be controlled or sup- d. For hours the earth trembled.

VEN after the bombing stopped I remained in the cave. When it was ·ning, I crawled through the crevice he outside. I was surrounded by a k-marked world and I started walk- back toward the Project center. ːr an hour's walk, I knew that noth- remained. Then I saw three low- ıg planes streak across the sky, le back for a turn across the Project then fly on. They were our planes, ch meant that our government had ːessfully defended our nation, even ıgh the Project itself was demol- ːd. I turned away from the scene of th and destruction and went back to cave. I forced myself to eat, and ı I slept.

Vhen I awoke, it was evening and skies were clear. With a pair of ɔculars in my hand I climbed to the of the sinkhole and sat down to ıit darkness. I knew I must wait the earth to turn to bring the orbit rhead. Those on the ship knew that —at least, those in charge of the › knew it. What a strange crew! ll over half of them were women . children. I tried to remember who ; aboard besides Aaron and my ıily. There was Tom Hernandez. d been in the cone when I last saw ı, and he had obviously completed work or else the ship couldn't have n launched. Kuka was with him— Gail, of course. But as long as ·nandez was aboard, I could expect gnal if all was well.

t grew darker and I waited for the rise of Sirius, which would give me the plane of the ship's orbit. I watched as it moved through the haze along the horizon until it gleamed brightly through the clear air above. The hours passed and still I saw nothing, until I discerned in the sky to the west of Sirius a faint fuzz of light, a thin nebulosity rather than a point. I adjusted the binoculars and looked.

Through the glasses the vague luminescence in the sky separated into four tiny points of light, pinpricks in the darkness, arranged in a straight row. There certainly was no such arrangement of stars at that point in the heavens. I held the glasses steady and kept watching, trying to tell whether or not the points of light were moving against the background of stars. There was no discernible movement, but as I watched, a fifth point of light appeared, a continuation of the row but much dimmer than the one next to it, as though its source were at a greater distance.

I had no reason to doubt now. The lights were flares shot by the Black Planet. But at what a distance! It wasn't only the faintness of the light that told me that; it was also the absence of apparent motion.

Aaron hadn't released the cone, then. The Magellanium gave him the power to navigate, and he'd refused to let it go. I knew now what he had meant when he called out those last words, "I give you this world!" Gail had been victorious. The Black Planet was no sterile machine coursing through space; it was a fertile seed, capable of producing life.

I put my glasses away and returned to the cave, content with the assurance that my loved ones still lived. Here in the dim solitude I've spent a number of days compiling this record, which now draws to an end. My supply of food is about exhausted, and so—when I've written the last word—I'll wrap my manuscript in a piece of canvas, deposit it in a safe place and return to the world I know.

I doubt if we can be at war, since the cause of the conflict is gone. Perhaps Aaron was wise; perhaps—by lifting men's eyes to the stars—he will lead them to forget their differences here on earth. —DAVID DUNCAN

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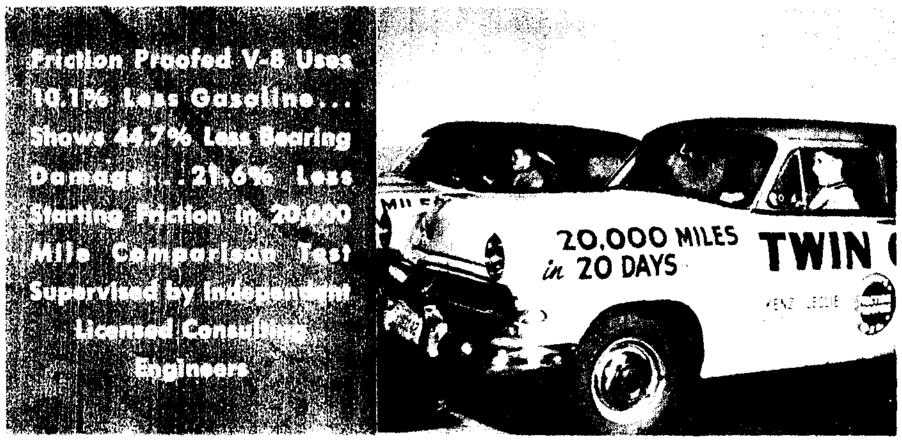
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20,000 MILES in 20 DAYS
TWIN

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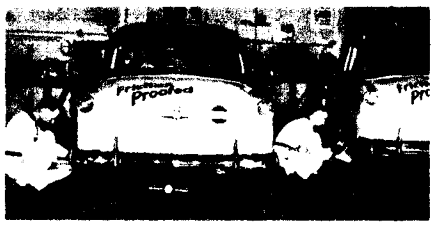

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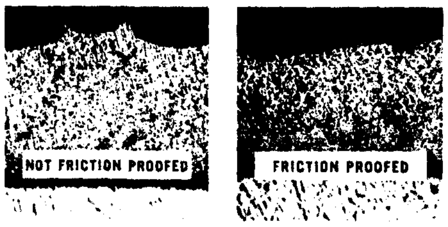

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Millions own, operate and make their ***living from***
typewriter, yet we all take it for ***granted. Here***
some fascinating facts about the ***machine nobody***

The onderfu

By BRUCE BLIVEN, JR.

INSTALLED on millions of desks in the United States is an instrument which has become so much a part of our lives that its value and true worth are all but ignored—the typewriter. It has no one but itself to blame. A repairman offers this explanation:

"Typewriters are too good for people. They last too long. They work too well. If they were a lot more trouble, people would be more interested in them."

It would be reasonable to expect typewriters to give more trouble than they do. Each typewriter has more than 2,000 parts, some of them machined to tolerances of less than seven tenths of a thousandth of an inch, and assembly involves around 5,000 distinct operations.

Almost all the working parts of a typewriter require precision setting, an operation that takes hours of skilled labor. Few of its users realize the great complexity of the machine.

Yet, although they take the typewriter for granted, people must appreciate it. They buy it. Almost every place of business has a typewriter, and some have thousands. In millions of homes the typewriter is as much a fixture as the washing machine.

Many a youngster wouldn't consider going off to college without a portable. A battleship is supposed to have 55 typewriters aboard before it's considered fully equipped to meet the enemy. On the ground, the Army has more writing machines within 4,000 yards of the front lines than it has medium and light artillery pieces combined.

The influence of the typewriter has made itself felt everywhere. Teachers have noticed that the machine has forced people to improve their spelling and punctuation. The penman of other years, doubtful whether the **i** should precede the **e,** wrote an ambiguous **ie** that could be taken for **ei.** Or he made a snakelike ripple that could be understood only from context.

Typing brought everything out into the open—although there are still those wretches who, confronted by the **ie** dilemma, resort to the low dodge of typing **e,** backspacing and then hitting **i** on top of it.

Shortly after the typewriter appeared on the American scene, one gloomy prophet predicted that it would mean the end of man's ability to write in his own hand. His fear has proved groundless. The typewritten word seems to have set a standard for neatness. The **o** is round, the **t** is crossed and the **i** dotted. And the straightness of the lines as well as typing's legibility are a good influence, too.

Some regard the machine as a medium for artistic expression. If, for example, you've written something of a tropical nature, you can illustrate it

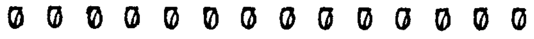
In Grandma's day, typists used a two-finger system to operate such odd-looking machines as the Williams (1885) above, which had two sets of type bars that struck from both sides

Writing Machine

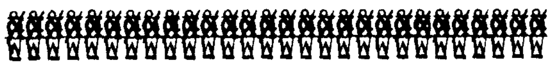
by typing little rows of palm trees, using the capital **I** and the asterisk:

* * * * * * * * * *
I I I I I I I I I I

Or you can make neat little shields with **7** and capital **O:**



These two examples are simple. Slightly more complicated is a device worked out by Julius Nelson, who has written a manual called Artyping. By combining **X, O, &, /, W** and **–** you can make a column of soldiers on parade:



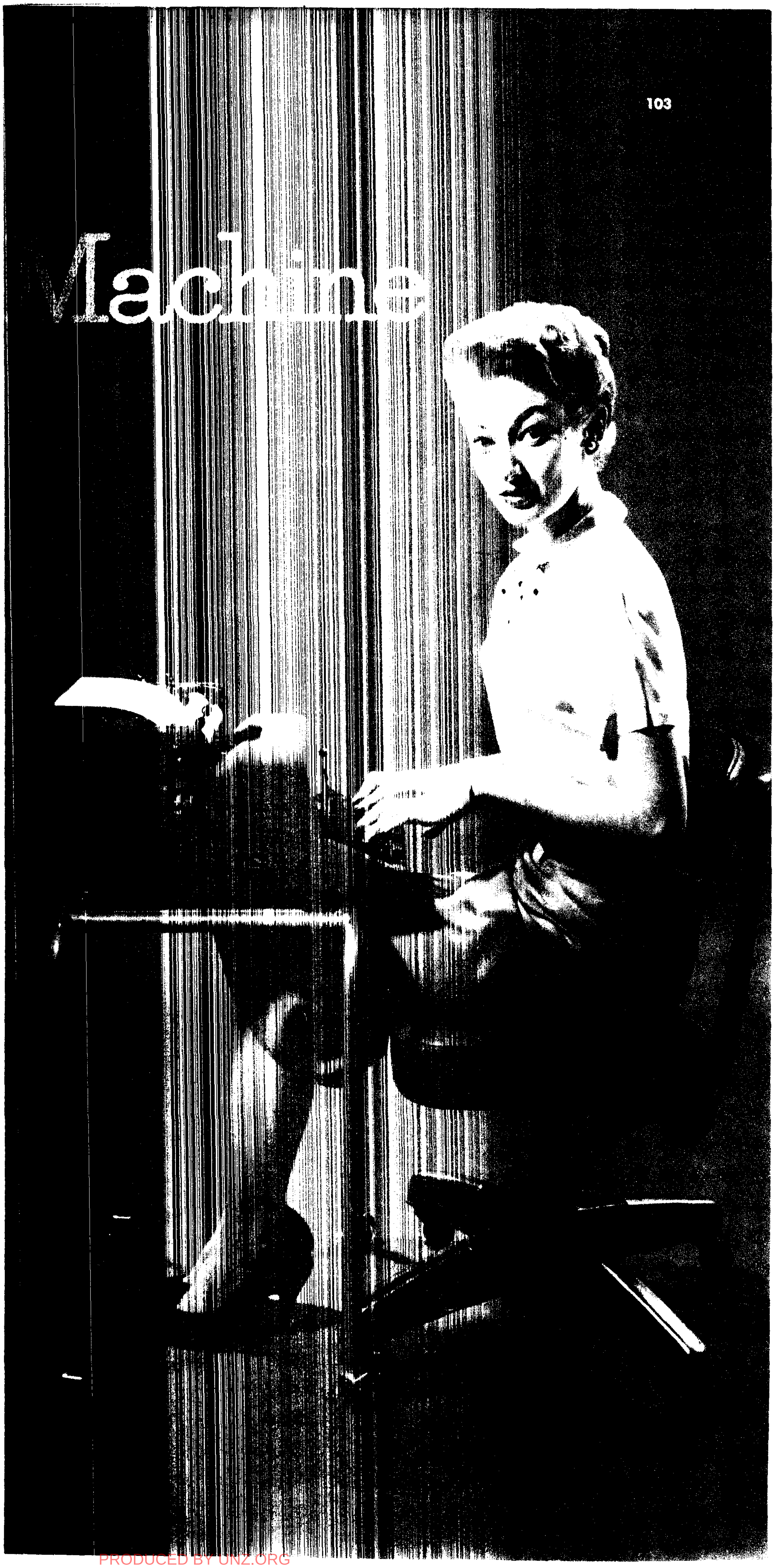
Basically, today's typewriter is a direct descendant of the machine on which Christopher Latham Sholes tapped **W W W W W W W W W** on a thin paper in 1867. Although Sholes was the 52d man to invent the typewriter, most encyclopedias refer to him as the typewriter's father. Sholes's typewriter was the first practical, commercial machine. At the start, all he had was the letter **W** and its activating mechanism. It was quite a journey from there to a machine, completed the same year, that could write the entire alphabet, punctuation marks and the numerals from **2** to **9**. At a party in Milwaukee, to celebrate the larger model's completion, Sholes cocked his eye toward posterity and typed **C. LATHAM SHOLES, SEPT. 1867.** It was all in capital letters for the good reason that the machine had no others. A reporter present was sufficiently impressed to write (in longhand):

"They let the funny thing go,
And by jingo!
It prints the lingo . . ."

But for all he contributed to the typewriter, millions of present-day touch typists might wish Sholes had never seen a bar of type. He also is responsible for the senseless arrangement of the modern standard English-language keyboard. Sholes began by setting the keys in alphabetical order—a vestige of which remains in part of the "home" line (the line on which the typists' fingers rest): **fghjkl** with the missing **i** in the row above. But as he struggled through one model after another, Sholes kept switching the keys around, trying to avoid certain collisions and jammings.

Judged scientifically, the resultant keyboard (sometimes called the "qwertyuiop") is considerably less efficient than if the arrangement had been left to simple chance. It is left-handed. It gives too much work to the weak fingers, particularly the little finger of the left hand, which operates the shift key and the back spacer. It demands an unnecessary amount of reaching because it ignores the frequency with which letters are used.

A word like "federated" gives the left hand a



Today's sleek, efficient electric typewriter rests on its special table alongside custom-built contour chair. A trained touch typist can turn out more than 90 wpm on the machine

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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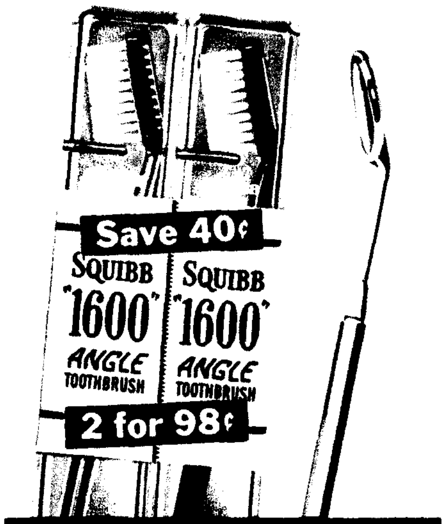
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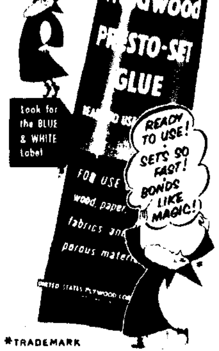

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furious workout while the right does nothing. Forty-eight per cent of all finger motions are one-handed; just as bad, 11 per cent of all actions are hurdles, requiring the hand to jump at least one row of keys to get from letter to letter ("minimum" is an example; its letters alternate from top to bottom row). In short, a pretty mess of keys. Dozens of sensible, reform keyboards have been invented, nearly all of which let each finger work according to its ability and make the most common combinations of letters the easiest to strike. Dr. Roy Hoke of The Johns Hopkins University made one of the most radical—and most scientifically planned—proposals. He would have the index fingers operate the back space, shift and shift lock, because they are the strongest fingers. He moves those three keys in from the outer fringes of the keyboard to the center, and also rearranges the letters more reasonably. His keyboard appears on this page.

Hoke's home line contains nine of the most-used letters, **rnthu sicoa.** And five of the most-used six are under the right hand.

Unfortunately, sensible or not, it's unlikely that the Hoke keyboard will come into common use; *millions* of people know how to operate the quertyuiop by touch and they don't want to learn a different system.

When Nobody Used Ten Fingers

It was not always that way, of course. No one knew how to touch-type for 15 years after the typewriter came onto the market. The ten-finger technique wasn't thought of until 1882, and it didn't catch on until 1888. That year, a daring spirit, Mrs. L. V. Longley, a typing teacher in Cincinnati, proposed that typists should use all the fingers of both hands. The Cosmopolitan Shorthander blasted away editorially at her harebrained notions: ". . . Unless the third finger has been previously trained to touch the keys of a piano, it is not worth while to attempt to use it in operating the typewriter. The best operators use only the first two fingers of each hand, and it is questionable whether a higher speed can be attained by the use of three."

Mrs. Longley might have lost the argument if Frank E. McGurrin, of Salt Lake City, had not appeared on the typewriting scene. Not only did he use ten fingers, but he also had memorized the keyboard; he could even type blindfolded. He was positive he was the fastest typist in the world and challenged all comers to beat him. Cincinnati had another typing teacher, a Louis Taub, who believed that four fingers were plenty, and who also was certain that he was the fastest typewriter operator alive. He accepted McGurrin's challenge.

Never before had a duel been fought with typewriters, and the event stirred up extraordinary public interest. McGurrin won easily, actually typing faster from copy than he did when taking dictation. Poor Taub, able to absorb only an eyeful of copy at a time, fell further and further behind, wagging his head frantically, like a spectator at a tennis match, as he turned from script to keyboard.

McGurrin *vs.* Taub was a decisive battle. It was immediately clear to everyone that a good four-finger man didn't stand a chance against a good ten-finger man. (Everyone, that is, except newspapermen. They were the outstanding holdouts against touch-typing, then as now. Most newspapers did not require copy to be typewritten in the early days; reporters who liked the gadget were encouraged to use it, but they were not forced to. Even today, on the distinguished British newspaper, The Manchester Guardian, the weight is slightly on the side of pen and ink. Reporters who insist on typing are allowed to do so, but in a separate enclosure, so they won't disturb the office.)

By the time of the McGurrin-Taub set-to, typewriters based on the Sholes principle were being manufactured by several firms. But before that happy state came to pass, it must have seemed to Sholes that inventing the Type-Writer (as he called it) had been a cinch, compared to the problem of financing its production.

At one point Sholes called on the president of Western Union, in New York, to give a demonstration. Western Union seemed interested but finally reported that one of its own employees, a Thomas A. Edison, thought he could put together something a lot better and cheaper. (What Edison figured out was good, but it wasn't a typewriter. It was an electric printing wheel, a forerunner of the stock-market tape ticker.)

Sholes and his backers finally got a contract with Philo Remington, president of the family business which was making guns, sewing machines and farm machinery in Ilion, New York. The company agreed to make 1,000 of the writing machines. Remington put his top mechanics on the job. One of them was William K. Jenne, who had been a sewing-machine man for years. The result was that the first Remington typewriter looked a lot like a sewing machine, complete with a foot-treadle carriage-return of sewing-machine design and flowers stenciled on its black metal front and sides.

Once the machine was in production, the company had to face a stern reality: few people seemed interested in paying $125 for a Type-Writer. Luckily there were exceptions: Samuel Clemens, whose pen name was Mark Twain, was among the most notable. Twain was on a lecture tour in Boston when he saw a Remington Model 1 on display in a store. He went right in to find out what in the world it could be. A salesman showed him the machine, explained its principles and claimed that it could write 57 words a minute.

Twain was delighted. He stayed for a long time, begging the demonstrator to repeat the performance again an again. As fast as the girl turned ou speed samples on short pieces of pape Twain stuffed them in his pocket, think ing they would make fine souvenir *Before the end of the afternoor* Twain's sales resistance had vanishe He counted out $125 and bought th Type-Writer.

On December 9, 1874, he wrote th letter to his brother, Orion Clemens:

"DEAR BROTHER:

I AM TRYING TO GET TH HANG OF THIS NEW FANGLE WRITING MACHINE, BUT I A NOT MAKING A SHINING SUC CESS OF IT. HOWEVER THIS I THE FIRST ATTEMPT I HAV EVER MADE & YET I PERCEIVE SHALL SOON & EASILY ACQUIR A FINE FACILITY IN ITS USE . . THE MACHINE HAS SEVERA VIRTUES. I BELIEVE IT WIL PRINT FASTER THAN I CA WRITE. ONE MAY LEAN BAC IN HIS CHAIR & WORK IT. I PILES AN AWFUL STACK O WORDS ON ONE PAGE. IT DON MUSS THINGS OR SCATTER IN BLOTS AROUND. OF COURSE I SAVES PAPER . . .

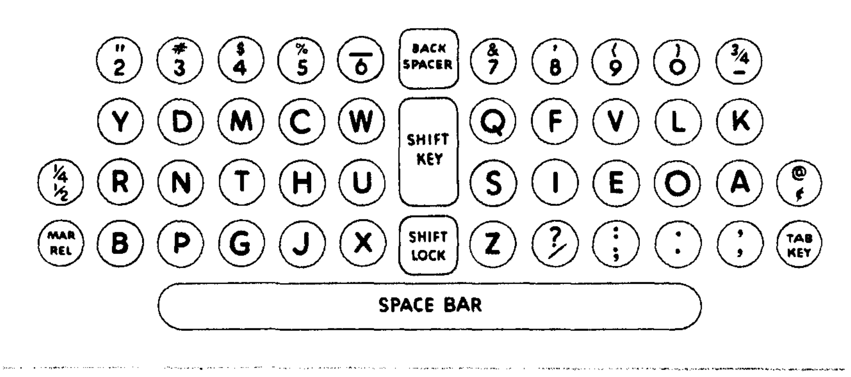
YOUR BROTHER, SAM

Three months later Twain wrote testimonial for Remington. It was per haps not exactly what the director o the advertising catalogue wante "Gentlemen: Please do not use m name in any way," it read. "Please d not even divulge the fact that I own machine. I have entirely stopped usin the Type-Writer, for the reason that never could write a letter with it t anybody without receiving a request b return mail that I would not only de scribe the machine but state wha progress I had made in the use of i etc., etc. I don't like to write letter and so I don't want people to kno that I own this curiosity-breeding lit tle joker."

Apparently he relented. Tom Saw yer appeared in 1876 and, according t Twain's autobiography, the manuscrip was typed before it was submitted to publisher. The Herkimer County (Ne York) Historical Society, however, be lieves that it was not Tom Sawyer bu Life on the Mississippi that was firs typed. In any case, Twain was the firs author in history to turn in a typewrit ten book manuscript, starting a double spaced, one-side-of-the-page trend tha has pleased editors ever since.

All sorts of gimmicks besides testi monials were thought of by the earl typewriter salesmen to sell the machin

It was touted as an aid to publi health. The editor of The Typewrite



Dr. Roy Hoke designed reform keyboard for maximum ease, efficienc

agazine, the industry's first trade urnal, claimed the machine offered a omplete safeguard" against "pen ıralysis, loss of sight and curvature of e spine."

One real difficulty that faced the st salesmen was the public's feeling at typewritten private correspond- ıce was insulting or confusing or both. andbills could be printed, many ought, but letters should be written longhand with pen and ink. Jenne n into this prejudice on one occasion hen he typed a note to a hotel in New ork asking for a reservation. When nne reached the hotel he learned to s dismay that no room awaited him. fter he had protested, a light dawned the clerk's eye. He'd received the quest, but he hadn't been able to gure out why a guest would have an dinary letter printed; he had assumed was an advertising stunt and had rown the letter out.

Typed Letters Arouse Anger

Some folks felt that being sent a pewritten letter cast an aspersion on eir ability to read longhand. A Texas surance man, J. P. Johns, one of the ırly typewriter users, sent a typed note one of his agents and got back an dignant reply: "I do not think it was cessary to have your letter to me ken to the printers. I will be able to ad your writing, and I am deeply ıagrined to think you thought such a ıurse necessary."

Others regarded the Type-Writer as ı invader of privacy, on the theory at no man was clever enough to ɔerate such a machine without a pro- ssional operator's help, and that erefore a typewritten love letter must ıve been transcribed by a third per- ın. (These complaints apparently per- st even today. Only last month an nglishwoman, appalled by what she ɔnsidered the rudeness of typewrit- n personal correspondence, opened a rvice whereby typewritten letters sent her would be mailed on to their des- ıations after having been copied over longhand.)

In 1881, even before the advent of ıuch-typing, the Central Branch of the .W.C.A. in New York City began aching eight young ladies how to pe. Although one commentator pre- cted that their minds and constitu- ɔns would break under the strain of ıe six-month course, all eight were viftly hired by business offices where eviously the only female employees ıd been scrubwomen. The Y got hun- eds of requests it couldn't fill.

Thus was the Type-Writer accepted. he revolution came quietly, on high ıtton shoes, accompanied by consid- able snickering. One of the main ıurces of mirth in those early days as the fact that the ladies who oper- ed the Type-Writers were called not pists, but "typewriters," a term that uck for a quarter of a century. The ɔuble meaning was manna for wits, ırds and stage comedians. A fair sam- e was the story about the young busi- ɛssman whose fortunes had suffered sudden reversal and who wrote to his ife: "Dear Blanche: I have sold off l my office furniture, and I am writ- ıg this letter under difficulties with my pewriter on my lap."

The impressive, gadget-filled type- riters of today seem a far cry from Sholes's primitive machine, but the early Remington product incorporated only one really faulty idea: the understrike principle. Since the printing point was directly beneath the main roller, the operator couldn't see the line he was working on unless he stopped writing, rolled the paper up, looked, and then rolled it back into place. To solve that problem, a front-strike machine was invented which was sponsored by John T. Underwood. When another new company, L. C. Smith & Bros., hopped aboard the front-strike band wagon, it brought the visibility controversy home to the public with billboards which read: "You Are Right Side Up; Why Write Upside Down?" Soon after, the Royal typewriter appeared on the market and competition in the industry became intense.

By 1909 there were 89 typewriter companies in the United States alone. A Blickensderfer salesman who took a long stop for coffee might, during his second cup, lose a sale to a rival representing Acme, Alexander, Allen, American, Atlas, Barlock, Bennett, Bennington, Blake, Brooks, Century, Chicago, Commercial Visible, Corona, Cram, Crandall, Crown, Darling, Daugherty, Demountable, Densmore, Dollar, Duplex, Edland, Elliott-Fisher, Ellis, Emerson, Essex, Fay-Sholes, Federal, Ford, Fountain, Fox, Franklin, Garbell, Hammond, Harris, Hartford, Hooven, International, Jackson, Jewett, Junior, Keystone, Manograph, McCall, Merritt, Molle, Monarch, Moon-Hopkins, Morris, Munson, National, Nickerson, Noiseless, Odell, Official, Oliver, People's, Pittsburgh, Postal, Rapid, Reliance, Remington, Rex, Royal, Schiesari, Secor, Sholes Visible, L. C. Smith, Smith Premier, Stearns, Sterling, Sun, Taylor, Triumph, Type-Adder, Underwood, Victor, Visigraph, Walker, Williams, Woodstock, World, Yost or Yu Ess, among others.

The combinations and regroupings of the middle twenties helped bring this perplexing situation into line. The Rand Company bought both Remington and Noiseless. L. C. Smith and Corona combined. Elliott-Fisher bought Underwood. These three, with Royal, were virtually the whole show until 1933, when International Business Machines took over a firm called Electromatic Typewriters, Inc., which had been struggling for a decade to add electricity to the office standard machine. Today, all the major companies except Smith-Corona make electrics.

By-Products and Side Lines

Typewriters, electric and otherwise, are a big business nowadays (ribbons and carbon-paper sales alone gross an estimated $50,000,000 a year), upon which a host of business machines and office gadgets are dependent. Some are by-products like erasers and ink eradicators. Others, like dictating machines, typewriter desks and duplicating machines, are produced on the firm assumption that typewriters are here to stay.

Among the jobs created by Mr. Sholes's invention is that of the typewriter detective. This specialist identifies samples of typewriting as the product of a given machine on the demonstrated theory that every typewriter, like every human thumb, makes a unique mark. Among the first to capitalize on this notion was A. Conan Doyle in his Sherlock Holmes story, A Case of Identity, which turned on the identification by typewriter of a certain impostor. Recently, of course, there was the Woodstock introduced in the Alger Hiss perjury trial as evidence that the famous pumpkin papers produced by Whittaker Chambers must have been typed on Hiss's typewriter. For $20,000 or thereabouts, the Hiss defense hired a repairman who succeeded in duplicating the exhibit Woodstock, thus demonstrating that it could be done; but the effort came to nothing because Hiss couldn't prove that Whittaker Chambers had ever hired a man for a similar duplication job.

A Test Sentence for Alignment

One of the identifying features that give each typewriter a mark of its own is the alignment of the letters it types. There is always some slight discrepancy in alignment, even though skilled specialists at the typewriter factories may spend as long as three hours on one machine trying to make the letters stand up as straight as West Point cadets on parade. The aligners have a secret seven-word sentence for testing a machine's typing—not the well-known "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog," nor "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party," but: "Amaranath sasesusos Oronoco initiation secedes Uruguay, Philadelphia." It may sound like gibberish, but it makes sense to the aligners; each word serves a special purpose, and together they show up a poorly aligned typewriter in a flash.

But no matter how hard the factory works to achieve precision in each machine, a great deal depends on the user, as is demonstrated by this story:

A typewriter company received a sizzling letter of complaint from a man in Kansas City. His letter began with an unprintable burst of profanity, continued in the same vein for several paragraphs and concluded with: ". . . yours is the worst typewriter I have ever seen in my life!" Since the man had just bought the machine and the firm was naturally concerned about what its customers thought, the company shot back a soothing reply. But it also mentioned that one of its experts had been studying the typing of the Kansas City man's note and had come to the conclusion that perhaps all the machine needed was some adjustment. The printing in the letter looked to the expert as if it might be the work of a very big man who was pounding on a keyboard that was set for a light-fingered touch-system operator.

The Kansas City customer's answer, beautifully typed, reached the company about a week later: "Dear Sirs: Is my face red! I stand six foot one inch in my stocking feet and weigh 290 pounds. I use only one finger of each hand, but I guess I belt the keys pretty hard. I've just had the machine adjusted. It's working perfectly now. Apologies. . . ." ▲

This article is based on the book The Wonderful Writing Machine, by Bruce Bliven, Jr., which is soon to be published by Random House, Inc.

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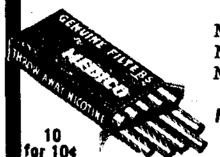

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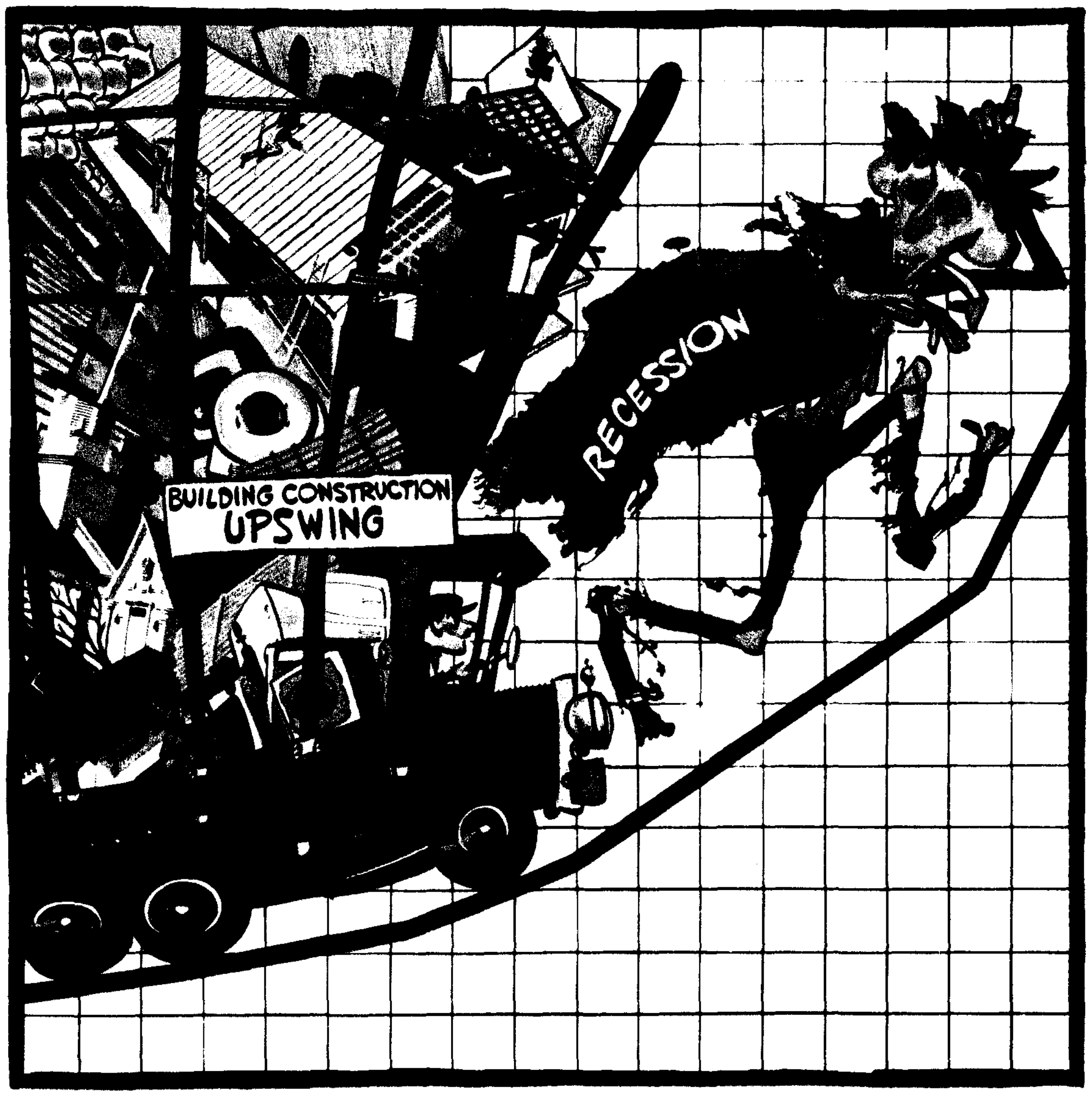

HARRY DEVLIN

A Constructive Idea

NO ONE, IN OR OUT of government, Republican or Democrat, will deny that there has been a downturn in business from the generally record highs of boom-year 1953. The only question is how far the downturn is going, and how long it will last. Some speak of the economy being on the "down side of a boom." Others talk of a recession, mild or severe. Still others seem convinced that a major depression is shaping up, and urge the government to take all dramatic measures available to check the slide.

But nobody, from the President on down, has any positive, definite and definitive answer to the question posed in the preceding paragraph. Certainly this department does not pretend to any oracular powers in the matter. Yet we find a feeling of comfort and hope in the construction figures for the first quarter of 1954 in 37 states, as released by the F. W. Dodge Corporation.

Back in November the men who make up the Dodge Reports issued a prediction that construction this year would be down 3 per cent from 1953. If the forecast should prove to be correct, this would put construction back to about the 1952 level—which, incidentally, isn't bad. But meanwhile, the first-quarter figures surprisingly show that the building "starts" and contracts in the first two months were up 13 per cent from the 1953 January-February figures. This year's March figures ran about 5 per cent ahead of the corresponding period in 1953. And the gross figure for each of the first three months of 1954 was more than $1,000,000,000.

So much for statistics. Now, what do they mean? We can only guess. But it must be obvious to anyone that building begets building, especially in the field of dwelling construction. When a number of new houses are put up, there is going to be an eventual need for new stores, schools, churches, hospitals and so on, to serve the residents of those new houses.

Dwelling construction also stimulates the home-furnishing and appliance industries. It means the extension and expansion of public utilities and highways. It means increased business for banks. And, to our way of thinking, it means something beyond all these tangibles.

When a person contracts to build or buy a house, he is expressing confidence in his own future, and in the future of his country and its economy.

We will not contend that the construction figures quoted here tell the whole of today's economic story. They don't. Some business and industries *are* feeling a pinch. Unemployment is higher than any of us would like to see it. But when a basic industry, second in importance only to food, shows the signs of progress and optimism that the building business has shown so far this year, a deep breath of relief seems justified. Recessions and depressions begin, after all, in the attitudes, fears and decisions of individual human beings. So, translating cold building statistics into human reactions, it seems safe to say that the American people are not frightened of what the future holds.

That's Amore

IF OUR RECENTLY concluded series on Russia Uncensored, by Marshall MacDuffie, didn't convince you that Russians are people after all in spite of their government, a recent newspaper dispatch should serve as a clincher. For the dispatch revealed that the magazine Young Communist has an Advice to the Lovelorn column.

This intelligence conveys to the agile mind an idea that Russians not only fall in love, but that sweethearts can be fickle, husbands can come down with a case of wandering eye, wives can be slovenly housekeepers in the corner of the apartment that they share with two or three other families, etc. And so it turns out to be.

But there is one notable difference in the handling of amorous complexities between the capitalists and the proletariat. Russia's leading heart-balm peddler is not a gray-haired motherly soul, but a young male student of philosophy, A. Kharchev by name. And therein lies another fundamental weakness of the Communist system. No mere man can ever hope to catch up with a woman's emotional savvy in affairs of the heart. As for a *young* man presuming to give advice to the gals—well, it's preposterous.

And yet there is something to be said for this callow youth. He is in favor of love—love which makes the world go round, keeps Tin Pan Alley in business, and provides a living for countless thousands of torch singers, actors, actresses, fictioneers and dramatists. That practically makes him a private enterpriser. Beyond that, he has solemnly ruled, after a decent period of soul searching, that jealousy is not "a bourgeois survival." It is, he concludes, an acceptable emotion for the present-day "Soviet man." (What, no girls?)

Anyway, it appears that love is flourishing behind the iron curtain. And if love prevails, it seems that the cold war will inevitably have to thaw. So more power to young Comrade Kharchev. Perhaps if we could only export a contemporary Beatrice Fairfax to give him aid and counsel, we'd have the whole thing licked.

Halfway Job

IN CUTTING the excise taxes, Congress sliced the majority of levies in half. But in one instance that 50 per cent cut was only a halfway job. We're talking about women's handbags. And if this opinion has an old, familiar ring, we still want to go on record as saying that the tax should have been dropped entirely.

Handbags are not expendable "luxuries." And if they are to be taxed 10 per cent, then the lawmakers ought also to tax the pockets in a man's suit by the same amount. We know of no males who are hankering to give more money to the government. Yet, in the interest of fairness, logic, equality and peace in the family, the government ought either to put an equal bite on the indispensable receptacles for human beings' bits and pieces, or else take the fiscal heat off the fair and exploited sex.

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